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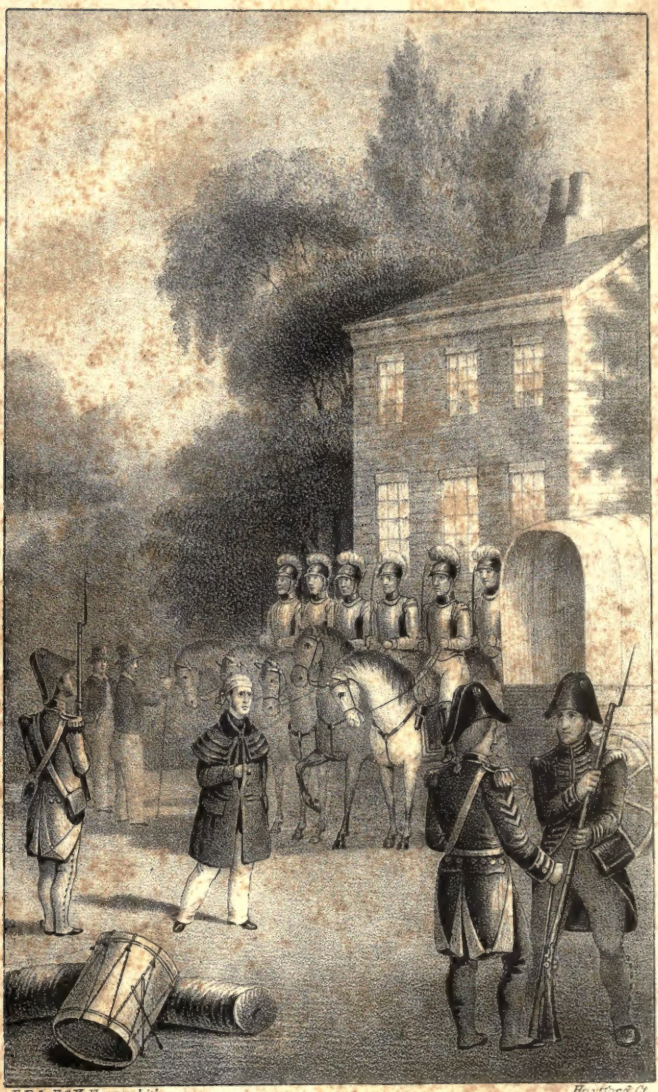

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Escape of Rev. Thomas Andros, from the Old Jersey Prison Ship, during the Revolutionary War. (Written recently by himself.) *See Page 269. Vol. II.*

THE

MUSEUM

OF

REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING EVENTS,

CONTAINING

HISTORICAL ADVENTURES AND INCIDENTS

OF

TRAVELS AND VOYAGES, SCENES OF PERIL AND ESCAPES, MILITARY ACHIEVEMENTS, ECCENTRIC PERSONAGES, NOBLE EXAMPLES OF FORTITUDE AND PATRIOTISM; WITH VARIOUS OTHER ENTERTAINING NARRATIVES, ANECDOTES, ETC.

INCLUDING

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY AND TRULY WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF THOMAS ANDROS FROM THE OLD JERSEY PRISON SHIP DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

"TRUTH IS SOMETIMES MORE STRANGE THAN FICTION."

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY J. WATTS.
1855.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844,
By Sanford & Hayward,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the State of Ohio.

PREFACE.

MANKIND are creatures of sentiment and feeling, as well as of intelligence. Knowledge is chiefly interesting as it contributes to the development of feeling. The gratification which it affords, is one of the most powerful incentives to the acquisition of it; and is often an ample compensation for the expense and toil of acquisition.

This is particularly the case with that portion of human knowledge, which relates directly to the beautiful or sublime. Aside from the many other advantages which it affords, it is a source of immediate and abundant pleasure. It often fills us with inexpressible delight. Though it falls below the dignity and importance of the spiritual and religious, it rises far above the merely sensual. We contemplate the beautiful with a calm delight, but trace the sublime with impassioned and overpowering interest. When our susceptibility to impression from the sublime and wonderful is fully developed, it becomes a most commanding principle of action. It leads us to climb the cloud-capt mountain, and explore the untrodden wilds of the forest. The ocean may lie across our path, but it cannot effectually check our progress in quest of new objects of admiration. We gaze with intense delight on the varied and extended landscape, the majestic course of mighty rivers, the calm repose or resistless fury of the ocean and the storm.

Leaving the natural world, we find in the records of history the elements of a still higher interest, and the objects of more permanent and commanding passions, than even the proud sublimities of nature can produce. Amid the excitement of heroic fortitude, unconquerable energy, and bold and perilous adventure, accompanied with all the enchantment of diversified and overwhelming emotion, and the endless variety of good and ill which distinguish the more tragic scenes of life, we rise above ourselves and become conscious of capabilities of feeling and action which slept unexercised before, but which when once awakened are for ever wakeful.

Such is the interest which many of the following narratives are adapted to excite. They embrace some of the most sublime and affecting developments of history. The selection of them was made not from the extravagant and distorted caricatures of fiction, but from the authentic and well attested records of sober reality. As such, these narratives have been to the author an object of intense and lively interest, and it is confidently believed that a discerning public will find them worthy of its extended patronage and general approbation.

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FRENCH CAMPAIGN IN THE TYROL.

See page 7, vol. I.

THE MUSEUM.

FRENCH CAMPAIGN IN THE TYROL.

THE bravery and patriotism of the Tyrolese, have ever been proverbial; and never did they display these distinguishing qualities more than during the invasion of Austria in 1809, by Bonaparte. In the month of August of that year, Lefebre with a large army entered the Tyrol, when the following striking scene took place. It is related by a Saxon Major who escaped the destruction which overwhelmed so many of his comrades.

"We had penetrated to Inspruck without great resistance; and although much was every where talked of about the Tyrolese, stationed on and round the Brenner, yet we gave little credit to it, thinking the rebels had been dispersed by a short cannonade: and we were already considering ourselves as conquerors. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed by a small corps, which continued falling back, after a smart resistance. Among others, I perceived a man, full 80 years old, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death amongst our ranks with every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind to make him prisoner, he shouted aloud, *hurrah!* killed the first, seized the second by the collar, and with the ejaculation, *in the name of God!* precipitated himself with him into the abyss below.

"Marching onwards, we heard resound from the summit of a high rock: '*Stephen! shall I chop it off yet?*' to which a loud '*No,*' replied from the opposite side. This was reported to the Duke of Dantzic, who, notwithstanding, ordered us to advance; but at the same time he prudently withdrew from the centre to the rear. The van consisting of 4000 Bavarians, had just clambered up a deep ravine, when we again heard halloo'd over our heads: *In the name of the most holy Trinity!* Our terror was completed by the reply that immediately followed:—*In the name of the*

most holy Trinity! Cut all loose above! Ere a minute had elapsed were thousands of my comrades in arms crushed, buried, and overwhelmed, by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones and trees, hurled down upon us from the top of the mountains. All of us were *petrified.* Every one fled as he could; but at that moment a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains, in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, killed or wounded a great many of us. It was not till we had left these fatal mountains six leagues behind us, that we were re-assembled by the duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after appeared the Tyrolese, headed by Hofer, the innkeeper. After a short address from their chief, they gave a general fire, flung their rifles aside, and rushed upon our bayonets with only their clenched fists. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. They darted at our feet, pushed us down, pulled us down, strangled us, wrenched the arms from our hands; and, like enraged lions, killed all—French, Bavarians, and Saxons, that did not cry for quarter! By doing so, I, with 300 men, was spared, and set at liberty.

"When all lay dead around, and the victory was completed, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and poured forth the thanks of their hearts to Heaven, in the open air—a scene so awful, so solemn, that it will never fade from my remembrance. I could not but join in their devotion, and never in my life, I suppose, did I pray more fervently."

THE SIEGE OF ALICANT.

In the year 1709, when the English were in Spain, Alicant, a place of great importance to our ally, King Charles, was besieged by an army of 12,000 men. This city and castle had been taken by the signal valor of the British seamen. The siege of it afterwards, when the British defended it, was one of the most remarkable actions in this age.

Alicant is a city and port, commanded by a strong castle, standing on a rock at a small distance from the sea, and about sixty eight miles south from the capital of Valencia. There was in it a good garrison, under the command of major general Richards, which made an obstinate defence against a very numerous army of the enemy, with a very large train of heavy artillery, excellently supplied with ammunition. At last, the city being absolutely untenable, the garrison resolved to retire into the castle, which had hitherto been esteemed impregnable. They sunk three cisterns in the solid rock, and then, with incredible labor, filled them with water. The troops that retired into it were Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, and that of Colonel Sibourg, generally called the French regiment, because it was composed of refugees. After some progress made in this second siege, the French saw that it was impossible to do any thing in the usual way, and therefore, contrary to all expectation, resolved upon a desperate measure, that of mining through the solid rock, in order to blow up the castle and its garrison into the air together. At first major general Richards, and all the officers in the place, looked upon the enemy's scheme as a thing impossible to accomplish, and were secretly well pleased with their undertaking, in hopes it would give time for our fleet to come to their relief; yet this did not hinder them from doing all that lay in their power to incommode the workmen, and at last to countermine them.

The besiegers wrought so incessantly, and brought such numbers of peasants to assist them in their labors, that, in about twelve weeks' time they finished the works, and charged them with 1500 barrels of powder, and other materials of destruction. They summoned the castle to surrender March 2d, offering a safe and honorable convoy to Barcelona, with bag and baggage for every person in it, if they submitted within three days, and prevented the ruin of the castle ; but threatened otherwise no mercy should be shown if any accidentally escaped the blow. To show the reality of their design they desired the garrison might depute three or more engineers, with other gentlemen of competent skill, to view their works, and make a faithful report of what they saw. Accordingly two field officers

went to the mine, and were allowed the liberty of making what scrutiny they pleased. On their return, they told the governor, that if their judgment failed them not, the explosion would carry up the whole castle to the easternmost battery, unless it took vent in their own countermine or vein; but, at least, they conceived it would carry away the sea battery, the lodging rooms in the castle close, some of the chambers cut for soldier's barracks, and they very much feared it might affect the great cistern.

A grand council of war was called, the French message was delivered, and the engineers made their report; the besieged acknowledged their want of water, but believing the fleet might be sensible of their distress, and consequently would undertake their relief, their unanimous resolution was, to commit themselves to the providence of God, and whatever fate attended them, to stand the springing of the mine. The French general, and Spanish officers, expressed the utmost concern at this answer, and the second night of the three allowed, sent to divert them from what they called inexcusable obstinacy, offering the same honorable articles as before, even upon that late compliance, but they were still rejected by the besieged. The fatal third night approaching, and no fleet seen, the French sent their last summons, and withal an assurance that their mine was primed, and should be sprung by six the next morning. The besieged persisted in their adherence to the resolution of their first council, and the French met their usual answer again: therefore, as a prologue of their intended tragedy, they ordered all the inhabitants of that quarter to withdraw from their houses before five o'clock the ensuing morning. The besieged, in the mean time, kept a general guard. The major general, colonel Sibourg, and lieutenant colonel Thornicroft, of Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, sat together in the governor's room; other officers cantoned themselves in different places, to pass the melancholy night.

At length, day appearing, the governor was informed that the inhabitants were flying in crowds to the westernmost part of the town; the governor, attended by the above officers, and five or six others, went to the west battery. After he had remained there about a quarter of

THE SIEGE OF ALICANT.

See page 11, vol. I.

an hour, lieutenant colonel Thornicroft desired him to remove, as he was unable to do any service; he and colonel Sibourg answered that no danger was to be apprehended there, more than in any other place, and they would wait the event. The lieutenant colonel, with other officers, imitated their example. When the hour of five was considerably past, the corporal's guard, observing some smoke from the lighted matches, cried out that the train was fired. The governor and field officers were then urged to retreat, but still refused.

The mine at last blew up; the rock opened and shut; the whole mountain felt the convulsion; the governor and field officers, with their company, ten guns, and two mortars, were buried in the abyss; the walls of the castle shook, part of the great cistern fell, another cistern almost closed, and the rock shut a man almost up to his neck in its cliff, who lived many hours in that afflicting posture. About thirty-six sentinels and women were swallowed up in different quarters, whose dying groans were heard, even after the fourth mournful day. Many houses of the town were overwhelmed in the ruins, and the castle suffered much; but that it wears any form at all, was owing to the vent which the explosion forced through the veins of the rock, and the countermine. After the loss of the chief officers, the government fell to lieutenant colonel D'Albon, of Sibourg's regiment, who with a detachment from the garrison, made a desperate sally, to show how little he was moved at their thunder. The bombs from the castle played on the town more violently, and the shot galled every corner of the streets; these marks of their resentment they continued till the arrival of our fleet, which they had expected so long, and which giving them relief, compelled the French to raise the siege.

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA.

Mr. Barton, an English gentleman, had acquired a handsome fortune in the East Indies, with which he returned to England, settled at some distance from London

in the character of a country gentleman, and served the office of high sheriff for the county in which he lived. Being necessitated however to return to India to settle some affairs, he had the courage to fit out a small Folkstone cutter, in which he actually set sail from England for the East Indies; but, before he had been many days at sea, she was (luckily perhaps for himself and his little crew) taken by a French privateer and carried into Vigo. From hence he got a passage to Leghorn, taking his son with him, who had also embarked in the same dangerous enterprise for the East Indies. At Leghorn they took ship again, and got safe to Scanderoon. Here he was so impatient to get forward on his journey, that he would not wait for the caravan, but set out for Aleppo, attended only by his son, a country servant, and a few camels. His spirit was too active to endure the slow march of these animals; he therefore frequently made excursions on foot before them, but one day, while alone, he was attacked by a few Arabs, who robbed him of every thing he had about him. He however arrived at Aleppo without any other accident. Here he was in the same hurry for proceeding on his journey, nor would he wait two or three weeks for the setting out of a large caravan for Bagdad and Bassora.

He accordingly began this second hazardous expedition with only two or three camels, and the same country servant, leaving his son behind at Aleppo, with orders to follow him by the first convenient opportunity. For a few days he and his man went on uninterrupted over the desert. At length five or six hundred Arabs discovered them; but, upon their coming nigh, Mr. Barton drew out a brace of pistols which he carried in his belt, and presented them at the Arabs. Astonished at his rashness, they made a stand, but at the same time ordered him to lay down his arms. His servant also persuaded him to comply, but all in vain; he still held his cocked pistols towards the Arabs, and with a determined look, and high-toned voice, declared he would kill some of them, if they dared to approach any nearer. By degrees they surrounded him, and, with a blow on the head, he was brought to the ground, and his pistols taken from him. The Arabs now in their turn presented these weapons to

his breast, and told him he deserved to be put to death; but they satisfied themselves with stripping him quite naked, and leaving the servant a jacket and breeches, but not a drop of water, or morsel of provisions for either.

Mr. Barton, after the enemy rode off, accepted the breeches which his servant offered to him, and they both set off bare-footed (their camels also having been taken from them) in the track of Bagdad. After having passed two days and nights without meeting with any other support than the truffles of the desert, that happened then to be in season, and which they found in great plenty, they fortunately fell in with another tribe of Arabs, to whose Sheick they told their melancholy tale, and implored his assistance. The Sheick was touched with the relation of their distress, and afforded them every help in his power; his own wives ministered unto them, anointing their feet; and brought them milk, with every other necessary. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered to set forward, the son of the Sheick escorted them so far as to put them under the protection of another Sheick, by whom they were entertained in the like hospitable manner, and dismissed with other guards and passports; nor did they want friends as long as their journey lasted, each tribe seeing them safely lodged with its next neighbor, until they had delivered them into the hands of our countrymen at Bagdad.—*Ive's Journal of a Voyage to India.*

ESCAPE FROM PIRATES.

The morning broke hazily upon the Atlantic, with a fresh breeze from the eastward, attended by frequent squalls of light rain. The sea had assumed that dead, lead color, which always attests the absence of the sun; and a dark curtain of clouds, that were slowly heaving up to windward, threatened an interval of heavier wea-

ther before the close of the day. About a hundred miles from that part of the coast of South America, situated between the Brazil shoals and Cape Frio, a large and beautiful ship was dashing along under a press of canvass. She had the wind abeam, and every thing that the weather would allow was packed on alow and aloft. On her quarter deck, a group, consisting of the passengers and officers of the ship, had collected to observe a strange sail, which, since daylight, had been discovered two or three points forward of the beam.

"Give me the glass," said a stout, good-looking, middle-aged man, whose countenance betrayed, or more properly indicated, a fondness for glasses, and whose authoritative tone at once christened him skipper. Taking the proffered instrument, he adjusted it at the proper focus, and commenced studying the stranger, whose hull, by the aid of the telescope, was but just visible, as she rose upon the crest of the waves.

"He's edging away for us," muttered Captain Bangem; "just got a pull of his weather braces; a suspicious looking craft, too."

"A guineaman, from the coast, perhaps," said Skysail.

"The fellow thinks it's getting too black to windward for all his duck," resumed the captain; "he's reefing his foretop-sail, and we must follow suit."

Passing the glass to a sailor at his elbow, he took up the trumpet, and looking at the mouth-piece for a moment, applied it to his lips, and gave the order to take in the studding-sails, royals, and flying-jib. When this movement had been executed, Bangem again thundered forth:

"Man the top-gallant clew-lines—clear away the sheets—clew up—man the top-sail reef-tackles and buntlines—clear away the bowlines—round in the braces—settle away the halliards—clew down, haul out the reef-tackles, and up the buntlines—trice up the booms—lay out, and take in the second reef!"

The ever-ready seamen sprang upon the yards, and extending themselves along either extremity, caught up and secured to the spar the canvass contained between

the first and second reef-bands. When all three of the top-sails had been reefed, the yards were again mast-headed and trimmed, the top-gallant-sails sheeted home, and the Niagara once more freshened her speed through the water.

In the mean time, the stranger was fast coming down, and so rapidly had he overhauled the Niagara, that those on board of the latter were able to distinguish her build and rig, with the naked eye. She was a long, low, clipper-schooner, with spars that seemed much too taut and square for the little hull out of which they rose. Captain Bangem had been watching her for some moments, with the utmost interest, when, turning to Skysail, he ordered him to hoist the ensign. "Now," said he, "we'll see what bunting the fellow wears. Ah, there it goes! the stars and stripes." A rolling billow of smoke rose from the bow of the schooner, and the report of a gun thundered along the breeze.

"Man the weather main-braces—clear away the bow-lines—put the helm down—ease off the jib-sheet!" shouted Bangem; and, in another moment, the Niagara was lying to with the main-topsail to the mast. The skipper again resumed the spy-glass; but scarcely had he raised it to his eye, when, relinquishing it to another, he seized the trumpet, and, in a voice that betrayed unusual excitement, he sang out, "Haul aft the jib-sheet!—hard up, hard up!"

"Hard up!" answered the man at the wheel, and the obedient ship fell rapidly off before the wind.

"Lay aft the braces," said Bangem; "meet her now, boy."

"She's got the lee helm," was the immediate reply.

"Steady as you go—steady, so."

"Steady so, sir," responded the steersman.

The sullen report of a gun told how the stranger had received this manœuvre: and when the smoke rolled off to the leeward, the American ensign was no longer at his peak. Before the Niagara had been kept away, she was running along with the wind abeam; the stranger was on her weather-bow, and heading so as to near

her at each moment, and eventually cut her off; but now, the former had assumed the same position, with regard to the wind, as the latter, and both vessels were running with the breeze sharp on the quarter. There were but few questions asked on board the Niagara: the unlooked-for deviation from her proper course, and the subsequent manœuvres of the schooner, at once told the real or suspected character of the vessel in chase; and the passengers gathered about the taffrail, regarding with a fearful silence the little object of their fears, that came down, clambering and cutting the waves, like some angry monster of the deep, after its retreating prey.

"Gentlemen," said Bangem, "it would be superfluous for me to tell you the character of that vessel; you all know it, and you also know what mercy to expect, if we fall into their hands. A stern chase is a long chase, and as the Niagara sails better with the wind well aft, I have given her her fastest point; we are now heading for the coast of South America, and we must keep out of his clutches as long as we can. If Providence does not send us deliverance in the mean time, why, it is even better to perish on the reefs, than die by the knives of yon butchers."

Another gun from the pirate boomed over the water, but the shot fell harmless astern of the Niagara. "Ay, blaze away, you vagabond!" muttered an old veteran, who was assisting in running out of a stern-port the only gun on board; "every shot you heave is four fathoms off your log."

"If it were eight hours later, we might be able to give her the slip during the night," said Bangem; "but if we continue to move along at this rate, we shall be high and dry on the coast of Brazil, before the sun goes down."

Still the schooner kept overhauling the ship, but his advantage was not now as perceptible as before: every thing held out the prospect of a long chase; but so intently was the stranger bent on gaining her, that he sent aloft, and set his light top-gallant-sail, although the wind was blowing a perfect gale; and, shortly afterwards,

men were seen on the top-sail-yard, turning out the reefs. As soon as Bangem perceived this, he gave the order to turn both reefs out of the top-sails, and get the starboard fore-top-mast-studding-sail ready for setting. In a few moments, an additional quantity of canvass was spread along the booms of the Niagara, and the gallant vessel rushed like some wild leviathan through the rolling sea, dashing aside its angry waters, and leaving broad streaks of boiling foam behind.

"Give him around shot, Skysail," said Bangem; "we must try and cripple him, or it's all day with us."

"Ay, ay, sir," muttered the tar, as he squinted along the sight, and elevated the gun for a long shot: the match was applied, and away sped the iron.

"Well done, old 'un!" shouted Skysail, as the splinters flew from the bulwarks of the pirate.

"Try it again, my hearty!" continued Bangem, "give him a stand of grape along with it, this time."

The schooner yawed and fired, but again its shot fell harmless alongside of the chase.

"There go his stu'n'sail booms," said the mate, as two delicate spars glided out, as if by magic, from either extremity of his top-sail-yard, while, in another moment, a sheet of light canvass arose, and was extended on either side of his bellying top-sail. The pursuer had gained considerably on the pursued during the last half hour; and Bangem, who stood watching her progress with the eye of an eagle, now got down from the horse block, and gave the order to set the starboard lower and all the top-gallant-stu'n'sails. The seamen exchanged glances in amazement, but it was only for a moment; and the next beheld them spread in different parts of the rigging, making preparation to heap an additional pile of canvass upon the spars of the trembling ship. "Haul taut, rig out, and hoist away!"—but scarcely had the halliards been belayed, when snap went the booms of the top-gallant yard and the lower studding-sail. "Lower away—haul down!" shouted Bangem; "make those sails up afresh, point the spare booms, and get them ready for setting again."

The two vessels continued to fly rapidly towards the coast of Brazil, and the pirate still continued to gain on the chase, although he yawed and fired at an interval of every half hour. Had the Niagara hauled her wind on either tack, she would have soon become the prey of the schooner, as she sailed faster with the wind abeam. Bangem accordingly thought it much better to keep her nearly before the breeze, as the pursuer would then have to deviate from his course, to bring his guns to bear, and consequently, deaden at intervals his advance, as an escape was now almost hopeless. The cutlasses and firearms were got up on the quarter-deck, and every preparation made by the passengers and crew of the vessel for a desperate defense. There were in all about twenty fighting men on board of the ship; and, judging by the masses that blackened the schooner's deck, she must have had five times that number.

For two long hours the chase was kept up, and at the expiration of that time, the pirate was within about three quarters of a mile. Bangem had drawn his men up, and exhorted them to stand by him like Americans, in the approaching conflict, when he was interrupted by a heavy crash, and the mizen-top-mast, top-gallant-mast and all, went by the board.

"Axes and knives, here!" shouted he, at the top of his voice: "cut, men, cut!—stir yourselves, my livelies!—the villain is coming down like a race-horse."

Instantly the lanyards and stays were severed, or carried away, the braces and bowlines unrove, and the wreck floating far astern; but the speed of the Niagara was by this accident considerably lessened, and the schooner, perceiving her advantage, put down her helm, and threw a raking broadside among the rigging and spars of the unfortunate vessel. At this moment, the cry of "breakers!" was heard from the forecastle, and an exclamation of horror burst from every lip—but one. There was death on every hand; and the forms that peopled the decks of the Niagara, stood as mute as statues, enveloped in the silent stupor of despair.

"Where away?" asked Bangem; and the cool self-

possession of that voice seemed to mock the dangers by which they were surrounded.

"Right ahead!" replied the look-out, "and on both bows."

"True," mused the commander, bending his eye in the given direction; "you may hear them roar above the howling of the wind and waves, even at this distance."

"Shall I bring her by the wind, sir?" asked the steersman.

"No!" was the stern and determined reply; and another volley of iron crashed among the spars of the Niagara. So eagerly had the pirate pursued the chase, that the danger ahead remained to him undiscovered. The day was unusually dark and cloudy, and the smoke, rolling to leeward, perhaps screened the reef from his view. However, he saw it not, and now came rushing down upon the crippled ship, confident of his superiority.

"Ease the helm down!" said Bangem, in a voice that was heard above every thing beside; "lash him there! and if we perish, the blood-hounds shall keep us company. Hard up, again!"

The obedient craft once more fell off before the wind, and rushed onward towards the breakers, that roared and foamed not more than half a mile in advance, dragging in her wake the light-built schooner, like some giant spirit of death, urging an ignobler being to the shades of darkness. A howl of frenzy, that broke from the deck of the corsair, told that they had, for the first time, become acquainted with the peril that awaited them; and twenty dark forms sprang out upon her bowsprit, armed with axes and knives, to free themselves from the hold of the ship.

"Now, my lads, give it to the blood-hounds!" shouted Bangem.

A volley was the reply, and every soul without the schooner's cutwater perished: as many more sprang to take their places; but again the fire from the Niagara's quarter-deck swept them away, like chaff before the wind of heaven. In the mean time, both vessels were rushing madly towards the reef: they were not a hundred yards

from the breakers, and both parties ceased hostilities, to gaze upon the foaming waters and iron rocks, that, in another moment, threatened to dash them into eternity. Hope had left every bosom; the pirates no longer endeavored to separate themselves from the Niagara, but stood, pale and trembling, waiting with horror, to pay the last dark forfeit of their lives. Both vessels were now within the influence of the reef; the long, heavy rollers, in conjunction with the wind, were driving them rapidly upon the rocks, when the schooner's bowsprit, shrouds, bobstays, and all, gave way; the liberated vessel swung round and struck, while the Niagara forged by the ledge, unscathed! The next billow dashed the pirate higher upon the reef, where she was hid from view by the roaring and foaming seas, that broke over her devoted hull. The crash of her falling spars was then heard, and the shrieks and wails of the drowning wretches rose, for one moment, above the thunder of the surf; but it was only for a moment, and they were lost forever. When the Niagara passed the cluster of rocks upon which the schooner went to pieces, she was hurled along the very centre of the principal reef, where the eddies and currents rendered her totally unmanageable. She no longer obeyed the helm, but drifted along, a disabled thing, at the sport of the wind and waves, the sea roaring the while like thunder around her, and the spray breaking in dense masses over her.

There were ten minutes of appalling anxiety, during which every one expected to feel her strike against the rocks; yet, for ten minutes more, she continued to drift through them in safety. The centre and principal ledge was passed, and she began to fall off before the wind. A beam of hope lighted up the countenance of Bangem. He sprang upon the bulwarks, and cast one quick, searching glance, at the sea around him.

"Starboard a little!" cried he.

"Starboard a little," answered the man at the wheel.

"Steady so, meet her."

"Meet her it is, sir," was the reply.

For five minutes more she flew through the intricacies of the reef, without deviation.

"Port! port!—give her the port helm, quick!" shouted Bangem.

"She's got it all, sir!" was the response; and the gallant ship glided by the last rock that threatened her destruction, and passed safely into the still water, between the reef and the main.

SINGULAR DEAF AND DUMB IMPOSTOR IN FRANCE.

It might almost be admitted as a proverb, that whatever else a man might have assumed as his character, that of a person born deaf and dumb could never have been worth his while to have persevered in; but Paris has lately seen an instance of this imposture, and as the history may be useful, as it certainly is curious, we shall give it at some length. L'Abbe Sicard had received so many letters from different parts of France in behalf of a young man who described himself as one of his pupils, and who professed to be travelling from province to province, in search of his father, and to ascertain his family, that he thought proper to insert in the public papers a note denying any knowledge of such an individual, and cautioning the public against deception. The party was accordingly seized and imprisoned at La Rochelle. This produced a letter from M. Victor Serve, officer of the 66th regiment, dated Rochelle. He says he had seen this young man, who was about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age: his figure was mild and expressive, his address noble and modest, his look downcast, his cheeks not ruddy, all his features, as all his attitudes, witnessing his misfortune. He wept, and deeply affected all beholders, who amounted to upwards of one hundred. He won every heart. His father emigrated in 1792, his mother was legally assassinated the same year: a German named Vere took him and taught him the French language as well as he could. He died

in 1802. Such was his story. He called himself Victor de Travanait. The writer then very solemnly attests his conviction that this youth was born deaf and dumb. This letter being signed by the mayor, notary, &c., as authentic, the matter was submitted to the Counsellor of State, and after some delay, the young man was ordered up to Paris, to be examined at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. As he could write, the Abbe naturally endeavored, in the first instance, to judge by his written answers to questions, whether he really was what he pretended to be. His manner of spelling words convinced the Abbe at once that he was an impostor; but in spite of all his attempts to render this palpable, the youth eluded his design, and he obtained no decisive proofs in the first examination. A second trial was not attended with greater conviction; the young man conducted himself so correctly as perfectly to counteract suspicion. Several days afterwards the youth was put to a third trial; at which the Abbe tried him by the easy syllables which the deaf and dumb are taught *first* to pronounce, such as *pa*. Victor pronounced the vowel *A*, but not the consonant. He also acknowledged, that he had been taught *by signs;* but he did not understand a single sign which was made to him. Convinced now that he was not really deaf and dumb, the Abbe threatened to confront him with those persons by whom he said he had been taught, and other friends whom he had mentioned: exposing to him at the same time the numerous contradictions of which he had been guilty. He denied all, and kept his countenance, but desired the examination might close. The next morning, Victor, by writing, desired the examination might not be so public; the company, accordingly, being selected, Victor drew from his pocket a paper which he read *with a loud and intelligible voice.* "These are the first words which have issued from my mouth during four years." He said that he would have preferred death to this confession; that M. Sicard was chosen to obtain the truth; that he had been vanquished; that no other person should have vanquished him. "In many cities I have been subjected to different cruel experiments; but never has the smallest symptom of surprise been seen in my countenance. At La Rochelle the warder was di-

rected to sleep with me: but even my dreams were never expressed by any thing more than guttural sounds. Several times have I been purposely awakened out of a sound sleep; my alarm was, however, marked by nothing more than a plaintive croaking. The hundred prisoners who were with me did all which had been ordered them, in order to surprise me. In Switzerland, a young, rich, and beautiful woman, offered to marry me if I would speak. I resisted every thing. Often have I had the intention of roaming into some wood, and living like a beast. At first I did so: I passed a whole month living on roots, potatoes, and wild fruits, without tasting bread. I am not Victor Travanait, but Victor Foy, of Lauzarache, six leagues from Paris." It will readily be supposed that this declaration, from a mouth which had been four years closed, produced a great sensation among the auditory. It produced no less sensation among the public; and on February 24, 1807, the meeting of the Institution was full of persons curious to see and hear what would pass. The Abbe Sicard was obliged to give a second sitting, after the first was over; and to announce that he would give a third, and a fourth, if necessary, in order that no individual might depart without full conviction. Silence was obtained with great difficulty in such an immense crowd. After which, M. Sicard caused several of his deaf and dumb pupils to speak. Victor spoke with much timidity and difficulty, having so long lost the use of speech; he read with pain and great hesitation, in a book which was procured for the purpose. He broke off, observing, that his feelings were too strong to suffer him to proceed. Then, the Abbe stating that the Prefect of the Police had given one of his shirts to the young man, who was absolutely naked, and other clothing also, he being in great distress, a collection was made in his favor. This had a great effect upon him. Victor observed to the Abbe that he had so entirely accustomed himself to the illusions of his part, that he had *unlearned his hearing*. He described as one of the most powerful proofs to which his constancy had been put, an experiment practised on him in Switzerland. "I was in a room under interrogation," said he, "where had been previously suspended, unknown to me, immediately behind

me, a great vase full of copper money; suddenly the cord was cut, and the whole came tumbling down with a prodigious clatter. Yet not the slightest indication of any emotion was discoverable in my countenance." Such was the termination of a deception which had imposed on many parts of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and France!

MAGNANIMITY OF PRINCE LEOPOLD, YOUNGEST SON OF CHARLES, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

The Leyden Gazette for May, 1785, contained the following melancholy account of the death of this excellent young man, who fell a sacrifice to his magnanimous and humane efforts, to save the lives of his fellow creatures:

"We have within these few days experienced the greatest calamities, by the overflowing of the Oder, which burst its banks in several places, and carried away houses, bridges, and every thing that opposed its course. Numbers of people lost their lives in this rapid inundation; but of all the accidents arising from it, none was so generally lamented as the death of the good prince Leopold of Brunswick. This amiable personage standing at the side of the river, a woman threw herself at his feet, beseeching him to give orders for some persons to go to the rescue of her children, whom, bewildered by the sudden danger, she had left behind her in the house: some soldiers who were also in the same place were crying for help. The prince endeavored to procure a flat-bottomed boat, but no one could be found to venture across the river, even though the prince offered large sums of money, and promised to share the danger. At last, moved by the cries of the unfortunate inhabitants of the suburbs, and led by the sentiments of his own benevolent heart, he took the resolution of going to their assistance himself. Those who were about him endeavored to dissuade him from this hazardous enterprise, but touched to the soul by the distress of the miserable people, he replied in the following words: "What am I more than either you or they? I am a man like yourselves, and nothing ought to be attended to here,

MAGNANIMITY OF PRINCE LEOPOLD, YOUNGEST SON OF CHARLES, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

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but the voice of humanity." Unshaken therefore in his resolution, he immediately embarked with three watermen in a small boat, and crossed the river; the boat did not want three lengths of the bank, when it struck against a tree, and in an instant they all together, with the boat, disappeared. A few minutes after, the prince rose again, and supported himself a short time by taking hold of a tree, but the violence of the current soon bore him down, and he never appeared more. The boatmen, more fortunate, were every one saved, and the prince alone became the victim of his own humanity. The whole city was in affliction for the loss of this truly amiable prince, whose humility, gentleness of manners, and compassionate disposition, endeared him to all ranks. He lived, indeed, as he died, in the highest exercise of humanity. Had not the current been so rapid, he would, without doubt, have been saved, as he was a remarkably good swimmer.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM DROWNING IN THE RAPIDS OF THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

On the 22d of April, 1810, we set sail in a large schooner from Fort George, or Niagara town, and in two days cross ed Lake Ontario, to Kingston, at the head of the river St. Lawrence, distant from Niagara, about 208 miles. Here we hired an American barge (a large flat-bottomed boat) to carry us to Montreal a further distance of 200 miles; then set out from Kingston on the 28th of April, and arrived the same evening at Ogdensburgh, a distance of 75 miles. The following evening we arrived at Cornwall, and the succeeding night at Ponte du Hac, on Lake St. Francis. Here our bargemen obtained our permission to return up the river; and we embarked in another barge, deeply laden with potashes, passengers, and luggage. Above Montreal, for nearly 100 miles, the river St. Lawrence is interrupted in its course by rapids, which are occasioned by the river being confined in comparatively narrow, shallow, and rocky channels; through them it rusnes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm.

Many people prefer these rapids, for grandeur of appearance, to the Falls of the Niagara. They are from half a mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots. On the 30th of April, we arrived at the village of the Cedars, immediately below which are three sets of dangerous rapids, (the Cedars, the Split-rock, and the Cascades,) distant from each other about one mile. On the morning of the 1st of May we set out from the Cedars, the barge very deep, and very leaky. The captain, a daring rash man, refused to take a pilot. After we passed the Cedar rapid, not without danger, the captain called for some rum, swearing at the same time, that God Almighty could not steer the barge better than he did! Soon after this we entered the Split-rock-rapids by a wrong channel, and found ourselves advancing rapidly towards a dreadful watery precipice, down which we went. The barge slightly grazed her bottom against the rock, and the fall was so great as nearly to take away the breath. We here took in a great deal of water, which was mostly baled out again before we were hurried on to what the Canadians call the "grand bouillon," or great boiling. In approaching this place the captain let go the helm, saying, "By God! here we fill!" The barge was almost immediately overwhelmed in the midst of immense foaming breakers, which rushed over the bows, carrying away planks, oars, &c. About half a minute elapsed between the filling and going down of the barge, during which I had sufficient presence of mind to strip off my three coats, and was loosening my suspenders, when the barge sunk, and I found myself floating in the midst of people, baggage, &c. Each man caught hold of something; one of the crew caught hold of me, and kept me down under water, but, contrary to my expectation, let me go again. On rising to the surface, I got hold of a trunk, on which two other men were then holding. Just at this spot, where the Split-rock rapids terminate, the banks of the river are well inhabited; and we could see women on shore running about much agitated. A canoe put off, and picked up three of our number, who had gained the bottom of the barge, which had upset and got rid of its cargo; these they landed on an island. The canoe put

off again, and was approaching near to where I was, with two others, holding on the trunk; when, terrified with the vicinity of the Cascades, to which we were approaching, it put back, notwithstanding my exhortations, in French and English, to induce the two men on board to advance. The bad hold which one man had of the trunk to which we were adhering, subjected him to constant immersion; and, in order to escape his seizing hold of me, I let go the trunk, and, in conjunction with another man, got hold of the boom (which, with the gaff, sails, &c., had been detached from the mast to make room for the cargo,) and floated off. I had just time to grasp this boom, when we were hurried into the Cascades; in these I was instantly buried, and nearly suffocated. On rising to the surface, I found one of my hands still on the boom, and my companion also adhering to the gaff. Shortly after descending the Cascades, I perceived the barge bottom upwards floating near me. I succeeded in getting near to it, and held by a crack in one end of it; the violence of the water, and the falling out of the casks of ashes, had quite wrecked it. For a long time I contented myself with this hold, not daring to endeavor to get upon the bottom, which I at length effected; and from this, my new situation, I called out to my companion, who still preserved his hold of the gaff. He shook his head; and, when the waves suffered me to look up again, he was gone. He made no attempt to come near me, being unable or unwilling to let go his hold, and trust himself to the waves, which were then rolling over his head.

The Cascades are a kind of fall or rapid descent in the river, over a rocky channel below: going down is called by the French "Sauter," to leap or shove the Cascades. For two miles below, the channel continues in uproar, just like a storm at sea; and I was frequently nearly washed off the barge by the waves which rolled over. I now entertained no hope whatever of escaping; and although I continued to exert myself to hold on, such was the state to which I was reduced by cold, that I wished only for speedy death, and frequently thought of giving up the contest as useless. I felt as if compressed into the size of a monkey; my hands appeared diminished in size

one half; and I certainly should (after I became very cold and much exhausted,) have fallen asleep, but for the waves that were passing over, and obliged me to attend to my situation. I had never descended the St. Lawrence before, but I knew there were more rapids ahead, perhaps another set of cascades; but, at all events, the La Chinese rapids, whose situation I did not exactly know. I was in hourly expectation of these putting an end to me, and often fancied some points of ice extended from the shore to be the head of foaming rapids. At one of the moments in which the succession of waves permitted me to look up, I saw at a distance a canoe with four men coming towards me, and waited in confidence to hear the sound of their paddles; but in this I was disappointed: the men, as I afterwards learned, were Indians, (genuine descendants of the Tartars,) who, happening to fall in with one of the passengers' trunks, picked it up, and returned to the shore for the purpose of pillaging it, leaving, as they since acknowledged, the man on the boat to his fate. Indeed, I am certain I should have had more to fear from their avarice than to hope from their humanity; and it is more than probable that my life would have been taken, to secure them in the possession of my watch and several half-eagles which I had about me.

The accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning. In the course of some hours, as the day advanced, the sun grew warmer, the wind blew from the south, and the water became calmer. I got upon my knees, and found myself in the small lake of St. Louis, about from three to five miles wide; with some difficulty I got upon my feet, but was soon convinced, by cramps and spasms in all my sinews, that I was incapable of swimming any distance, and I was then two miles from shore. I was now going with wind and current to destruction; and cold, hungry, and fatigued, was obliged again to sit down in the water to rest, when an extraordinary circumstance greatly relieved me. On examining the wreck, to see if it were possible to detach any part thereof to steer by, I perceived something loose, entangled in a fork of the wreck, and so carried along. This I found to be a small trunk, bottom upwards, which, with some difficulty, I dragged upon the

barge. After near an hour's work, during which I broke my penknife, trying to cut out the lock, I made a hole in it, and to my very great satisfaction, drew out a bottle of rum, a cold tongue, some cheese, and a bag full of bread, cakes, &c., all wet. Of these I made a seasonable though very moderate use, and the trunk answered the purpose of a chair to sit upon, elevated above the surface of the water.

After in vain endeavoring to steer the wreck, or direct its course to the shore, and having made every signal (with my waistcoat, &c.) in my power, to the several headlands which I passed, I fancied I was driving into a bay, which however, soon proved to be the termination of the lake, and the opening of the river, the current of which was carrying me rapidly along. I passed several small uninhabited islands; but the banks of the river, appearing to be covered with houses, I again renewed my signals, with my waistcoat and a shirt which I took out of the trunk, hoping, as the river narrowed, they might be perceived; but the distance was too great. The velocity with which I was going, convinced me of the near approach to the dreadful rapids of La Chine. Night was drawing on, my destruction appeared certain, but did not disturb me very much: the idea of death had lost its novelty, and became quite familiar. Finding signals in vain, I now set up a cry or howl, such as I thought best calculated to carry to a distance, and, being favored by the wind, it did, although at above a mile's distance, reach the ears of some people on the shore. At last I perceived a boat rowing towards me, which being very small and white-bottomed, I had for some time taken for a fowl with a white breast; and I was taken off the barge by Captain Johnstone, after being ten hours in the water. I found myself at the village of La Chine, twenty-one miles below where the accident happened, and having been driven by the winding of the current a much greater distance. I received no other injury than bruised knees and breast, with a slight cold: the accident took some hold of my imagination, and for seven or eight succeeding nights, in my dreams, I was engaged in the dangers of the cascades, and surrounded by drowning men.

RESURRECTION FROM THE GRAVE.

Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long wished for union, a man, far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honorable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate; but the anxiety of her mind preyed upon her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder, that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave.

As soon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but recollecting that in her youth, she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where, by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure, at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim; and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage.

The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavors to disguise herself were ineffectual. He laid

his claim to her, before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alleging, that the husband, by burying her, had forfeited his title; and that he had acquired a just one, by freeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law; and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired out of the kingdom.—*Causes Celebres.*

THE MERCURIAL MINES OF IDRIA.

MALEFACTORS are condemned to these mines to work for life, as this kind of labor is the most unwholesome that can be. The following pathetic display of the miseries of those who are doomed to toil in them, is extracted from an epistolary correspondence between an ingenious traveller and his friend:

"After passing through several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not return home without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idria, and seeing those dreadful subterraneous caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever seeing the cheerful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious task-masters. Imagine to yourself a hole in the side of a mountain, about five yards over: down this you are let, in a kind of bucket, more than one hundred fathoms, the prospect growing more gloomy, yet still widening as you descend. At length, after swinging in terrible suspense for some time in this precarious situation, you then reach the bottom, and tread on the ground, which, by its hollow sound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, seems thundering at every step you take. In this gloomy and frightful solitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there dispersed, so as that the wretched inhabitants of these mansions can go from one place to another without a guide; and yet, let me assure you, that

though they, by custom, could see objects very distinctly by these lights, I could scarce discern, for some time, any thing, not even the person who came with me to show me these scenes of horror.

"From this description, I suppose, you have but a disagreeable idea of this place, yet let me assure you, that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants: such wretches my eyes never yet beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover a horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they, in general, consist of malefactors, condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expense; but seldom consume much provision, as they lose their appetites in a short time, and commonly in about two years expire, through a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

"In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind me calling me by my name, and inquiring after my health with the most cordial affection. I turned, and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a piteous accent said, 'Ah, Everard, do you not know me?' But what was my surprise, when, through the veil of this wretchedness, I discovered the features of a dear and old friend. I flew to him with affection; and, after a tear of condolence, asked how he came there. To this he replied, that having fought a duel with an officer of the Austrian infantry, against the emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter. With these he lived nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive upon the wheel. However, upon arriving at the capital, he was quickly known; and several of the associates of his accusation and danger witnessing his innocence, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual banishment and labor in the mines

of Idria,—a sentence, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death.

"As my old friend was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who, at once, I perceived to be born for a better fortune: the dreadful situation of this place was not able to destroy her beauty; and even in this scene of wretchedness, she seemed to have charms sufficient to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was, in fact, daughter to one of the first families in Germany; and having tried every means to procure her husband's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries, as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions, from whence few of the living return; and with him she was contented to live, forgetting the gayeties of life, and with him to toil, despising the splendor of opulence, and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy.

"I was afterwards spectator of the most affecting scene I ever beheld. In the course of some days after visiting the gloomy mansion I have represented to you, a person came post from Vienna to the Idrian bottom, who was followed by a second, and he by a third. The first inquiry was after my unfortunate friend; and I happening to overhear the demand, gave them the first intelligence. Two of these were brother and cousin of the lady, the third was an intimate friend and fellow-soldier to my friend. They came with his pardon, which had been procured by the general, with whom the duel had been fought, and who was perfectly cured of his wounds. I led them, with all expedition of joy, down to this dreary abode, presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change of his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened upon his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotions less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's liberty.

"Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple; nor could I, without a tear, behold my friend taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock, to another his working clothes, to a third his household utensils, such as were necessary for him in that situation. We soon

emerged from the mine, where he once more revisited the light of the sun, that he had totally despaired of ever seeing again. A post chaise and four were ready the next morning to take them to Vienna. The emperor again took him into favor, his fortune and rank were restored, and he and his fair partner had now the satisfaction of feeling happiness with a double relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable."

ATTEMPT TO TAKE ARNOLD.

General Washington having learned whither Arnold had fled, deemed it possible still to take him, and bring him to the just reward of his treachery. To accomplish an object so desirable, and at the same time, in so doing, to save Andre, Washington devised a plan, which, although it ultimately failed, evinced the greatness of his powers, and his unwearied ardor for his country's good.

Having matured the plan, Washington sent to Major Lee to repair to head quarters, (at Tappan on the Hudson.) "I have sent for you," said Gen. Washington, "in the expectation that you have some one in your corps, who is willing to undertake a delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward will confer great obligations on me personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost; he must proceed, if possible, to-night. I intend to seize Arnold and save Andre."

Major Lee named a sergeant-major of his corps, by the name of *Champe*—a native of Virginia, a man full of bone and muscle—with a countenance grave, thoughtful, and taciturn—of tried courage and inflexible perseverance.

Champe was sent for by Major Lee, and the plan proposed. This was for him to desert—to escape to New York—to appear friendly to the enemy—to watch Arnold, and, upon some fit opportunity, with the assistance of some one whom Champe could trust, to seize

him and conduct him to a place on the river, appointed, where boats should be in readiness to bear him away.

Champe listened to the plan attentively—but with the spirit of a man of honor and integrity, replied—"that it was not danger nor difficulty that deterred him from immediately accepting the proposal, but the *ignominy of desertion and the hypocrisy of enlisting with the enemy!*"

To these objections Lee replied, that although he would appear to desert, yet, as he obeyed the call of his commander-in-chief, his departure could not be considered as criminal, and that if he suffered in reputation for a time, the matter should one day be explained to his credit.

As to the second objection, it was urged, that to bring such a man as Arnold to justice—loaded with guilt as he was—and to save Andre, so young, so accomplished, and so beloved—to achieve so much good in the cause of his country, was more than sufficient to balance a wrong existing only in appearance.

The objections of Champe were at length surmounted, and he accepted the service. It was now eleven o'clock at night. With his instructions in his pocket, the sergeant returned to camp, and taking his cloak, valise, and orderly book, drew his horse from the picket, and mounted, putting himself upon fortune.

Scarcely half an hour elapsed, before Capt. Carnes, the officer of the day, waited upon Lee, who was vainly attempting to rest, and informed him, that one of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon, who, being challenged, put spur to his horse, and had escaped.

Lee, hoping to conceal the flight of Champe, or at least to delay pursuit, complained of fatigue, and told the captain that the patrol had probably mistaken a countryman for a dragoon. Carnes, however, was not thus to be quieted; but withdrew to assemble his corps.

On examination, it was found that Champe was absent. The captain now returned, and acquainted Lee with the discovery, adding that he had detached a party to pursue the deserter, and begged the major's written orders.

After making as much delay as was practicable, with-

out exciting suspicion, Lee del vered his orders—in which he directed the party to take Champe if possible. "Bring him alive," said he, "that he may suffer in the presence of the army, but kill him if he resists, or if he escapes after being taken."

A shower of rain fell soon after Champe departed, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to take the trail of his horse, his shoes, in common with those of the horses of the army, being made in a peculiar form, and each having a private mark, which was to be seen in the path.

Middleton, the leader of the pursuing party, left the camp a few minutes past twelve, so that Champe had the start of but little more than an hour—a period by far shorter than had been contemplated.

During the night, the dragoons were often delayed in the necessary halts to examine the road; but on the coming of morning, the impression of the horse's shoes was so apparent, that they pressed on with rapidity.

Some miles above Bergen, (a village three miles north of New York, on the opposite side of the Hudson,) on ascending a hill, Champe was descried, not more than half a mile distant. Fortunately, Champe descried his pursuers at the same moment, and conjecturing their object, put spur to his horse, with the hope of escape.

By taking a different road, Champe was for a time lost sight of—but on approaching the river he was again descried. Aware of his danger, he now lashed his valise, containing his clothes and orderly book, to his shoulders, and prepared himself to plunge into the river, if necessary.

Swift was his flight, and swift was the pursuit. Middleton and his party were within a few hundred yards, when Champe threw himself from his horse, and plunged into the river, calling aloud upon some British galleys, at no great distance, for help.

A boat was instantly despatched to the sergeant's assistance, and a fire commenced upon the pursuers. Champe was taken on board, and soon after carried to New York, with a letter from the captain of the galley stating the past scene, all of which he had witnessed.

Adjoining the house in which Arnold resided, and at which it was designed to seize and gag him, Champe had taken off several of the palings, and replaced them so that, with ease and without noise, he could readily open his way to the adjoining alley. Into this alley he intended to convey his prisoner, aided by his companion, and one or two associates, who had been introduced by the friend to whom Champe had been originally made known by letter from the commander-in-chief, and with whose aid and counsel he had so far conducted the enterprise. His other associate was, with the boat, prepared at one of the wharves on the Hudson river, to receive the party.

Champe and his friend intended to have placed themselves each under Arnold's shoulder, and to have thus borne him through the most unfrequented alleys and streets to the boat, representing Arnold, in case of being questioned, as a drunken soldier, whom they were conveying to the guard-house.

When arrived at the boat, the difficulties would be all surmounted, there being no danger nor obstacle in passing to the Jersey shore. These particulars, as soon as made known to Lee, were communicated to the commander-in-chief, who was highly gratified with the much desired intelligence. He desired Major Lee to meet Champe, and to take care that Arnold should not be hurt.

The day arrived, and Lee, with a party of accoutred horses, one for Arnold, one for the sergeant, and the third for his associate, who was to assist in securing Arnold, left the camp, never doubting the success of the enterprise, from the tenor of the last received communication. The party reached Hoboken about midnight, where they were concealed in the adjoining wood—Lee, with three dragoons, stationing himself near the shore of the river. Hour after hour passed, but no boat approached.

At length the day broke, and the major retired to his party, and with his led horses returned to the camp, where he proceeded to head quarters to inform the general of the much lamented disappointment, as mortifying

as inexplicable. Washington having perused Champe's plan and communication, had indulged the presumption, that at length the object of his keen and constant pursuit, was sure of execution, and did not dissemble the joy such a conviction produced. He was chagrined at the issue, and apprehended that his faithful sergeant must have been detected in the last scene of his tedious and difficult enterprise.

In a few days Lee received an anonymous letter from Champe's patron and friend, informing him that on the day preceding the night for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the town, to superintend the embarkation of troops preparing, as was rumored, for an expedition to be directed by himself; and that the American legion, consisting chiefly of American deserters, had been transferred from their barracks to one of the transports, it being apprehended that if left on shore until the expedition was ready, many of them might desert.

Thus it happened, that John Champe, instead of crossing the Hudson that night, was safely deposited on board one of the fleet of transports, from whence he never departed, until the troops under Arnold landed in Virginia. Nor was he able to escape from the British army until after the junction of Cornwallis at Petersburgh, when he deserted; and proceeding high up into Virginia, he passed into North Carolina, near the Saury towns, and keeping in the friendly districts of that state, safely joined the army soon after it had passed the Congaree, in pursuit of Lord Rawdon.

His appearance excited supreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased, when they saw the cordial reception he met with from the late major, now lieutenant colonel, Lee. His whole story was soon known to the corps, which reproduced the love and respect of officer and soldier, (heretofore invariably entertained for the sergeant,) heightened by universal admiration of his late daring and arduous attempt.

Champe was introduced to General Green, who very cheerfully complied with the promise made by the com-

mander-in-chief, so far as in his power; and having provided the sergeant with a good horse and money for his journey, sent him to General Washington, who munificently anticipated every desire of the sergeant, and presented him with a discharge from further service, lest he might, in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the hands of the enemy, when, if recognised, he was sure to die on the jibbet.

We shall only add respecting the after life of this interesting adventurer, that when Gen. Washington was called by Pres. Adams, in 1798, to the command of the army, prepared to defend the country against French hostility, he sent to Lieutenant Colonel Lee, to inquire for Champe; being determined to bring him into the field at the head of a company of infantry. Lee sent to Loudon county, Virginia, where Champe settled after his discharge from the army; when he learned that the gallant soldier had removed to Kentucky, where he soon after died.

THE VENTRILOQUIST AND THE MONKS.

M. DE LA CHAPELLE informs us, that M. St. Gill, the ventriloquist, and his friend, returning home from a place whither his business had carried him, sought for shelter from an approaching thunder storm in a neighboring convent. Finding the whole community in mourning, he inquired the cause, and was told that one of their body had died lately, who was the ornament and delight of the whole society. To pass away the time, he walked into the church, attended by some of the religious, who showed him the tomb of their deceased brother, and spoke feelingly of the scanty honors they had bestowed on his memory. Suddenly a voice was heard, apparently proceeding from the roof of the choir, lamenting the situation

of the defunct in purgatory, and reproaching the brotherhood with their lukewarmness and want of zeal on his own account. The friars, as soon as their astonishment gave them power to speak, consulted together, and agreed to acquaint the rest of the community with this singular event, so interesting to the whole society. M. St. Gill, who wished to carry on the joke still farther, dissuaded them from taking this step; telling them that they would be treated by their absent brethren, as a set of fools and visionaries. He recommending to them, however, the immediately calling of the whole community into the church, where the ghost of their departed brother might probably reiterate his complaints.

Accordingly all the friars, novices, lay-brothers, and even the domestics of the convent, were immediately summoned and collected together. In a short time the voice from the roof renewed its lamentation and reproaches, and the whole convent fell on their faces and vowed a solemn reparation. As a first step, they chanted a *De profundis* in a full choir; during the intervals of which, the ghost occasionally expressed the comfort he received from their pious exercises and ejaculations on his behalf. When all was over, the prior entered into a serious conversation with M. St. Gill; and on the strength of what had just passed, sagaciously inveighed against the absurd incredulity of modern sceptics and pretended philosophers, on the article of ghosts or apparitions. M. St. Gill thought it now high time to undeceive the good fathers. This purpose, however, he found it extremely difficult to effect, till he had prevailed upon them to return with him into the church, and there be witnesses of the manner in which he had conducted this ludicrous deception.

FORTITUDE OF THE INDIAN CHARACTER.

A PARTY of the Seneca Indians came to war against the Ratahba, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods, the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving

them, he sprung off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children when they met him at their several towns beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments to which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians: and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies: for when they were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, like blood-hounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in re-

turn for the extraordinary favors they had done, and intended to do him. After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them, (continues the author,) he put up the shrill war hoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested, till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him: he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him; but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honor and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot—clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh, with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and where he had been taken by them to the fiery torture. He dug them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captured, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit, he would kill them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard,—and therefore they returned home.

EXTRAORDINARY TRICK OF A VENTRILOQUIST.

From Brodeau, a learned critic of the sixteenth century, we have the following account of the feats of a capital ventriloquist and cheat, who was valet-de-chambre to Francis the First. This fellow, whose name was Louis Brabant, had fallen desperately in love with a young, handsome, and rich heiress; but was rejected by the parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter, on account of the lowness of his circumstances. The young lady's father dying, he made a visit to the widow, who was totally ignorant of his singular talent. Suddenly, on his first appearance in open day, in her own house, and in the presence of several persons who were with her, she heard herself accosted, in a voice perfectly resembling that of her dead husband, and which seemed to proceed from above, exclaiming, "Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant; he is a man of great fortune, and of an excellent character. I now endure the inexpressible torments of purgatory, for having refused her to him. If you obey this admonition, I shall soon be delivered from this place of torment. You will at the same time provide a worthy husband for your daughter, and procure everlasting repose to the soul of your poor husband."

The widow could not for a moment resist this dread summons, which had not the most distant appearance of proceeding from Louis Brabant; whose countenance exhibited no visible change, and whose lips were close and motionless, during the delivery of it. Accordingly she consented immediately to receive him for her son-in-law. Louis' finances, however, were in a very low situation; and the formalities attending the marriage contract rendered it necessary for him to exhibit some show of riches, and not to give the ghost the lie direct. He accordingly went to work upon a fresh subject, one Cornu, an old and rich banker at Lyons, who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortion, and was known to be haunted by remorse of conscience on account of the manner in which he had acquired it.

Having contracted an intimate acquaintance with this

an, ne, one day, while they were sitting together in the usurer's little back parlor, artfully turned the conversation on religious subjects, on demons and spectres, the pains of purgatory, and the torments of hell. During an interval of silence between them, a voice was heard, which to the astonished banker, seemed to be that of his deceased father, complaining as in the former case, of his dreadful situation in purgatory, and calling upon him to deliver him instantly thence, by putting into the hands of Louis Brabant, then with him, a large sum for the redemption of christians then in slavery with the Turks; and threatening him with eternal damnation if he did not take this method to expiate likewise his own sins. The reader will naturally suppose that Louis Brabant affected a due degree of astonishment on the occasion; and further promoted the deception, by acknowledging his having devoted himself to the prosecution of the charitable design imputed to him by the ghost. An old ususer is naturally suspicious. Accordingly, the wary banker made a second appointment with the ghost's delegate for the next day; and, to render any design of imposing upon him, utterly abortive, took him into the open fields, where not a house, or a tree or even a bush, or a pit, was in sight, capable of screening any supposed confederate. This extraordinary caution excited the ventriloquist to exert all the powers of his art. Wherever the banker conducted him, at every step his ears were saluted on all sides with the complaints and groans not only of his father, but of all his deceased relations; imploring him for the love of God, and in the name of every saint in the calender, to have mercy on his own soul and theirs, by effectually seconding with his purse the intentions of his worthy companion. Cornu could no longer resist the voice of heaven, and accordingly carried his guest home with him, and paid him down 10,000 crowns; with which the honest ventriloquist returned to Paris, and married his mistress. The catastrophe was fatal. The secret was afterwards blown, and reached the usurer's ears; who was so much affected by the loss of his money, and the mortifying railleries of his neighbors, that he soon took to his bed and died.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

In the year 1585, the Portuguese Caracks sailed from Lisbon to Goa, a very great, rich, and flourishing colony of that nation in the East Indies. There were no less than twelve hundred souls—mariners, passengers, priests and friars on board one of these vessels. The beginning of their voyage was prosperous; they had doubled the southern extremity of the great continent of Africa, called the Cape of Good Hope, and were steering their course northeast, to the great continent of India, when some gentlemen on board who had studied geography and navigation, (arts which reflect honor on the possessors,) found in the latitude in which they were then sailing, a large ridge of rocks laid down in their sea-charts. They no sooner made this discovery than they acquainted the captain of the ship with the affair, desiring him to communicate the same to the pilot; which request he immediately granted, recommending to him to lie by in the night, and slacken sail by day, until they should be past the danger. It is always a custom among the Portuguese, absolutely to commit the sailing part, or the navigation of the vessel, to the pilot, who is answerable with his head for the safe conduct or carriage of the king's ships, or those belonging to private traders: and he is under no manner of direction from the captain, who commands in every other respect.

The pilot being one of those self-sufficient men who think every hint given them from others, in the way of their profession, derogatory to their understandings, took it as an affront to be taught his art, and instead of complying with his captain's request, actually crowded more sail than the vessel had previously carried. They had not sailed many hours, when, just about the dawn of day, a terrible disaster befel them, which would have been prevented had they lain by. The ship struck upon a rock: I leave to the reader's imagination what a scene of horror this dreadful accident must have occasioned among twelve hundred persons, all in the same inevitable danger; and beholding, with fearful astonishment, that instantaneous death which now stared them full in the face!

In this distress, the captain ordered the pinnace to be launched, into which having tossed a small quantity of biscuit and some boxes of marmalade, he jumped in himself, with nineteen others, who with their drawn swords, prevented any more coming into the boat, lest it should sink. In this condition they put off into the great Indian ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water but what might happen to fall from the heaven, whose mercy alone could deliver them. After rowing to and fro for four days in this miserable condition, the captain, who for some time had been very sickly and weak, died. This added, if possible, to their misery, for they now fell into confusion; every one would govern, and none would obey. This obliged them to elect one of their own company to command them, whose orders they agreed implicitly to follow. This person proposed to the company to draw lots, and to cast every fourth man overboard; as their small stock of provisions was so far spent, as not to be able, at a very short allowance, so sustain life above three days longer. They were now, nineteen persons in all: in this number were a friar and carpenter, both of whom they would exempt, as the one was useful to absolve and comfort them in their last extremity, and the other to repair the pinnace, in case of a leak, or any other accident. The same compliment they paid to their new captain, he being the odd man, and his life of much consequence. He refused their indulgence a great while, but at last they obliged him to acquiesce, so that there were four to die out of the sixteen remaining persons.

The three first, after having confessed and received absolution, submitted to their fate. The fourth whom fortune condemned, was a Portuguese gentleman that had a younger brother in the boat, who, seeing him about to be thrown overboard, most tenderly embraced him, and with tears besought him to let him die in his room, enforcing his arguments by telling him he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him; that as for himself, he was single, and his life of no great importance: he therefore conjured him to supply his place. The elder brother, astonished, and melted with this generosity, re-

plied, that since divine providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him, especially a brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged. The younger, persisting in his purpose, would take no denial; but throwing himself on his knees, held his brother so fast that the company could not disengage them. Thus they disputed for a while, the elder brother bidding him be a father to his children, recommended his wife to his protection, and as he would inherit his estate, to take care of their common sisters; but all he could say could not make the younger desist. This was a scene of tenderness that must fill every breast susceptible of generous impressions with pity. At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other. He acquiesced, and suffered the gallant youth to supply his place, who, being cast into the sea, and a good swimmer, soon got to the stern of the pinnace, and laid hold of the rudder with his right hand, which being perceived by one of the sailors, he cut off the hand with his sword: then dropping into the sea he presently caught hold again with his left, which received the same fate by a second blow; thus dismembered of both of his hands, he made a shift notwithstanding to keep himself above water with his feet and two stumps, which he held bleeding upwards.

This moving spectacle so raised the pity of the whole company, that they cried out, "he is but one man, let us endeavor to save his life;" and he was accordingly taken into the boat, where he had his hands bound up as well as the place and circumstances could permit. They rowed all that night, and the next morning when the sun arose, as if heaven would reward the gallantry and piety of this young man, the descried land, which proved to be the mountains of Mozambique in Africa, not far from a Portuguese colony. Thither they all safely arrived, where they remained until the next ship from Lisbon passed by and carried them to Goa.

At that city, Linchoten, an author of great credit and esteem, assures us, that he himself saw them land, supped with the two brothers that very night, beheld the younger with his stumps, and had the story from both their mouths, as well as from the rest of the company.

SINGULAR ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

During the French Revolution an instance of escape after condemnation deserves to be mentioned here, because the fact is both remarkable and well attested. A number of persons were returning back to prison after sentence had been passed upon them, that they were to be guillotined the next morning. They were, according to custom, tied together by the hands, two and two, and were escorted by a guard. In their way they were met by a woman, who, with loud cries, reclaimed her husband, asserting that he was a good patriot, and had been unjustly condemned; and that she could bring proofs of his patriotism, known to all the world. It so happened, that the judge, who had condemned the prisoners, passed by at the moment, and, hearing the clamors of the woman, inquired what could occasion them. This being explained, and the judge very happily being in a more merciful humor than usual, said that a good patriot must not be executed, and if the woman's assertions were true, it was very right that her husband should be released. He accordingly ordered the man to be unbound and brought to him, when he asked several questions respecting his patriotism, and what he had done for the good of the republic, to all which he received answers so satisfactory, that he declared him to be a good *sans-culotte*, unjustly condemned, and ordered him to be set at liberty on the spot.

This affair, as may be easily imagined, soon drew a number of people together, so that the prisoners were mingled promiscuously with the multitude. The companion with whom the man had been yoked, finding himself single, and totally unobserved, the eyes and attention of all present being now otherwise engaged, thought that a favorable opportunity of escape was presented; thrusting, therefore, the hand which had the cord round it, into his waistcoat, that the cord might not be seen which would have betrayed him, he, with great coolness and composure, made his way through the crowd, as if he had been a spectator only, drawn among them by curiosity. When he found himself at liberty, he hastened to the port, which was not far

off, and jumping into a boat, ordered the boatman to row in all haste to a place, which he named, at the other end of the port. The boatman obeyed; but here a difficulty arose which had not immediately occurred to the fugitive, viz:—that he had not so much as a sous in his pocket to pay his fare; for when any one was arrested, whatever money he might have about him, or any thing else of value, was immediately taken away as confiscated property. What was to be done in a situation so embarassing! He did not lose his presence of mind; but, feeling in his pockets, said, with a well-affected surprise, that it was very unlucky, but he had forgotten his purse, and had not any money with him. The boatman began to swear and make a great outcry, saying that this was a mere excuse, that he was a cheat, and wanted to make him work without being paid. The fugitive then, as if a sudden recollection had struck him, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out the cord, from which during the passage, he had contrived to disengage it. "Here, my friend," said he, "take this; I by no means wish to cheat you: I cannot tell how it happened that I have come out without money; but this cord, if you will accept it, is worth more than your fare." "Oh, yes, yes, take it, take it," said a number of other boatmen who were standing by; "the citizen is right, the cord is a good cord, and worth triple your fare. I don't believe he meant to cheat; he looks like an honest citizen." The boatman took the advice, and accepted the cord; and the liberated victim walked off to the house of a friend in the neighborhood, where he remained concealed the rest of the day. When night came, he made his escape from the town, his friend furnishing him with money and other necessaries for his journey; nor had many days elapsed before he was safe out of the republic.

A WIFE FOLLOWED BY TWO HUSBANDS TO THE GRAVE.

(*Extract from a letter, dated Colchester, August* 18, 1752.)

PERHAPS you have heard that a chest was seized by the custom-house officers, which was landed here about a fortnight ago. They took it for smuggled goods, though the person with it produced the King of France's signature to Mr. W—— as a Hamburgh merchant. Our people, not being satisfied with the account which Mr. W—— gave, opened the chest, and one of them was about to thrust his hanger into it, when the person to whom it belonged laid his hand on his sword, and desired him to desist, for it was the corpse of his wife. Not content with this, the officers pulled off the embalming, and found it as he had said. The man, who appeared to be a person of consequence, was in the utmost agony, while they made a spectacle of his lady. They set her in the high church, where any one might come and look at her, and would not suffer him to bury her till he gave a further account of himself. There were other chests of fine clothes, &c., belonging to the deceased. The gentleman acknowledged at last that he was a person of quality; that his name was not W——; that he was born in Florence, and the lady was a native of England, whom he married, and that she had requested of him to be buried in Essex; that he had brought her from Verona, in Italy, to France, by land, there hired a vessel for Dover, discharged the ship at that port, and took another for Harwich, but was driven here by contrary winds. This account was not sufficient to satisfy the people; he must tell her name and condition, in order to clear himself from a suspicion of murder. He was continually in tears, and had a key to the vestry where he daily sat with the corpse. My brother went to see him there, and the scene so shocked him that he could not bear it, he said it was so like Romeo and Juliet. He was much pleased with my brother, who spoke both Latin and French; and to his great surprise, told him who the lady was, which proving to be a person he knew, he could not help uncovering her face. In short the gentleman confessed that he was the

Earl of R—'s son; (the name is P—; and the title Lord D—) that he was born and educated in Italy, and never was in England till two or three years ago, when he came to London, and was in company with this lady, with whom he fell passionately in love, and prevailed upon her to quit the kingdom and marry him; that having had bad health, he had travelled with her all over Europe, and when she was dying, she asked for pen and paper, and wrote:—"I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. G——, in Essex; my maiden name was K. C. My last request is to be buried at Th——." The unhappy gentleman who last married her, protests he never knew (till this confession on her death-bed) that she was another's wife; but in compliance with her desire, he brought her over, and should have buried her, if the corpse had not been stopped, without making any stir about it. After he had made this confession, they sent for Mr. G——, who put himself into a violent passion, and threatened to run him through the body. But he was prevailed upon to be calm; it was represented to him that the gentleman had been at great expense and trouble to fulfil her desire, and Mr. G—— consented to see him. The meeting was very affecting, and they addressed each other civilly. The stranger avowed that his affection for the lady was so strong, that it was his earnest wish not only to attend her to the grave, but to be shut up in it for ever with her. Nothing in romance ever came up to the passion of this man.

He had a very fine coffin made for her, with six large silver plates over it, and at last was very loth to part with her, to have her buried. He put on the most solemn mourning, and on Sunday last attended the corpse to Th——, where Mr. G—— met it in solemn mourning likewise.

The Florentine is a man of genteel figure, and seems about twenty-five years of age; but there was never any thing like his behavior to his *dear, dear wife*, for so he would frequently call her to the last. Mr. G—— attended him to London yesterday; they were civil together, but the grief of the stranger was not to be mitigated by any remonstrance or consolation. He says he must fly from

England, which he can never see more. I have had this account from many hands, and can assure you of its authenticity. K. C. is, I believe, the first woman in England that has had two husbands to attend her to the grave together.

DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF SIX DESERTERS.

The following singular and affecting narrative of the sufferings attending six deserters from the artillery of St. Helena, was related before a Court of Inquiry, on oath, by John Brown, one of the survivors:

In June 1799, I belonged to the first company of artillery, in the service of the garrison; and on the 10th of that month, about half an hour before parade time, M'Kinnon, gunner, and orderly of the second company, asked me if I was willing to go with him on board of an American ship called the Columbra, Captain Henry Lelar, the only ship then in the Roads. After some conversation I agreed, and about 7 o'clock, met him at the Playhouse, where I found one Mr. Quinn of Major Searle's company; another man called Brighouse, another called Parr, and the sixth Matthew Conway. Parr was a good seaman, and said he would take us to the Island of Ascension, or lay off the harbour till the Columbra could weigh anchor and come out. Brighouse and Conway proposed to cut a whale boat from out of the harbor, to prevent the Columbra being suspected; which they effected, having therein a coil of rope and five oars, with a large stone she was moored by: this happened about eleven at night. We observed lanterns passing on the line towards the sea gate, and hearing a great noise, thought we were missed and searched for. We immediately embarked in the whale boat, with about twenty-five pounds of bread in a bag, a small keg of water, supposed to contain about thirteen gallons, and a compass given to us by the commanding officer of the Columbra. We then left the ship, pulling with two oars only to get ahead of her; the boat was half full of water, and nothing to bail her out. In this condition we rowed

out to sea, and lay off the Island a great distance, expecting the American ship hourly; about twelve o'clock, the second day, no ship appearing, by Parr's advice, we bore away, steering N. by W. and then N. N. W. for the Island of Ascension, using our handkerchiefs as substitutes for sails.

We continued our course till about the 18th in the morning, when we saw a number of birds, but no land; about twelve that day Parr said he was sure that we must have passed the Island, accounting it must be 800 miles from St. Helena. We then each of us took our shirts, and with them made a small spritsail, and laced jackets and trowsers together to the waistband to keep us warm, and then altered our course to W. by N. thinking to make Rio de Janeiro, on the American coast. Provisions running very short, we were allowed one ounce of bread for twenty-four hours, and two mouthfuls of water.

We continued till the 26th, when all our provisions were expended. On the 27th, Mr. Quinn took a piece of bamboo in his mouth to chew, and we all followed his example. On that night, it being my turn to steer the boat, and remembering to have read of persons in our situation eating their shoes, I cut a piece off one of mine; but it being soaked with salt water, I was obliged to spit it out, and take the inside sole, which I ate part of, and distributed to the rest, but found no benefit from it. On the first of July, Parr caught a dolphin with a gaff that had been left in the boat. We all fell on our knees, and thanked God for his goodness to us. We tore up the fish, and hung it to dry; about four we ate part of it, which agreed with us pretty well. On this fish we subsisted till the 4th, about eleven o'clock; when finding the whole expended, bones and all, Parr, myself, Brighouse and Conway proposed to scuttle the boat and let her go down, and put us out of misery. The other two objected, observing, that God, who had made man, always found something to eat. On the 5th, about eleven, M'Kinnon proposed that it would be better to cast lots for one of us to die, in order to save the rest; to which we consented. The lots were made, William Parr, being sick two days before with the spotted fever, was excluded. It was agreed that No. 5 should die, and the lots being unfolded, M'Kinnon was No. 5.

We had agreed that he whose lot it was should *bleed himself to death*, for which purpose we had provided ourselves with nails sharpened, which we got from the boat. M'Kinnon, with one of them, cut himself in three places; in his foot, hand and wrist, and praying God to forgive him, died in a quarter of an hour. Before he was quite cold, Brighouse, with one of those nails, cut a piece of flesh off his thigh, and hung it up, leaving his body in the boat; about three hours after we all ate of it, only a very small piece: this piece lasted us till the 7th. We dipped the body every two hours into the sea, to preserve it. Parr having found a piece of slate in the bottom of the boat, sharpened it on the large stone, and with it cut another piece off the thigh, which lasted us till the 8th; when it being my watch, and observing the water, about break of day, to change color, I called the rest, thinking we were near shore, but saw no land, it not being quite day-light. As soon as day appeared, we discovered land right ahead, and steering towards it, about eight in the morning we were close to the shore: there being a very heavy surf, we endeavored to turn the boat's head to it, but, being very weak, we were unable. Soon after the boat upset; myself, Conway and Parr got on shore. Mr. Quinn and Brighouse were both drowned. We discovered a small hut on the beach, in which was an Indian and his mother, who spoke Portuguese, and I understanding that language, learnt that there was a village about three miles distant, called Belmont. This Indian went to the village, and gave information that the French had landed, and in about two hours the governor of the village, a clergyman, with several armed men, took Conway and Parr prisoners, tying them up by their hands and feet, and slinging them on a bamboo stick, and in this manner took them to the village. I being very weak, remained in the hut some time, but was afterwards taken. On our telling them we were English, we were immediately released, and three hammocks provided. We were taken in them to the governor's house, who let us lay on his own bed, and gave us milk and rice to eat; not having eat any thing for a considerable time, we were lock-jawed, and continued so till the 23d; during which time the governor wrote to the governor of St. Salvador

who sent a small schooner to a place called Port Sequro, to take us to St. Salvador. We continued there about thirteen days, during which time the inhabitants made up a subscription of £200 for each man. We then embarked in the Maria, a Portuguese ship, for Lisbon, Parr as mate, Conway boatswain's mate, myself, being sickly, a passenger. In thirteen days we arrived at Rio de Janeiro. I was determined to give myself up the first opportunity, in order to relate my sufferings to the men of this garrison, to deter them from ever attempting so mad a scheme.

SINGULAR ESCAPE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

During the Reign of Terror in France, a man in the town of Marseilles was protected from the fate with which he was menaced, in a manner totally unlooked for. His name being on the list of the proscribed, a party of the terrorists came to his house to seek for him. They found his wife, who said that her husband was not at home; he had been absent for several days, and she knew not whither he was gone. The party, however, insisted on searching the house, which they did, without finding the man. They then quitted it, and went to make some other visits with which they were charged. One of the party returned very soon, and finding the house-door open, went in. He looked about, but saw no one; and then hastening up stairs to a room on the first floor, he knocked at the panel of a wainscot, and said, "open, open quickly." The panel was accordingly opened, and a double barreled pistol discharged at the same moment from within, but happily it did no injury to the person on the outside; the master of the house, at the same time, came forth from his hiding place. "Now," cried his visitor, "I came to save you, and you would kill me." Then addressing himself to the wife, whom the report of the pistol had brought thither in an instant—"Hear me, madam," said he, "I have associated myself with those men who were recently here, only that I may save my fellow citizens as much as lies in my power. As we were searchiug your house, I observed a strong

emotion in your countenance, and a tremor in all your frame, as we passed this spot, and I had no doubt, therefore, that your husband was concealed within. This occasioned my speedy return, to warn you that your good man is not in safety as long as he remains in this house, or even in the town. It is not doubted but that he is here; and you will never cease to be troubled with like visits till he shall be found. I will, however, engage to procure you the means of escape," added he, turning to the man, "if you dare confide in me." This was not a situation in which to hesitate on accepting such an offer, and with tears and thanks it was embraced both by the husband and wife. It was now dusk, and the benevolent visitor said he would return in about half an hour, and take the man with him to his own house, where he might remain in perfect security till means could be found for him to quit the town. This was accordingly done, and a few nights after, he was consigned to a Genoese vessel, which carried him in safety out of the republic.—*Miss Plumptre.*

MOST REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

This singular account was published some years ago by a German author, who asserts the authenticity of it. In a coffee house, in a city of Livonia, a man one day made the following proposition: "I am tired of my life, and if any body would be of my party, I would not hesitate to quit this world." Nobody answering him, he said no more; but, after some time, all the company having left the room, except two persons, these came up to him, and asked him if he were really serious in the proposition which he had made? "Yes, gentlemen," said he, in a determined tone of voice, "I never speak without due reflection, and I never retract what I have advanced." "Then we will be of your party, for we have formed the same design." "Why so, gentlemen? *My* actions are always determined by an adequate motive, and I am incapable of urging a man to adhere to such a resolution as this, unless his misfortunes be such as to render life insupportable to him."

"We are loaded with debts, without the means of discharging them. We are unable to live any longer with honor, and we are incapable of having recourse to base and dishonorable means. Those whose hopes will be disappointed by our death, have already received much more than they were legally entitled to."

"I had one day," said one of them, "the good luck to break a considerable bank at Spa. I was immediately surrounded with sharpers, who proposed to play with me. I lost all my winnings in a few deals, and much more. I gave a note for the surplus which I cannot take up."

"I," said the other, "had a commission in the army. I had given proofs of courage, and had merited promotion, in order to obtain which I contracted some debts. But a young nobleman, who had never been in action, having been advanced over my head, I gave in my resignation, without reflecting, until it was too late, that I had no other resource in the world. The number of my creditors has increased, and I have now no credit with any one. I know my inability to fulfil my engagements, and, determined to impose on no man, I am compelled to put an end to my existence."

"Gentlemen," replied the man who had given rise to this conversation, "I admire your principles, your resolution, and your firmness. If, however, I possessed the means of removing the ground of your despair, I should feel happy in making you renounce your noble project; but all that I have left will barely suffice to pay for a supper, if you will accept one; and at the last bottle we will immortalize ourselves." "Bravo!" exclaimed the others, "this is admirable."

The day was fixed, and an excellent supper was ordered. The table was covered with dainties, and there was plenty of the best wines. A strong dose of arsenic was put in one bottle, which was to be drunk at last. While these preparations were making, the two debtors repaired to a neighboring house of ill-fame, where they met with another man, who had come thither to console himself in the arms of venal beauty, for the rigor which he experienced from a lady to whom he paid his addresses. But this den of corruption only filled him with disgust and hor-

ror. He bacame gloomy and melancholy. When in this humor, he was addressed by the other two persons, who, after some conversation, informed him of their design. He seemed to relish it, and to be disposed to make a fourth in the party. In the state of mind in which he then was, the task of persuasion was easy; they blinded his judgment by their sophistry, and he accompanied them to the place.

The person who was to pay for the supper, expecting only two guests, was surprised at seeing a third. He inquired into the motives which had influenced the determination of his new colleague, and, being satisfied with them, they all sat down to table. The original proposer of the plan was in a very good humor, and made a long speech on the resolution which he had formed. "I have," said he, "seen so much of human life, that I suspect there is little more for me to see. Every thing tends to convince me that man is a very poor creature, and that he can only be happy by contributing to the happiness of others. One person may do this in one way, another in another, but I could only do it with my fortune; and I accordingly employed it for that purpose in the best manner I could. If any one proved to me, in a plausible way, that a certain sum would make him happy, I gave it him. The consequence was, that my fortune was spent; and I am now ruined and wholly unable to render a service to any man. It would be impossible, indeed, to subsist by my labor, for I should infallibly sink under such a mode of life; and besides, I cannot believe that any man ought to exist for himself alone."

The last of our heroes here interrupted the philosopher. "This is the very point on which I must contradict you. If man did not exist for himself, as you suppose, and you have proved by your life that such is your opinion, I certainly ought to continue to live. But I, who am of a different opinion, and who have lived only for myself, finding no more pleasure in life, am resolved to quit it."

"Every man, my friend," replied the first, "has his own mode of thinking on this subject, and acts accordingly. There can be no wish, then, to make proselytes. You will die in pursuance of your own system, and I in pur-

suance of mine." Much more conversation ensued on the fragility of life; many traits, ancient and modern, were cited in favor of suicide; and during this discussion the young candidate remained pensive. The bottle was freely circulated, and a thousand reasons were urged, each exceeding the other in absurdity. They took the last bottle but one, which they drank with firmness, to a happy meeting, and without betraying the smallest symptoms of irresolution. At length they came to the last bottle. The philosopher took it, saying, "in this reposes the immortality which we shall still enjoy. It is the precious panacea which makes the wretched forget their cares, and cures the rich man's pains. It reminds us that we are free; it is liberty to the slave, gold to the poor, tranquillity to the restless, and happiness to the miserable."

He divided the bottle into four equal parts; then taking his glass in his hand, said, "I die tranquil and contented. Heaven gave me wealth to distribute, and I distributed it as well as I could. I came into the world to live among men, and for them; not having the ability to be any longer of use to them, I take my leave. I am induced to adopt this measure from the despair into which I should be plunged, if any one of the unfortunate beings whom I have been accustomed to relieve, were to come and implore that assistance which I am unable to afford him. I believe in the existence of a future life, and I hope to pass from this world into another, where I shall be able to do more good." After this exposition of his philosophy, he emptied the glass to the very last drop.

The other two then took their glasses. "We have no occasion," said they, "for such profound reasoning. We expect to be visited to-morrow by the same number of creditors who besieged us this morning, and of whom we had considerable difficulty to rid ourselves. What reason can be assigned to prevent us from withdrawing ourselves from such persecution? We believe in predestination, and it was our destiny that we should finish our days here." They both emptied their glasses without hesitation.

It now came to the turn of the fourth, who took his glass in his hand, held it up to the candle, then putting it

down on the table, said, "You have done me the honor, gentlemen, to admit me into your company, and I thank you for it. By your observations I have acquired a knowledge of death which I did not possess before. I was led to wish for it by some painful occurrences, and a deep melancholy consequent thereupon. I know now the madness of such a wish. It was not death that I should have desired, but sufficient firmness to die. My wish is accomplished; you, gentlemen, have given me that sublime lesson. I shall not censure the motives which have engaged you to quit the world; on such a topic every man must judge for himself. But my situation is absolutely different from yours. I owe nothing to any man. I must, therefore, have some other reasons for taking this beverage, which you are pleased to call immortality, and which shines with such brilliancy in this glass. The sophisms of that gentleman had rather disconcerted me, and, in the state of my mind at that time, I yielded to his opinion; but reflection has come to my aid. I have a considerable fortune, and two profligate brothers, who wish for my death, that they might squander it in the most scandalous manner."

Here the poison beginning to operate, one of the debtors, with distorted features, begged him to finish his speech, because it would be too cruel for him to survive them, and suffer alone. "I have little more," added the other, "to say: I have never before seen a man in his last moments. You have now afforded me the opportunity, and I confess to you, gentlemen, that the kind of death which you have chosen only fills me with horror. The very sight of you makes me shudder. It was only in a moment of madness, that I could give my approbation to your project, and consent to follow your example. If I am so fortunate as to open my eyes in time, do you be still so wise as not to accuse me of cowardice, and accept my excuses for having so inconsiderately consented to make a fourth. May the pleasing hopes which you have formed be realized. May you be happier in the next world than you have been in this." He then rose to leave the room. "But," exclaimed the others, "did you not promise upon your honor, to do as we did?" "True, gentlemen, but

you should congratulate yourselves on my conversion. Applaud yourselves for that return to my senses which your dreadful example has occasioned." He cast a last look of pity upon them. They all endeavored to follow him, but could not. "I left them," said he to the writer; "the third, who was nearer to his end than the two others and who had proposed the scheme, testified his approbation of my conduct, by an inclination of his head."

THE FAITHFUL SURGEON.

John Frederick Weisse, born at Kalbe, in the duchy of Wurtemberg, was one of those meritorious characters whom the Elector of Saxony—afterward King of Poland, under the name of Augustus I.—honored with distinguished favor. He had been employed for five years as surgeon, at the expense of the king, in foreign hospitals; and the famous Petit, a French surgeon, was his first master. When he returned to the court of his sovereign, he found from him the most honorable reception; but as he had too much merit for any thing to be wanting to his glory, he likewise found in all his first physicians as many adversaries; in a word, his advice was seldom followed.

An accident in one of his toes, which was at first but very slight, had tormented the king for a considerable time; and having been neglected, had produced very alarming symptoms. A consultation of the first physicians being held, Weisse attended as the surgeon, and declared for the immediate amputation of the toe. This advice, however, coming from him, the physicians wanted no other reason for rejecting it. The majority of votes, uninfluenced by reason, prevailed. It was determined, however, that a courier should be despatched to Monsieur Petit, at Paris, to desire his immediate attendance at Bialastock, a castle belonging to Prince Czartorinski, where the king then was.

Whatever despatch could be employed to accelerate the arrival of Monsieur Petit from Paris, such a great distance had all the inconveniences of a long delay; and Weisse, who was faithfully attached to the king, was soon

convinced that with measures so ill-judged, the life of his royal master was in the greatest danger.

After some hours of painful anxiety and irresolution, he at length resolved upon an action, which, whatever was the purity of his motives, might possibly involve him in the most dangerous consequences.

The very night that followed the consultation, Weisse sat up near the bed of his sovereign, with a valet-de-chambre, who was likewise a very extraordinary man of the court of Augustus. He was a baptized Cossack, named Peter Augustus, because the Czar Peter and King Augustus had been his godfathers. No person could be more zealously devoted to the king; but at the same time there is not a French comedy in which the valet speaks to his master with so much insolence, as did the good Cossack to the king; who, with the utmost good humor, received from him some pretty serious reprimands.

A dose of opium, which the faithful surgeon had administered to the king, was to throw him into a very deep sleep. Scarcely had this taken some effect, than Weisse locked the door of the chamber, and softly approaching the bed, drew from his pocket a number of instruments.

The valet-de-chambre, astonished at these preparations, and whose fidelity neither presents nor menaces could have shaken, listened to the surgeon's reasons, and was silent from conviction.

Weisse took the ailing foot, drew it to a chair on the side of the bed, and assured the king, who was quite overcome by drowsiness, and who complained of such unseasonable dressing, that he had nothing to do but to sleep quietly; and that he had come to take the necessary precautions, that he might be disturbed no more the whole night.

Augustus believed this declaration, and the surgeon forbore to touch him again till he was quite asleep; and soon after, with equal resolution and dexterity, he amputated the toe.

Awakened by the pain, the king angrily demanded again, why he took such an unseasonable time to dress him. Weisse once more appeased him by saying, that, unfortunately, he had just touched the wound with his needle, at the instant

that his majesty had waked for the first time, and that it was the balsam which he had applied to the toe, that caused the pain. The king said no more, and, by the force of the opium, soon slept again.

Augustus slept profoundly the whole night: and when he awoke, feeling the most exquisite pain in his foot, he was far, however, from suspecting the cause of it: but he ordered his foot to be immediately dressed; and, by an impulse of curiosity, which Weisse did not expect, he commanded his valet-de-chambre to place a magnifying glass upon the bed, the better to observe the bad toe, which had been the cause of so much suffering.

It may well be thought, that the valet-de-chambre, and especially the surgeon, must feel a sudden palpitation of heart; and the astonishment of the king too, may be easily imagined, who perceived at the first glance, that his toe had been amputated.

"Who did this?" inquired the king, with a tone of anguish and indignation, that would have made the most courageous tremble.

"I, Sire," answered the surgeon, certain of the goodness of his case: then drawing the toe from his pocket, he added, "and here, Sire, it is."

AUGUSTUS.

Presumptuous man! How durst you do it unknown to me, and contrary to my orders?

WEISSE.

Pardon me, Sire. A faithful and grateful subject, who sees you in the most imminent danger, hazards every thing in order to preserve your precious life. If the advice of your first physicians had been followed: if I had delayed amputation till the distant arrival of Monsieur Petit, the mortification would have certainly extended to your foot; and neither my utmost zeal, nor any human assistance, could have done any thing more for your majesty.

AUGUSTUS.

And was there no other method than amputation?

WEISSE.

No: there was no other. Petit will say the same: I will answer for it with my head.

AUGUSTUS, (*in a milder tone.*)

Who was present at the operation?

WEISSE.

Your majesty's valet-de-chambre.

AUGUSTUS.

Very well: observe both of you then, till farther orders, the most inviolable secrecy. And then—(*he takes his gold snuff box, throws away the snuff, and puts therein the amputated toe*) receive this in the mean time as a remembrance.

The strictest secrecy was observed, and not a person in the court had the least suspicion of what had passed. Twelve days after, arrived Petit. The physicians are instantly assembled; they describe the situation in which they had found the king when they sent for him, and awkwardly enough the situation in which they suppose him to be at present. The French surgeon, struck with astonishment, and certain of the mortification, from the symptoms which had been observed so many days, exclaimed, that he could not conceive how the king was still alive, and why, in such an emergency, that admitted not a moment's delay, they had sent to such a distance for useless advice. He added, that no other means could now be thought of but the most immediate amputation, if, indeed, there were still time for it.

Not one of the enemies of Weisse, overwhelmed with shame, could now meet the king's looks; but how much greater was their confusion and surprise, when Weisse went to Petit, and taking the king's snuff box from his pocket, said to him, "The method, sir, which you recommend, has been already hazarded: here is the toe with all the symptoms of an incurable mortification."

The just praises of the French surgeon, his repeated assurances that his majesty was under the most skillful hands, and that, being attended by a pupil who had excelled his master, he had no farther occasion for his advice, crowned the merit of a faithful subject, whom the king did not fail to reward with truly royal munificence.

A LIVING APPARITION.

A CHIEF, whose large estates were forfeited in the rebellion of 1715, received at St. Germains, from the confidential agent of a powerful nobleman, intelligence that his Grace had obtained a grant of the lands from Government, and would make them over to the young heir, on condition of paying feu-duty, and a sum in ready cash much less than the value of the domains. To restore his hereditary estate to the heir, and to ensure a respectable provision for his lady and ten young children, the chieftain would have laid down his life with alacrity. He made every possible exertion; his friends, and even the exiled Prince, contributed in raising the amount demanded. He was known to be a man of scrupulous honor; and when the family regained this estate, they relied upon the lady making remittances, to pay the loan by instalments. Securely to convey the ransom of his late property, the chieftain resolved to hazard liberty and life, by venturing to the kingdom from whence he was expatriated. He found means to appoint at Edinburgh a meeting with his lady, directing her to lodge at the house of a clansman, in the Lukenbooths. On arriving there, she would easily comprehend why he recommended a retreat so poor. The lady set out on horseback unattended, leaving her children to the care of her mother-in-law: in those times such a journey was more formidable than now appears an overland progress to India. To the lady it would have cost many fears, even if her palfrey was surrounded by running footmen, as formerly, when feudal state pertained to her husband; but she would not place in competition with his safety, an exemption from danger or discomfort to herself. He had by two days preceded her at Edinburgh, and bore the disguise of an aged mendicant, deaf and dumb. His statue above the common height, and majestic mien, were humbled by the semblance of bending under a load of years and infirmity: his raven locks, and even his eyebrows, were shaven: his head was enveloped by an old grisly wig and tattered night-cap; the remnant of a handkerchief over his chin hid the sable beard, which to elude

detection was further covered by a plaster. His garments corresponded to his squalid head-gear. Oh! how unlike the martial leader of devoted bands, from whom she parted in agonies of anxiety not unrelieved by hope. A daughter of this affectionate pair attempted to give the writer some idea of their meeting, as related by her mother, after she became a widow; but language vainly labors to describe transporting joy, soon chastened by sorrow and alarm.

We leave to imagination and feeling a scene most exquisitely agitating and pathetic. The chieftain explained his motive for asking the lady to make her abode in a clansman's house. Besides his tried fidelity, the old tenement contained a secret passage for escape, in case of need; and he showed her behind a screen hung with wet linens, a door in the paneling, the hinges of which were so oiled that he could glide away with noiseless movement. If it was his misfortune to be under such necessity, the lady must seem to faint, and throw the screen against the panels, while he secured the bolt on which depended his evasion, and the clansman had exhausted his skill without being able to cure the creaking it occasioned. The chieftain gave his cash to the lady, urging her not to delay paying the amount to his Grace's confidential agent. She complied, but checked all inquiry how the money came to her hands. The rights of the estate were restored to her, and three gentlemen of high respectability affixed their signatures to a bond, promising for the young chief, that whenever he came of age he would bind himself and his heirs to pay the fue-duty. The records were duly deposited in a public office, and the lady hastened back to her lodgings. The cheiftain soon issued from behind the screen, and the lady was minutely detailing how her business had been settled, when stealthy steps in the passage warned the proscribed to disappear, and the lady, sinking to the ground, dashed the screen against the paneling. The common door was locked; but it was soon burst open by a party of soldiers, led by an officer. The lady's swoon was now no counterfeit. A surgeon was called; she revived, and being interrogated, replied, no human being was with her. The officer assured her, that he and several of the soldiers saw through a clink in the door

and the old man in close conversation with her. She then confessed that an apparition had endeavored to persuade her he was commissioned to impart tidings of her husband, but the soldiers interrupted them before the spirit could deliver the subject of his mission. Every part of the house had been searched while the lady lay insensible, and as no discovery ensued, the tale she related passed current at Edinburgh, and spread over the lowlands and highlands. It was not until the lady had a certainty of her husband's decease in a foreign land, that she had told her daughter how successfully she had imposed on their enemies; and surely no story of an apparition has been seemingly better attested.

ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS.

The celebrated Colonel Boon was taken prisoner in 1778, by the Indians, and although ever watchful for an opportunity of escape, considered the attempt too hazardous, until roused by the dangers which threatened the early settlers of Kentucky. He discovered that five hundred warriors, under the command of some Canadian officers, had been embodied for the purpose of attacking Boonsborough. Taking advantage of the privilege allowed him from his skill in hunting, he, under pretence of killing a deer, boldly turned his course towards the settlement, and traveled incessantly, day and night, about two hundred miles, until he arrived at the stockade, or station, named in honor of himself.

Mr. Smith was, at this time, commandant of the little colony. His rank as Major in the militia of Virginia, and his personal qualifications, occasioned him to be chosen leader of the small band of heroic settlers, who, with the assistance of Colonel Boon, signalized themselves in the memorable defense of that place. We mean not to dwell upon the bravery of their conduct. Who, among Americans, could act otherwise than bravely, when defending their wives, their sisters, or their children? Major Smith had another, not less powerful

motive, to stimulate his natural courage. The tender feelings of love had kindled into a flame, and made every emotion of his heart burn with a desire to distinguish himself in defense of the object of his affection, who, with her parents, had, some time previous, sought an asylum in the fort.

The Indians invested the stockade before the garrison had completed the digging of a well, which they had commenced on receiving information of the intended attack. Delay was absolutely necessary to complete this important object, as their numbers were too small to permit its being accomplished, when employed in self-defense. They, consequently, entered into a deceptive negotiation for the surrender of the fort, which circumstance, fortunately, gave them time to complete their undertaking. Major Smith, who, with some others of the garrison, had engaged to meet an equal number of the enemy at a spring, within pistol shot of the station, for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation, anticipated the usual treachery of the savages, and placed a number of his men on the side opposite the place of rendezvous, with strict orders to fire indiscriminately on the party, if a concerted signal should be given. The conference was held, and the proposals for surrender declined by our countrymen, at the same time they observed a party of Indians secretly creeping towards the place. The hostile chiefs, who advanced under pretence of taking leave, attempted to seize our officers. At this moment, Smith waved his hat, when a volley from the garrison prostrated four of the enemy. It was perhaps owing to the deliberate coolness of our marksmen, that their own party escaped into the fort, with the exception of one person, wounded by the fire of those who had secretly advanced towards the spring. The siege was thus begun, and continued with incessant firing, night and day, until the losses of the besiegers eventually obliged them to withdraw.

Major Smith's manly heroism, his cool and humane conduct throughout the defense of Boonsborough, which then consisted of only a few log cabins stockaded together, produced sensations in the bosom of our young

heroine, such as his previous respectful attention had not effected. These feelings were heightened by solicitude for the life of her defender, who experienced a violent attack of fever, in consequence of the fatigues he had undergone during the siege.

After a few weeks, the inhabitants of Boonsborough resumed the peaceful employment of husbandry, and the proprietor of a farm, on the opposite side of Kentucky river, removed his family, and re-occupied the former cabins. It happened that our heroine, whom we shall designate as Miss A., accompanied by a young female friend, took a walk on the banks of that romantic stream, for the purpose of exercise and amusement. They rambled along the shore, and, meeting with a canoe, determined to visit their opposite neighbors. Although totally unaccustomed to the management of a boat, yet, as the river was low, they did not doubt their ability to accomplish their object. The tottering vessel was pushed from the shore, and with hearts gay and light as the zephyrs which ruffled the pellucid element, our female navigators commenced their enterprise. Mutual raillery and laughter were excited by their own want of skill. The canoe was whirled round, until at length it struck a sand bar in a short bend of the river, beyond the immediate view of the fort, though not far distant from it. They were compelled to wade to the shore, where, after adjusting their light summer dresses, they proceeded to climb the bank, for the purpose of paying their intended visit. At this moment, three Indians rushed from a bushy covert, and with savage menaces of instant death, forced them along.

The horror of their unexpected situation, and the dread of the uplifted tomahawk, propelled them forward at the will of their captors, and they ascended, with wonderful expedition, the steep ravine which led to the summit of the marble cliff of the Kentucky. Although breathless and exhausted, not a moment was allowed for respiration: their tangled clothes were torn by the bushes, without their daring to look back, in order to extricate them; their shoes were soon destroyed by the rocks, and their wounded feet and limbs stained with blood. With-

out a moment's respite, fatigue, despair, and torture, attended every step, and deprived them of all recollection, until our heroine was aroused by certain attentions which one of the Indians displayed. It was a true savage evincement of love, for while goading on our helpless females with a pointed stick, or using it with reiterated blows, he, in broken English, gave Miss A. to understand, that her present sufferings should be recompensed by her becoming his squaw, on their arrival at his nation. This information proved an acme of misery, which at once roused the mind of our heroine, and determined her to risk every hazard. She broke the small branches of plants and bushes, as they passed along, and when night overtook them, delayed the party as much as possible, by blundering movements and retarded steps. The Indians repeatedly discovered her actions, and knowing, that if pursued by the garrison, it would occasion their own destruction, they rushed forward for the purpose of killing her—several attempts of this kind were restrained by her Indian lover, who, with threats of recrimination, warded off their blows. In this manner, our female captives traveled throughout the night, and on return of day, were exhausted with fatigue and misery. A momentary delay took place, while the Indians shot a buffalo, and cut off some pieces of its flesh. This opportunity was not lost by Miss A., who endeavored to influence the feelings of her Indian lover, by pointing to her wounded frame and bleeding feet. Her pallid countenance betokened exhausted nature, and with bitter tears she besought him to end her miseries at once, or else allow some respite to her suffering. The heart of the savage was affected, and after traveling a few miles further, he persuaded his companions to stop; and, while they cooked part of their game, he occupied himself in making a pair of moccasons for his fair captive.

Some few hours after the departure of the ladies from the fort, Major Smith, at that time in a state of convalescence, inquired after them, and walked to the river for the purpose of joining their party. He hailed the inhabitants on the opposite bank, and finding that the ladies were not there, became alarmed, and proceeded, with another person, down the river to the canoe, which

they reached by crossing the sand bar. Upon arriving on the other side, they discovered moccason tracks, and proceeded with eager and rapid strides up the ravine, until they assured themselves that there were traces of only three Indians, who had seized their female friends. Smith, with an agonized mind, sat down, whilst his companion returned to the garrison for arms, and with directions to obtain the assistance of two of the best woodsmen. Another party was ordered likewise immediately to proceed on horseback to the upper Blue Licks, which, at that time, was the usual pass for all northern Indians.

Not a moment was lost. Major Smith and his comrades soon began to follow the devious track of the Indians. Whilst daylight lasted, his sagacious eye rapidly traced every indistinct sign. The bended blade of grass, the crushed lichen, the smallest stone displaced, were unerring guides in the pursuit, through places especially chosen for the purpose of preventing a discovery of the route. They fortunately had sufficient time to unravel the first intricate mazes pursued by the Indians, and when the sun was setting, were convinced that the savages intended to make for the Blue Licks. This enabled our party to follow the general direction of the route all night, and, after some search, on the following morning, they recovered the Indian trace, at a short distance beyond the place where they had killed the Buffalo. Some drops of blood which had fallen from the meat, alarmed our commander, and they turned back with the dreadful apprehension that their female friends might be murdered. Their anxious minds, however, were happily soon relieved, and Smith, with silent expedition, resumed the trace, telling his companions that they would meet their enemies at the next water course. On their arrival at the creek, seeing no marks on the opposite side, they waded down the stream, with the utmost precaution, until they found a stone wet by the splashing of water.

The major now silently arranged his men, ordered one above and another below the spot, whilst his third companion was stationed at the landing, as a central support. Smith cautiously crept forward on his hands and knees, until he saw the curling smoke of the Indian fire. With

deathlike silence he crawled through the bushes, and with in thirty yards, discovered an Indian stooping over the flame. The click of his rifle-lock startled the savage, who, with eager gaze, looked around. At this moment, the whistling bullet pierced his heart, and he fell prostrate on the fire. The two ladies sprang towards the major, and clung about him, just as the second Indian rushed forward with his tomahawk. Smith threw them off by a sudden effort, and turning his gun, aimed a blow, which his antagonist evaded, by springing on one side. The movement was of little avail, for he received his mortal wound from the person stationed at the rear. The third Indian ran up the creek, and met his fate from the hands of the person stationed in that quarter.

We cannot pretend to describe the sudden change of bursting joy felt by the two young ladies. The blanket coats of our woodsmen were cut into garments for the females, whilst every humane assistance and tender care, to lessen their fatigue, were afforded, during the slow progress of their journey homewards. No alarm was excited, except for a moment, on the ensuing day, when the party of horsemen overtook them. They had proceeded to the Blue Licks, and discovering no Indian trace, pursued a different route to the garrison, which led them on the trace of the victorious and happy party.

SUFFERINGS OF A MARSEILLIAN FAMILY DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

This family consisted of the father, the mother, and four children; two sons and two daughters, all grown up. The father and the eldest son were in the law; the youngest son was what is called at Marseilles, a *Courtier de Commerce*,—that is, an agent for negotiating commercial transactions. The eldest son was the first that was involved in the revolutionary troubles; he had been a member of one of the sections, and was enrolled among the proscribed, at the time when most of those who had belonged to the sections fell under proscription. For seven months did he remain concealed in his father's house, by means of a place

contrived for the purpose, in the room at the very top of it. In the day time he generally sat in the room; but as the domiciliary visits were more frequently made by night than by day, his bed was, for greater security, made up in his place of asylum: hither he could at any time retreat in a moment, upon a signal agreed on being made below, and shut himself up within; and the door was so well contrived, that any one searching the room ever so accurately, unless previously acquainted with the secret, was not likely to discover it.

As a suspicion was always entertained that he was in the house, frequent domiciliary visits were made to search for him, but he fortunately escaped them all. His eldest sister, between whom and himself a particular affection had always subsisted, and who entertained in consequence a double share of anxiety for his safety, was the person on whom he principally relied for giving him timely notice to conceal himself in case of alarm; and she has many times passed the whole night at the window, to watch whether any one approached the house;—afraid to lie down, lest, exhausted by fatigue, sleep should overtake her, and her brother be surprised unawares.

In this situation he continued seven months, the family all that time not daring to attempt removing him, as they well knew that a constant watch was kept upon the house. But the vigilance of the revolutionists beginning at length to abate, wearied with the many fruitless searches they had made, an opportunity was taken to convey him by night on board a Genoese vessel, the owner of which had agreed to carry him to Leghorn. He was covered over with a heap of cords, sacks, and rubbish of different kinds: and as soon as the entrance of the port was opened in the morning, the vessel was put in motion; but at this moment, when it was hoped all danger was over, a party of the national guards appeared, and calling to the mariners to stop, came on board to visit her. They asked a thousand questions of the master, and even kicked some of the cords about, but fortunately, without discovering what they concealed. At length departing, they left the vessel to pursue its course, and the fugitive was finally landed in safety at the place of his destination. To pro-

vide the means of satisfying the exorbitant demands of the Genoese captain, the two sisters made a sacrifice of many little objects of value which they possessed in personal ornaments.

The youngest son, whose name was equally on the list of the proscribed, saved himself by escaping to Paris, where, lost among the crowd, he remained unknown and unregarded, until the death of Robespierre. He then returned to Marseilles, and resumed his former occupation.

Very soon after the eldest son's departure, the father was menaced with imprisonment, perhaps with death, as having two sons in emigration; on which the youngest daughter presented herself before the municipality, entreating that her father might remain at liberty, and offered herself as a hostage that he would commit no act contrary to the interests of the republic. Her offer of becoming a prisoner was accepted, and she was conveyed to the convent of the Ignorantins, which was set apart for confining the women who were arrested, and where eight hundred were then immured. But though she was detained, her father was not left at large; he was arrested a few days after, and sent with a number of proscribed, to confinement in another convent. The prison of the father was at a different end of the town from that of the daughter, and both were equally removed from their own house. During eight months that elapsed from this period, to the conclusion of the reign of terror, the eldest daughter's daily occupation was to visit her father and sister in their respective prisons, which she was permitted to do, being always searched at her entrance, lest she should convey any thing to them which might assist their escape. The anxiety for her sister's life was not very great, as few women were led to the scaffold; but she daily entered the prison of her father, uncertain whether she might still find him, or whether he might not have been among the number who were daily immolated. While at home, her sole occupation was to endeavor to soothe and console her mother. How miserable,—how painful was such a state of existence!—and yet, painful as it was, this family was ultimately among the number of the fortunate, since no member of it was cut off.

CONTEST BETWEEN TWO HIGHLANDERS.

THERE is a narrow pass between the mountains in the neighborhood of Bendearg, in the Highlands of Scotland, which, at a little distance has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge, thrown over a tremendous chasm; but, on nearer approach, is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other, as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of considerable size, and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyrie of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of persons passing; and indeed none but natives would attempt the dangerous route, though it saves a circuit of three miles; yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one lies down while the other crawls over his body. One day a Highlander, walking along the pass, when he had gained the highest part of the arch, observed another coming leisurely up, and being himself one of the patrician order, called to him to lie down. The person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg, of two families in enmity with each other. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first; lay down that I may pass over in peace." "When the Grant prostrates himself before the M'Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword driven through his body." "Turn back then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant, "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Pherson." They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious step, closer to each other. They were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark eyebrows, and fixing fierce and woful eyes upon each other, stood

prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but, being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position,—standing fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the "top of their bent," like statues carved out of solid stone. At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot, so as to give him a greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on the elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy; but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and, while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body partly hanging over the rock,—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk further, till, catching with desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of death-like stillness: the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly, by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-gripe, by the ragged point of a rock,—his enemy was yet almost within his reach. His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair; but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold, and his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe. The mangled body disappeared among the trees,—his last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted, signifies Hell Bridge.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPES OF THOMAS PAINE, DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE following interesting account, in Mr. Paine's own words, is extracted from a letter to Lady Smith: "In Paris, in 1793, I had lodgings in the Rue Fauxbourg St. Denis, No. 63. They were the most agreeable for situation of any I ever had in Paris, except that they were too remote from the convention, of which I was then a member. But this was recompensed by their being also remote from the alarms and confusion into which the interior of Paris was then often thrown. The news of those things used to arrive to us, as if we were in a state of tranquillity in the country. The house, which was inclosed by a wall and gate-way from the street, was a good deal like an old mansion farm-house, and the court-yard was like a farm-yard, stocked with fowls, ducks, turkeys and geese; which, for amusement, we used to feed out of the parlor window on the ground floor. There were some hutches for rabbits, and a sty with two pigs. Beyond, was a garden of more than an acre of ground, well laid out, and stocked with excellent fruit-trees. The orange, apricot, and green-gage plum, were the best I ever tasted; and it is the only place where I saw the wild cucumber. The place had formerly been occupied by some curious person.

My apartments consisted of three rooms; the first for wood, water, &c., with an old-fashioned closet-chest high enough to hang up clothes in; the next was the bed-room; and beyond it the sitting-room, which looked into the garden through a glass-door; and, on the outside, there was a small landing place railed in, and a flight of narrow stairs, almost hidden by the vines that grew over it, by which I could descend into the garden, without going down stairs through the house.

One day I went into my chamber to write and sign a certificate for two friends who were under arrest, which I intended to take to the guard house, to obtain their release. Just as I had finished it, a man came into my room, dressed in the Parisian uniform of a captain, and

spoke to me in good English, and with a good address. He told me that two young men, Englishmen, were arrested, and detained in the guard house, and that the section (meaning those who represented and acted for the section) had sent him to ask me if I knew them, in which case they would be liberated. This matter being soon settled between us, he talked to me about the Revolution, and something about the "Rights of Man," which he had read in English; and, at parting, offered me, in a polite and civil manner, his services. And who do you think the man was that offered me his services? It was no other than the public executioner, SAMSON, who guillotined the king and all who lived in the same section, and in the same street with me.

As to myself, I used to find some relief by walking alone in the garden after dark, and cursing, with hearty good will, the authors of that terrible system that had had turned the character of the revolution I had been proud to defend.

I went but little to the convention, and then only to make my appearance; but I found it impossible to join in their tremendous decrees, and useless and dangerous to oppose them. My having voted and spoken extensively, more so than any other member, against the execution of the king, had already fixed a mark upon me: neither dared any of my associates in the convention to translate, and speak in French for me, any thing I might have dared to have written.

Pen and ink were then of no use to me: no good could be done by writing, and no printer dared to print: and whatever I might have written for my private amusement, as anecdotes of the times, would have been continually exposed to be examined, and tortured into any meaning that the rage of party might fix upon it; and, as to softer subjects, my heart was in distress at the fate of my friends, and my harp was hung upon the weeping willows.

As it was summer, we spent most of our time in the garden, and passed it away in those childish amusements that serve to keep reflection from the mind, such as marble, scotch-hops, battledores, &c., at which we were all pretty expert.

In this retired manner we remained about six or seven

weeks; and our landlord went every evening into the city, to bring us the news of the day, and the evening journal.

Two days after, I heard a rapping at the gate; and looking out of the window of the bedroom, I saw the landlord going with a candle to the gate, which he opened, and a guard with muskets and fixed bayonets entered, I went to bed again, and made up my mind for prison; for I was then the only lodger. It was a guard to take up ————, but, I thank God, they were out of their reach.

The guard came about a month after, in the night, and took away the landlord, Georgeit; and the scene in the house finished with the arrestation of myself.

I was one of the nine members that composed the first Committee of Constitution. Six of them have been destroyed; Sieyes and myself have survived—he, by bending with the times, and I by not bending. The other survivor joined Robespierre, and signed with him the warrant for my arrestation. After the fall of Robespierre, he was seized and imprisoned in his turn, and sentenced to transportation. He has since apologized to me for having signed the warrant, by saying he felt himself in danger, and was obliged to do it. Herault Sechelles, an acquaintance of Mr. Jefferson's, and a good patriot, was my *suppleant* as a member of the Committee of Constitution; that is, he was to supply my place, if I had not accepted or resigned, being next in number of votes to me. He was imprisoned in the Luxembourg with me, was taken to the tribunal, and to the guillotine; and I, his principal, was left.

There were but two foreigners in the convention, Anacharis Cloots and myself. We were both put out of the convention by the same vote, arrested by the same order, and carried to prison together the same night. He was taken to the guillotine, and I was again left. Joel Barlow was with us when we went to prison.

Joseph Lebon, one of the vilest characters that ever existed, and who made the streets of Arras run with blood, was my *suppleant* member of the convention for the department of the Pays de Calais. When I was put out of the convention, he came and took my place. When I was liberated from prison, and voted again into the convention,

he was sent to the same prison, and took my place there; and he went to the guillotine instead of me. He supplied my place all the way through.

One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and a hundred and sixty of them guillotined the next day, of which I know I was to have been one; and the manner in which I escaped that fate is curious, and has all the appearance of accident. The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor, and one of a long range of rooms under a gallery, and the door of it opened outward and flat against the wall; so that when it was open, the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut. I had three comrades, fellow-prisoners with me: Joseph Vanhuile, of Bruges, since president of the municipality of that town, Michael Robins, and Bastini, of Louvain. When persons by scores and by hundreds were to be taken out of prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night, and those who performed that office had a private mark or signal, by which they knew what rooms to go to, and what number to take.

We, as I said, were four, and the door of our room was marked, unobserved by us, with that number in chalk; but it happened, if *happening* is a proper word, the mark was put on the door when it was open and flat against the wall, and thereby came on the inside when we shut it at night,—and the destroying angel passed it by. A few days after this, Robespierre fell; and the American ambassador arrived and reclaimed me, and invited me to his house.

During the whole of my imprisonment, prior to the fall of Robespierre, there was no time when I could think my life worth twenty-four hours; and my mind was made up to meet its fate."

After Mr. Paine's liberation, he found a friendly asylum at the American minister's house, Mr. Monroe, late President of the United States; and for some years before Mr. Paine left Paris, he lodge at Mr. Bonville's, associating occasionally with the great men of the day, viz. Condorcet, Volney, Mercier, Joel Barlow, &c. &c., and sometimes dining with Bonaparte and his generals.

MURDER IN THE ISLAND OF GUERNSEY.

About the year 1726, John Andrew Gordier, a gentleman of French extraction, and of considerable fortune, in the island of Jersey, was upon the point of marrying the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Guernsey; but, on a sudden, he was lost to his friends and relations, as well as to the lady who was to have been his bride; and notwithstanding the most diligent inquiry in both islands, with every possible search that could be made, not the least intelligence could be obtained, either of his death or his retreat.

It happened, however, that after a time, when all discourse concerning him had subsided, his body was accidentally found in Guernsey, by some boys, in traversing the beach, with two wounds on the back, and one on the head, thrust into the cavity of a rock, whose mouth was so small, that it must have been with difficulty that the body could be made to enter it.

This discovery, with those evident proofs of murder, alarmed the two families; the former inquiries were in vain renewed; not the least light, either to countenance suspicion, or to ground conjecture, could be gathered, to trace out the murderer; and all that could be done, was to pay the last duty to the remains of the unfortunate youth, by solemnizing his funeral with all the marks of unaffected sorrow.

The mother of the young gentleman remained inconsolable; and the lady to whom he was soon to have been wedded, pined in secret for the loss of the only man in the world whom she could love. She was, indeed, courted by a young merchant; but though she was, in a manner, constrained by her parents to admit his addresses, she was inwardly resolved never to give him her hand.

The mother of Gordier, who never ceased to ruminate on the catastrophe which had befallen her son, was not a little solicitous for the welfare of the young lady, whom she looked upon as her daughter-in-law, and whom she regarded with the greater tenderness, as she heard how severely she was affected by the sudden disappearance of her intended husband.

Some years afterwards, being told that the young lady's life was in danger, she resolved to cross the sea that divides the islands, in order to afford her every consolation in her power, by condoling with her, sharing her griefs, and thereby endeavoring to alleviate the sorrows of her heart. As attendants in her voyage, Mrs. Gordier took with her a beloved brother and an only surviving son. When they arrived, they were advised by the apothecary, who attended the young lady, not to surprise her by an unlooked-for visit, till she was prepared by degrees to receive it; but, notwithstanding all the care that could be taken, the sight of the mother brought to her mind the full remembrance of the son, and the shock was too great for her weak spirit to bear: she fainted upon the first approach of Mrs. Gordier, and it was with difficulty that she was brought to herself. The mother was curious to know every little circumstance that attended the last interview of the young lovers, and of all that had passed since the discovery of the murder of her son; and the young lady was no less earnest to prolong the conversation, but her fits returned at almost every period, and she could only say how tenderly they parted, and with what ardency she expected his promised return the next day. It was no small concern to the afflicted mother, to see the poor lady in this weak state, dying, as she plainly perceived she was, of a broken heart; and the company present could not forbear vehement execrations against the author of this double distress.

Mrs. Gordier, all on a sudden, burst into a flood of tears, on seeing a jewel pendant to the young lady's watch, which she knew her son had purchased as a present to her, before he left the island of Jersey. The violence of her grief was observed by the young lady, who had just spirits enough to ask her the immediate cause. Being told that the sight of a jewel, the presentation of which to his beloved bride, was to be the pledge of their mutual happiness, revived in her mind her irreparable loss, the young lady was seemingly struck with horror and astonishment at the declaration, and, touching the jewel, as with an expression of contempt, sunk into the arms of her weeping visitor, and without uttering a single word, except only M.

C—a—r— breathed her last. The manner of her expiring seemed to involve a mystery. All present were astonished. The confusion which her death occasioned, stopped, for a time, all further utterance; but when every means had been used to restore her, without being able to bring her to life,—and when the effusions of sorrow, poured forth at her death, had for a while ceased, all who were present began to speak what they thought of her behavior in her last dying moments. Mrs. Gordier, who was totally unacquainted with the soft and delicate temper of the deceased, could not help dropping some unfavorable expressions concerning her manner of leaving the world, which she thought plainly enough indicated a knowledge of the murder. Her own parents, who were present at the last affecting scene, fired with indignation at the insult offered the unspotted innocence of their darling child, could not help resenting the ungenerous interpretation put upon the last closing moments of her blameless life. A scene of trouble and mutual reproach ensued, which is easier to conceive than to relate. When the commotion, however, was a little abated, and reason began to take place, the friends of both families very cordially interposed, and endeavored to reconcile the mothers by a cool examination of the circumstances that occasioned the unseasonable neat.

Young Mr. Gordier recollected, that he had heard his brother declare, that the jewel in question was to be presented to his bride on her wedding-day; and, therefore, as that had never happened, his mother might be justified in her suspicions, though perhaps the lady might be innocent. The sister of the deceased calmly replied, that she believed the warmth that had happened to be founded on a mistake, which she thought herself happy in being able to correct. The jewel, she said, which her sister wore, was not presented to her by Mr. Gordier, but was a present to her some years after his unhappy death, by Mr. Galliard, a very reputable merchant in Jersey, who had very assiduously paid his addresses to her, encouraged so to do with a view, if possible, to relieve her mind, by diverting her affections to a new object; that as many jewels have the same appearance, that purchased by Gordier, and that present-

ed by Mr. Galliard, might probably not be the same. Mrs Gordier very readily acquiesced; and, having had time to recover her temper, fell again into tears, and in the most affecting manner apologized for her late indiscretion, adding, at the same time, that if it was the jewel purchased by her son, his picture was artfully concealed within it, which, by opening, would put the matter beyond a doubt. The sister, nor any of the family, had ever seen it open, and knew nothing of such a contrivance. Young Gordier in a moment touched a secreted spring, and presented to the company the miniature inclosed, most beautifully enriched. The consternation was now equal to the discovery. The mystery was unravelled. It was instantly concluded, that the horror of the murder must have struck the deceased, and the detestation of the murderer overcame her. The contempt with which she wanted to spurn the jewel from her, and her desire to declare from whom she had it; all these circumstances concurred to fix the murder on Mr. Galliard, who, having been formerly her father's clerk, the last word she attempted to utter, was now interpreted to mean the Cl-a-r-k.

The clergyman who was present, and who gave this relation, being the common friend of Galliard and the family where he now was, advised moderation and temper in the pursuit of justice. Many circumstances, he said, may concur to entangle innocence in the snares of guilt, and he hoped, for the honor of human nature, that a gentleman of so fair a character as Mr. Galliard, could never be guilty of so foul a crime: he therefore wished he might be sent for, on the present melancholy occasion, rather as a mourner than as a murderer; by which means the charge might be brought on by degrees, and then, if innocent, as he hoped he would appear, his character would stand fair; if guilty, care should be taken that he did not escape. He added, in support of his counsel, that a man, once publicly charged with murder, upon circumstances strong as the present appeared, though his innocence might be clear as the sun at noon-day, to those who examined him, yet would never again be able to redeem his character with the world, let his whole life after be ever so irreproachable.

The greatest part of the company seemed to approve

of his advice and reasons; but it was visible by the countenance of Mrs. Gordier, that she, in her own mind, had prejudged him *guilty*. However, in conformity to the advice that had been given, Mr. Galliard was sent for, and in a few hours the messenger returned, accompanied by Mr. Galliard in person.

The old lady, on entering the room, in the vehemence of her passion, charged him abruptly with the murder of her son. Mr. Galliard made answer coolly, that indeed he well knew her son, but had not seen him for many days before the day of his disappearance, being then out of the island upon business, as the family in whose house he now was, could attest. "But this jewel, (said the mother, showing him the jewel, open as it was,) is an incontestible proof of your guilt: you gave the deceased this jewel, which was purchased by my son, and was in his possession at the time of his death. He denied ever seeing the jewel. The sister of the deceased then confronted him; and taking it in her hand, and closing it, "This jewel, (said she,) you gave to *my* sister, in *my* presence, on such a day, (naming the day, the hour, and the place,) you pressed her to accept it; she refused it: you pressed her again; she returned it, and was not prevailed on to take it, till I placed it to her watch, and persuaded her to wear it." He now betrayed some signs of guilt; but, looking upon it when it was closed, he owned the giving of it, and presently recollecting himself, said he knew it not in the form it was first presented to him: "But this trinket, (said he,) I purchased of Levi, the Jew, whom you all know, and who has travelled these islands for more than twenty years. He, no doubt, can tell how he came by it." The clergyman now thought himself happy in the counsel he had given; and, addressing himself to Mrs. Gordier—"I hope, madam, you will now be patient till the affair has had a full hearing. Mr. Galliard is clear in his justification, and the Jew only, at present, appears to be the guilty person: he is now in the island, and shall soon be apprehended." The old lady was again calm, and forced to acknowledge her rashness, owing, as she said, to the impetuosity of her temper, and to the occasion

that produced it. She concluded by begging pardon of Galliard, whom she thought she had injured.

Galliard triumphed in his innocence, hoped the lady would be careful of what she said, and threatened, if his character suffered by the charge, to refer the injury to the decision of the law. He lamented the sudden death of the unfortunate young lady, and melted into tears when he approached her bed. He took his leave, after some stay, with becoming decency; and every one, even the mother, pronounced him innocent.

It was some days before the Jew was found; but when the news was spread, that the Jew was in custody who had murdered young Gordier, remorse, and the fear of public shame, seized Galliard, and the night preceding the day on which he was to have confronted the Jew before a magistrate, he was found dead, with a bloody penknife in his hand, wherewith he had stabbed himself in three places, two of which were mortal.

A letter was found on the table in the room, acknowledging his guilt, and concluding with these remarkable words: "None but those who have experienced the furious impulse of ungovernable love, will pardon the crime which I have committed, in order to obtain the incomparable object by whom my passions were inflamed. But thou, O Father of mercies! who implanted in my soul those strong desires, wilt forgive one rash attempt to accomplish my determined purpose, in opposition, as it would seem, to thy Almighty Providence."

THE UNCALLED AVENGER.

The return of the victorious Russian army, which had conquered Finland, under the command of General Buxhovden, says Mr. Oldecop of St. Petersburgh, was attended with a circumstance, which, if it is true, has at all times been usual in the train of large armies, but which naturally took place to a much greater extent in these high northern latitudes, where the hand of man has so imperfectly subdued the original savageness of the soil. Whole droves

WOLVES ATTACKING A TRAVELER.

See page 87, vol. I.

of famished beasts and wolves followed the troops on their return to the south, to feed on the chance prey afforded by the carcasses of the artillery and baggage horses that dropped on the road. In consequence of this, the province of Esthonia, to which several regiments directed their march, was so overrun with these animals, as greatly to endanger the safety of travellers. Hence in a single circle of the government, no less than forty persons of different ages, had been devoured, during the winter, by these ravenous beasts. It became hazardous to venture alone and unarmed, into the uninhabited parts of the country; neverthless, an Esthonian countrywoman boldly undertook a journey to a distant relation, not only without any male companion, but with three children, the youngest of whom was still at the breast. A little sledge, drawn by one horse, received the little party; the way was narrow, but well beaten; the snow on each side deep and impassable, and to turn back, without danger of sticking fast, not to be thought of.

The first half of the journey was passed without accident. The road now ran along the skirts of a pine forest, when the traveller suddenly perceived a suspicious noise behind her. Casting back a look of alarm, she saw a troop of wolves trotting along the road, the number of which her fears hindered her from estimating. To escape by flight is her first thought: and, with unsparing whip, she urges the horse into a gallop, which itself snuffs the danger. Soon a couple of the strongest and most hungry of the beasts appear at her side, and seem disposed to stop the way. Though their intention seems to be only to attack the horse, yet the safety both of the mother and children depends upon the preservation of the animal. The danger raises its value: it seems entitled to claim for its preservation an extraordinary sacrifice. As the mariner throws overboard his richest treasures to appease the raging waves, so here has necessity reached a height at which the emotions of the heart are dumb before the dark commands of instinct: the latter alone suffers the unhappy woman to act in this distress. She seizes her second child, whose bodily infirmities have often made it an object of anxious care, whose cry even now offends her ear, and

threatens to whet the appetite of the blood-thirsty monsters —she seizes it with an involuntary motion, and before the mother is conscious of what she is doing, it is cast out, and —enough of the horrid tale! The last cry of the victim still sounded in her ear, when she discovered that the troop, which had remained some minutes behind, again closely pressed on the sledge. The anguish of her soul increases, for again the murder-breathing forms are at her side. Pressing the infant to her heaving bosom, she casts a look on her boy, four years old, who crowds closer and closer to her knee. "But, dear mother, I am good, am I not? You will not throw me into the snow, like the bawler?" "And yet! and yet!" cried the wretched woman, in the wild tumult of despair, "thou art good, but God is merciful! Away!" The dreadful deed was done. To escape the furies that raged within her, the woman exerted herself, with powerless lash, to accelerate the gallop of the exhausted horse. With the thick and gloomy forest before and behind her, and the nearer and nearer trampling of her ravenous pursuers, she almost sinks under her anguish; only the recollection of the infant that she holds in her arms,—only the desire to save it, occupies her heart, and with difficulty enables it to bear up. She did not venture to look behind her. All at once, two rough paws are laid on her shoulders, and the wide open, bloody jaws of an enormous wolf hung over her head. It is the most ravenous beast of the troop, which, having partly missed its leap at the sledge, is dragged along with it, in vain seeking, with its hinder legs, for a resting place, to enable it to get wholly on the frail vehicle. The weight of the body of the monster draws the woman backwards —her arms rise with the child: half torn from her, half abandoned, it becomes the prey of the ravenous beast, which hastily carries it off into the forest. Exhausted, stunned, senseless, she drops the reins, and continues her journey, ignorant whether she is delivered from her pursuers or not.

Meantime the forest grows thinner, and an insulated farm-house, to which a side road leads, appears at a moderate distance. The horse, left to itself, follows this new path; it enters through an open gate, panting and foaming

—it stands still; and amid a circle of persons who crowd round, with good natured surprise, the unhappy woman recovers from her stupefaction, to throw herself, with a loud scream of anguish and horror, into the arms of the nearest human being, who appears to her as a guardian angel. All leave their work,—the mistress of the house, the kitchen, the thresher at the barn, the eldest son of the family, with his axe in his hand,—the wood which he had just cleft,—to assist the unfortunate woman; and with a mixture of curiosity and pity, to learn, by a hundred inquiries, the circumstances of her singular appearance. Refreshed by whatever can be procured at the moment, the stranger gradually recovers the power of speech, and ability to give an intelligible account of the dreadful trial which she has undergone. The insensibility with which fear and distress had steeled her heart, begins to disappear: but new terrors seize her—the dry eye seeks in vain a tear—she is on the brink of boundless misery.

But her narrative had also excited conflicting feelings in the bosoms of her auditors; though pity, commiseration, dismay and abhorrence, imposed alike on all, the same involuntary silence. One only, unable to command the overpowering emotions of his heart, advanced before the rest, it was the young man with the axe. His cheeks were pale with affright, his wildly rolling eyes flashed ill-omened fire. "What!" he exclaimed; "three children—thine own children! the sickly innocent—the imploring boy—the infant suckling—all cast out by the mother to be devoured by the wolves! Woman, thou art unworthy to live." And at the same instant the uplifted steel descends with resistless force, on the skull of the wretched woman, who falls dead at his feet. The perpetrator then calmly wipes the blood off the murderous axe, and returns to his work.

The dreadful tale speedily came to the knowledge of the magistrates, who caused the uncalled avenger to be arrested and brought to trial. He was of course sentenced to the punishment ordained by the laws; but the sentence still wanted the sanction of the Emperor. Alexander, the splendor of whose virtues is only rendered more conspicuous by the throne, caused all the circum-

stances of this crime, so extraordinary in the motives in which it originated, to be reported to him in the most careful and detailed manner. Here, or no where, he thought himself called on to exercise the god-like privilege of mercy, by commuting the sentence passed on the criminal, into a condemnation to labor, not very severe; and he accordingly sent the young man to the fortress of Dunamunde, at the mouth of the Duna, in the gulf of Riga, there to be confined to labor during his majesty's pleasure.

SUFFERINGS OF DAVID MENZIES, SURGEON, AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

Just before the breaking out of the Cherokee war, I went, by the desire of colonel Lewis Sinclair, to visit a gang of negroes of his, that were set down on a new plantation, situated on the Oconee river, which is properly a stream of the Altamaha, and joins a branch of the Savannah, called Broad river; the place is about seventy miles above the town of Augusta, and from it to the lowest town of the Cherokee Indians, is near a hundred. The very night after my arrival, we were surrounded by a party of Cherokees, and as we made no resistance, taken all alive. We were driven away before them, laden with pillage into their own country, excepting two negroes, whom, being sick, and unable to keep pace with us, they scalped and left on the path. In proceeding to the town, I understood, (having some knowledge of their language,) that these Cherokees had, in this expedition, lost one of their head warriors, in a skirmish with some of our rangers; and that I was destined to be presented to that chief's mother and family in his room; at which I was overjoyed,—as knowing that I thereby stood a chance, not only of being secured from death, and exempted from torture, but even of good usage and caresses. I perceived, however, that I had overrated much my matter of consolation, as soon as I was introduced in form to this mother of heroes. She sat squat on the ground, with a bear's cub in her lap, as nauseous a figure as the accu-

mulated infirmities of decrepitude, undisguised by art, could make her, and instead of courteously inviting her captive to replace, by adoption, her lost child, fixed first her haggard, blood-shot eyes upon me, then, riveting them to the ground, gargled out my rejection, and consequent destruction. My head ran on nothing now but stones, sticks, pitch-pine, scalping-knives, tomahawks, and the rest of the instruments of savage cruelty; but I was mistaken in that, too, and reserved, alas! for new and unheard-of torments. These Indians, in one of their late incursions into South Carolina, had met, it seems, with some larded venison, which hit their taste; in consequence whereof, they had carried home some larding-pins, as well as a quantity of bacon; and my cannibal mistress determined by my means, on an application of this discovery to human flesh.

It was evening,—and these barbarians brought me stark naked before a large fire, kindled in the midst of the diabolic heroine's hut, around which, the three or four other families who were also inmates of this Indian house, were collected, with great quantities of rum before them, and every other preparation towards a feast; and two young torturers, having fast bound me to a stake, began to experiment on me the culinary operation of larding. After these cooks of hell had larded all my left side, they turned it close to the fire, and proceeded on the other. But as this performance took up much time, on account of the unskilfulness of the operators, and of my struggling,—and as I afforded infinite entertainment and laughter to the old hag and her company,—for I own, that being one of Sancho's disciples who can't suffer in silence, I squalled and roared most abominably,—(larding being in reality a very painful process to a live creature, the pin not merely going through the insensible epidermis, or scarf-skin, but lacerating the pyramidal papillæ of the true skin, which anatomists agree to be the seat of feeling,) and as the savages in the meanwhile plied their rum impatiently, the whole assembly were by this time asleep, or intoxicated, at least; and my tormentors, who had taken care not to lose their share of the fire-broth, grew languid and drowsy, nor delayed long to follow the exam-

ple set them. I did not let this providential opportunity slip, you will believe, but instantly disengaged my right arm, (at the expense of the greater part of the belly of the palmaris brevis muscle, and with the dislocation of the eighth bone of the carpus,) and fell to untying myself with expedition; I then escaped into the town, from whence I dashed precipitately into the woods; having only stayed just long enough to place some of the fire-brands in a position that would probably set fire to the cabin, and not having forgotten to lay a small one in the lap of my inhuman she-tyrant. When I found I was not pursued, I looked back, like Lot's wife, and saw with great satisfaction, the Indian town in flames; for the construction of these cities are very susceptible of inflammations, as the British red warriors have since luckily discovered.

I continued my journey through the wilderness, chiefly by night, towards the south-east; but was presently aware of the danger I was in from starving, unprovided as I was with fire-arms: yet from this imminent distress was I, almost miraculously, preserved by the cruelty itself of the Indians; nor am I ashamed to confess, that I sustained famished nature by the bacon that was saturated with the juices of my own body. I have read of an English gentleman, who, in the Black-hole of Calcutta, (I think,) appeased his otherwise unalleviated thirst, by imbibing his own sweat, or rather, indeed, by continuing the wonted secretions of the glands, by the action of sucking, as persons do who roll a stone about their mouths,—and who at that time considered another gentleman's milking his shirt clandestinely, as a very unfair proceeding: and I am satisfied that I should have looked on an attempt to have deprived me of my Indian larding, so much in the light of a robbery, as to have punished, even with unlicensed death, any invasion of my dearly acquired property.

I penetrated at last through all difficulties, to Augusta, where I was entertained with great humanity and civility by Justice Ray, and was cured of my wounds, and of the symptomatic fever, their consequence; and so far am I from experiencing any material detriment from this Indian treatment, (for I am above accounting a few eschars on

one cheek such,) that I have even received, I imagine, a momentous benefit; having got rid entirely of a paralytic complaint I had been afflicted with for years, in that left side of mine, that was roasted.

ACCOUNT OF HENRY WELBY, WHO LIVED FORTY-FOUR YEARS THE LIFE OF A HERMIT, IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

The noble and virtuous Henry Welby was a native of Lincolnshire, and inherited a clear estate of more than £1000 a year. He was regularly bred at the university, —studied for some time in one of the inns of court, and in the course of his travels, spent several years abroad. On his return, this very accomplished gentleman settled on his paternal estate, lived with great hospitality, matched to his liking, and had a beautiful and virtuous daughter, who was married, with his entire approbation, to Sir Christopher Hilliard, in Yorkshire. He had now lived to the age of forty, respected by the rich, prayed for by the poor, honored and beloved by all; when one day a younger brother, with whom he had some difference in opinion, meeting him in the field, snapped a pistol at him, which happily flashed in the pan. Thinking that this was done only to fright him, he coolly disarmed the ruffian, and putting the weapon carelessly into his pocket, thoughtfully returned home: but, on after examination, the discovery of bullets in the pistol, had such an effect upon his mind, that he immediately conceived an extraordinary resolution, of retiring entirely from the world, in which he persisted inflexibly to the end of his life. He took a very good house in the lower end of Grub street, near Cripplegate, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself,—one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on the table, by an old maid, he retired into his lodging room; and when his bed was making, into his study,—still doing so till all was clear.

Out of these chambers, from the time of his first entry into them, he never issued, till he was carried thence, forty-four years after, on men's shoulders; neither in all that time, did his son-in-law, daughter, or grand-child, brother, sister, or kinsman,—young or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition soever, look upon his face, save the ancient maid, whose name was Elizabeth. She only made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and dressed his chambers. She saw him but seldom, never but in cases of extraordinary necessity, and died not above six days before him. In all the time of his retirement, he never tasted fish or flesh; his chief food was oatmeal gruel; now and then, in summer, he had a salad of some choice cool herbs; and for dainties, when he would feast, the yolk of a hen's egg, but no part of the white; what bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but the crust he never tasted. His constant drink was four shillings beer, and no other, for he never tasted wine or strong liquor. Now and then, when his stomach served, he did eat some kinds of suckets; and now and then drank red cow's milk, which his maid Elizabeth fetched him out of the fields, hot from the cow. Nevertheless he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant, who had occasion of business at his house. Every book that was printed was bought for him, and conveyed to him; but such as related to controversy he always laid aside, and never read.

In Christmas holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in. Then, after thanks to God for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves, which reached to his elbows, cutting up dish after dish, in order, he would send one to one poor neighbor, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c. till he had left the table quite empty. When giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away; and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting one morsel of any thing whatsoever. When any clamored impudently at his gate, they were not therefore

immediately relieved; but when, from his private chamber, which had a prospect into the street, he spied any sick, weak, or lame, he would presently send after them, to comfort, cherish and protect them; and not a trifle to serve them for the present, but so much as would relieve them for many days after. He would, moreover, inquire what neighbors were industrious in their callings, and who had great charge of children; and withal, if their labor and industry could not sufficiently supply their families,—to such he would liberally send, and relieve them according to their necessities.

He died at his house in Grub-street, after an anchoretical confinement of forty-four years, October 29th, 1636, aged eighty-four. At his death, his hair and beard were so overgrown, that he appeared rather like a hermit of the wilderness, than like the inhabitant of one of the first cities in the world.

SINGULAR CASE OF JOAN PERRY AND HER TWO SONS.

On Thursday, the 16th of August, 1660, William Harrison, steward to the Lady Viscountess Campden, in Gloucestershire, being about 70 years of age, walked from Campden aforesaid, to Charringworth, about two miles from thence to receive his Lady's rent: and not returning so early as formerly, his wife, Mrs. Harrison, between 8 and 9 o'clock that evening, sent her servant, John Perry, to meet his master on the way from Charringworth; but, neither Mr. Harrison nor his servant John Perry returned that night. The next morning early, Edward Harrison, William's son, went towards Charringworth, to inquire after his father; when, on the way, meeting Perry coming thence, and being informed by him he was not there, they went together to Ebrington, a village between Charringworth and Campden, where they were told by one Daniel, that Mr. Harrison called at his house the evening before, in his return from Charringworth, but staid not; they then went to Paxford, about a mile thence, where, hearing nothing of Mr. Harrison, they returned towards

Campden: and on the way, hearing of a hat, band and comb, taken up in the high way, between Ebrington and Campden, by a poor woman then leesing in the field; they sought her out, with whom they found the hat, band and comb, which they knew to be Mr. Harrison's; and being brought by the woman to the place where she found the same, in the highway, between Ebrington and Campden, near unto a great furzbrake, they there searched for Mr. Harrison, supposing he had been murdered, the hat and comb, being hacked and cut, and the band bloody; but nothing more could be there found. The news hereof, coming to Campden, so alarmed the town, that men, women, and children, hastened thence in multitudes, to search for Mr. Harrison's supposed dead body, but all in vain.

Mrs. Harrison's fear for her husband, being great, was now much increased; and having sent her servant Perry, the evening before, to meet his master, and he not returning that night, caused a suspicion that he had robbed and murdered him; and thereupon the said Perry was, the next day, brought before a Justice of the Peace, by whom being examined concerning his master's absence, and his own staying out the night he went to meet him, he gave this account of himself: that, his mistress sending him to meet his master, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, he went down to Campden field, towards Charringworth, about a land's length, where meeting one William Reed, of Campden, he acquainted him with his errand; and further told him, that, as it was growing dark, he was afraid to go forwards, and would therefore return and fetch his young master's horse and return with him; he did go to Mr. Harrison's court-gate, where they parted, and he staid still. Once Pearce coming by, he went again with him about a bow's shot into the fields, and returned with him likewise to his master's gate, where they also parted; and that he, the said John Perry, saith, he went into his master's hen-roost, where he lay about an hour, but slept not; and, when the clock struck twelve, rose and went towards Charringworth, till, a great mist arising, he lost his way, and so lay the rest of the night under a hedge; and, at day-break on Friday morning, went to Charringworth, where

he inquired for his master of one Edward Plaisterer, who told him he had been with him the afternoon before, and received three and twenty pounds of him, but staid not long with him; he then went to William Curtis, of the same town, who likewise told him, he heard his master was at his house the day before, but not being at home did not see him; after which, he saith, he returned homewards, it being about five o'clock in the morning, when, on the way, he met his master's son, with whom he went to Ebrington and Paxford, &c., as hath been related.

Reed, Pearce, Plaisterer, and Curtis, being examined, affirmed what Perry had said concerning them to be true.

Perry, being asked by the Justice of Peace, how he, who was afraid to go to Charringworth at nine o'clock, became so bold as to go thither at twelve? answered, at nine o'clock it was dark, but at twelve the moon shone.

Being further asked, why, returning twice home, after his mistress had sent him to meet his master, and staying till twelve o'clock, he went not into the house to know whether his master were come home, before he went a third time, at that time of night, to look after him? answered, that he knew his master was not come home, because he saw a light in the chamber window, which never used to be there so late when he was at home.

Yet, notwithstanding this that Perry had said for his staying forth that night, it was not thought fit to discharge him till further inquiry were made after Mr. Harrison; and accordingly, he continued in custody at Campden, sometimes at an inn there, and sometimes in the common prison, from Saturday, August the Eighteenth, until the Friday following; during which time he was again examined at Campden, by the aforesaid Justice of Peace, but confessed nothing more than before; nor at that time, could any further discovery be made what was become of Mr. Harrison. But it hath been said, that during his restraint at Campden, he told some, who pressed him to confess what he knew concerning his master, that a tinker had killed him; and to others, he said, a gentleman's servant of the neighborhood had robbed and murdered him; and others, again, he told, that he was murdered, and hid in a bean-rick in Campden, where search was in vain

made for him; at length he gave out, that, were he again carried before the Justice, he would discover that to him he would discover to nobody else; and thereon, he was on Friday, August the twenty-fourth, again brought before the Justice of Peace, who first examined him, and asking him whether he would yet confess what was become of his master, he answered, he was murdered, but not by him; the Justice of Peace then telling him, that, if he knew him to be murdered, he knew likewise by whom it was; so he acknowledged he did; and being urged to confess what he knew concerning it, affirmed, that it was his mother and brother that had murdered his master. The Justice of Peace then advised him to consider what he said, telling him, that he feared he might be guilty of his master's death, and that he should not draw more innocent blood upon his head; for what he now charged his mother and brother with, might cost them their lives; but he affirming that he spoke nothing but the truth, and that if he were immediately to die, he would justify it, the Justice desired him to declare how and when they did it.

He then told him that his mother and his brother had lain at him, ever since he came into his master's service, to help them to money, telling him how poor they were, and that it was in his power to relieve them, by giving them notice when his master went to receive his lady's rent; for they would then way-lay and rob him; and further said, that, upon the Thursday morning his master went to Charringworth, going of an errand into the town, he met his brother in the street, whom he then told whither his master was going, and, if he way-laid him, he might have his money; and further said, that in the evening his mistress sent him to meet his master, he met his brother in the street, before his master's gate, going, as he said, to meet his master, and so they went together to the church-yard, about a stone's throw from Mr. Harrison's gate, where they parted, he going the foot-way across the church-yard, and his brother keeping the great road, round the church; but in the highway, beyond the church, met again, and so went together, the way leading to Charringworth, till they came to a gate about a bow's shot from Campden Church, that goes into a ground of Lady

Campden's, called the conygree, (which to those who have a key to go through the garden, is the next way from that place to Mr. Harrison's house;) when they came near unto the gate, he, the said John Perry saith, he told his brother, he did believe that his master had just gone into the conygree, (for it was then so dark they could not discern any man so as to know him,) but perceiving one to go into that ground, and knowing there was no way, but for those who had a key, through the garden, concluded it was his master; and so told his brother, if he followed him, he might have his money, and he, in the mean time, would walk a turn in the fields, which accordingly he did; and then, following his brotner about the middle of the conygree, found his master on the ground, his brother upon him, and his mother standing by; and being asked, whether his master was then dead? answered, no, for that, after he came to them, his master cried, "Ah, rogues, will you kill me?" at which he told his brother, he hoped he would not kill his master; who replied, "Peace, peace, you are a fool," and so strangled him; which having done, he took a bag of money out of his pocket, and threw it into his mother's lap, and then he and his brother carried his master's dead body into the garden, adjoining to the conygree, where they consulted what to do with it; and, at length agreed to throw it into the great sink by Wellington's mill, behind the garden; but said, his mother and brother bade him go up to the court next to the house, to hearken whether any one were stirring, and they would throw the body into the sink; and being asked whether it was there, he said he knew not, for that he left it in the garden; but his mother and brother said they would throw it there, and if it were not there, he knew not where it was, for he returned no more to them, but went into the court-gate which goes into the town, where he met John Pearce, with whom he went into the field, and again returned with him to his master's gate; after which, he went into the hen-roost, where he lay till twelve o'clock that night, but slept not: and having, when he came from his mother and brother, brought with him his master's hat, band, and comb, which he laid in the hen-roost, he carried the said hat, band, and comb, and threw

them, after he had given them three or four cuts with his knife, in the highway, where they were afterwards found, and being asked, what he intended by so doing? said he did it, that it might be believed his master had been there robbed and murdered; and, having thus disposed of his hat, band, and comb, he went towards Charringworth, &c., as hath been related.

On this confession and accusation, the Justice of Peace gave orders for the apprehending of Joan and Richard Perry, and for searching the sink where Mr. Harrison's body was said to be thrown, which was accordingly done, but nothing of him could be there found; the fish-pools likewise, in Campden, were drawn and searched, but nothing could be there found neither; so that some were of opinion, the body might be hid in the ruins of Campden-house, burnt in the late wars, and not unfit for such a concealment, where likewise search was made, but all in vain.

Saturday, August the twenty-fifth, Joan and Richard Perry, together with John Perry, were brought before the Justice of Peace, who acquainted the said Joan and Richard with what John had laid to their charge; they denied all, with many imprecations on themselves, if they were in the least guilty of any thing of which they were accused: but John on the other side, affirmed to their faces that he had spoken nothing but the truth, and that they had murdered his master; further telling them, that he could never be quiet for them, since he came into his master's service, being continually followed by them to help them to money, which they told him he might do, by giving them notice when his master went to receive his lady's rents; and that he, meeting his brother Richard in Campden town, the Thursday morning his master went to Charringworth, told him whither he was going, and upon what errand. Richard confessed he met his brother that morning, and spoke to him, but nothing passed between them to that purpose; and both he and his mother told John he was a villain to accuse them wrongfully, as he had done; but John, on the other side, affirmed he had spoken nothing but the truth, and would justify it to his death.

One remarkable circumstance happened in these prison-

ers' return from the Justice of Peace's house, to Campden, viz. Richard Perry, following a good deal behind his brother John, pulling a clout out of his pocket, dropped a ball of inkle, which one of his guards taking up, he desired him to restore, saying it was only his wife's hair lace; but the party opening it, and finding a slip-knot at the end, went and showed it to John, who was then a good distance before, and knew nothing of the dropping and taking up of this inkle; but being showed it, and asked whether he knew it, shook his head, and said, "Yea, to his sorrow, for that was the string his brother strangled his master with." This was sworn to upon the evidence at their trial.

The morrow, being the Lord's-Day, they remained at Campden, where the minister of the place designing to speak to them (if possible to persuade them to repentance and a further confession) they were brought to church; and in their way thither, passing by Richard's house, two of his children meeting him, he took the lesser in his arms, leading the other in his hand; when, on a sudden, both their noses fell a bleeding, which was looked upon as ominous.

Here it will be no impertinent digression, to tell how the year before, Mr. Harrison had his house broken open, between eleven and twelve o'clock at noon, upon Campden market day, whilst himself and the whole family were at the lecture; a ladder being set up to a window of the second story, and an iron bar wrenched thence with a plough-share, which was left in the room, and seven score pounds in money carried away, the authors of which robbery could never be found.

After this, and not many weeks before Mr. Harrison's absence, his servant, Perry, one evening, in Campden garden, made an hideous outcry; whereat, some who heard it, coming in, met him running, and seemly frightened, with a sheep pick in his hand, to whom he told a formal story, how he had been set upon by two men in white, with naked swords, and how he defended himself with his sheep pick; the handle whereof was cut in two or three places, and likewise a key in his pocket, which, he said, was done with one of their swords.

These passages the Justice of the Peace having before heard, and calling to mind, upon Perry's confession, asked him first concerning their robbery, when his master lost seven score pounds out of his house at noon-day, whether he knew who did it? Who answered yes, it was his brother. And being further asked whether he were then with him? He answered no, he was at church: but that he gave nim notice of the money, and told him in which room it was, and where he might have a ladder that would reach the window: and that his brother afterwards told him he had the money, and had buried it in his garden, and that they were, at Michaelmas next, to have divided; whereupon, search was made in the garden, but no money could be there found.

And being further asked concerning that other passage of his being assaulted in the garden, he confessed it was all a fiction; and that, having a design to rob his master, he did it—that rogues being believed to haunt the place, when his master was robbed, they might be thought to have done it.

At the next Assizes, which were held in September following, John, Joan and Richard Perry, had two indictments found against them; one for breaking into William Harrison's house, and robbing him of one hundred and forty pounds, in the year 1659; the other for robbing and murdering of the said William Harrison, the 16th of August, 1660. Upon the last indictment, the Judge of Assizes, Sir C. T., would not try them, because the body was not found; but they were then tried upon the other indictment for robbery, to which they pleaded not guilty; but some whispering behind them, they soon after pleaded guilty, humbly begging the benefit of his Majesty's gracious pardon, and act of obilvion, which was granted them.

But though they pleaded guilty to this indictment, being thereunto prompted, as is probable, by some who were unwilling to lose time, and trouble the court with their trial, in regard to the act of oblivion, pardoned them; yet they all afterwards at their deaths, denied that they were guilty of that robbery, or that they knew who did it.

Yet at this Assize, as several creditable persons have affirmed, John Perry still persisted in his story, that his

mother and brother had murdered his master; and further added, that they had attempted to poison him in the jail, so that he durst neither eat or drink with them.

At the next Assizes, which were the spring following, John, Joan, and Richard Perry, were, by the then Judge of the Assize, Sir B. H., tried upon the indictment of murder, and pleaded thereunto, severally, not guilty; and, when John's confession, before the justice, was proved, *viva voce*, by several witnesses who heard the same, he told them he was then mad, and knew not what he said.

The other two, Richard and Joan Perry, said they were wholly innocent of what they were accused, and that they knew nothing of Mr. Harrison's death, nor what was become of him; and Richard said that his brother had accused others, as well as him, to have murdered his master; which the Judge bidding him prove, he said, that most of those who had given evidence against him, knew it; but naming none, not any spoke of it, and so the jury found them all three guilty.

Some few days after, being brought to the place of execution which was on Broadway-hill, in sight of Campden, the mother (being reputed a witch, and to have bewitched her sons, they could confess nothing while she lived) was first executed; after which, Richard, being upon the ladder, professed, as he had done all along, that he was wholly innocent of the act for which he was then to die, and that he knew nothing of Mr. Harrison's death, nor what was become of him; and did, with great earnestness, beg and beseech his brother, for the satisfaction of the whole world, and his own conscience, to declare what he knew concerning him; but he, with a dogged and surly carriage, told the people he was not obliged to confess to them; yet immediately before his death, said he knew nothing of his master's death, nor what was become of him, but they might possibly hear. Some few years afterwards, Harrison was heard of, and the following is his reply to a letter from Sir Thomas Overbury, of Burton, County of Gloucester, Knt., and one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, inquiring the particulars of this most mysterious affair.

*For Sir T. Overbury, Knt.**

"Honored Sir,

"In obedience to your commands, I give you this true account of my being carried away beyond the seas, my continuance there, and return home. On Thursday, in the afternoon in the time of harvest, I went to Charringworth to demand rents due to my lady Campden, at which time the tenants were busy in the fields, and late before they came home, which occasioned my stay there till the close of the evening; I expected a considerable sum, but received only three and twenty pounds. In my return home, in the narrow passage amongst Ebrington furzes, there met me one horseman, and said, "Art thou there?" and I, fearing that he would have rid over me, struck his horse over the nose; whereupon he struck at me with his sword several blows, and run it into my side, while I, with my little cane, made my defence as well as I could; at last another came behind me, run me into the thigh, laid hold on the collar of my doublet, and drew me to a hedge, near to the place; then came in another; they did not take my money, but mounted me behind one of them, drew my arms about his middle, and fastened my wrists together with something that had a spring-lock, as I conceived by hearing it give a snap as they put it on; then they threw a great cloak over me, and carried me away. In the night they alighted at a hay-rick, which stood near to a stone-pit by a wall side, where they took away my money; about two hours before day, as I heard one of them tell the other he thought it to be then, they tumbled me into the stone-pit; they staid, as I thought, about an hour at the hay-rick, when they then took horse again; one of them bade me to come out of the pit; I answered, they had my money already, and asked what they would do with me; whereupon he struck me again, drew me out, and put a great quantity of money into my pockets, and mounted me again after the same manner; and on the Friday, about sun-setting, they brought me to a lone house upon a

* Nephew to his accomplished but ill-fated name-sake.

heath, by a thicket of bushes, where they took me down almost dead, being sorely bruised with the carriage of the money. When the woman of the house saw that I could neither stand nor speak, she asked them whether or no they had brought a dead man? They answered no, but a friend that was hurt, and they were carrying him to a surgeon; she answered, if they did not make haste, their friend would be dead before they could bring him to one.

There they laid me on cushions, and suffered none to come into the room but a little girl; there we staid all night, they giving me some broth and strong waters; in the morning, very early, they mounted me as before, and on Saturday night they brought me to a place where were two or three houses, in one of which I lay all night, on cushions, by their bed-side; on Sunday morning they carried me from thence, and, about three or four o'clock, they brought me to a place by the sea-side, called Deal, where they laid me down on the ground; and, one of them staying with me, the other two walked a little off, to meet a man, with whom they talked; and, in their discourse, I heard them mention seven pounds; after which they went away together, and about half an hour after returned. The man, whose name, as I afterwards heard, was Wrenshaw, said, he feared I would die before he could get me on board; then presently they put me into a boat and carried me on ship-board, where my wounds were dressed. I remained in the ship as near as I could reckon, about six weeks, in which time I was indifferently recovered of my wounds and weakness. Then the master of the ship came and told me and the rest, who were in the same condition, that he discovered three Turkish ships; we all offered to fight in defence of the ship and ourselves; but he commanded us to keep close, and said he would deal with them well enough; a little while after he called us up, and, when we came on deck, we saw two Turkish ships by us; into one of them we were put, and placed in a dark hole, where how long we continued before we landed, I don't know; when we were landed, they led us two days' journey: and put us into a great house, or prison, where we remained four days and a half: then came eight men to view us, who seemed to be officers; they called us, and examined

us as to our trades and callings, which every one answered: one said he was a surgeon, another that he was a broad-cloth weaver, and I, after two or three demands, said, that I had some skill in physic. We three were set by, and taken by three of those eight men that came to view us. It was my chance to be chosen by a grave physician, eighty-seven years of age, who lived near Smyrna, and who had formerly been in England, and knew Crowland, in Lincolnshire, which he preferred to all other places in England; he employed me to keep his still-house, and gave me a silver bowl, double gilt, to drink in. My business was most in that place; but once he set me to gather cotton-wool, which I not doing to his mind, he struck me down to the ground, and afterwards drew his stiletto to stab me; but I, holding up my hands to him, he gave a stamp, and turned from me, for which I render thanks to my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who staid his hand, and preserved me. I was there about a year and three quarters, and then my master fell sick, on a Thursday, and sent for me; and, calling me, as he used, by the name of Boll, told me he should die, and bade me shift for myself; he died on the Saturday following, and I presently hastened with my bowl to a port, (about a day's journey distant,) the way to which place I knew. I inquired for a ship for England. I procured one, which landed me at Dover. Yours,

WILLIAM HARRISON."

(*From Hargrave's State Trials.*)

BARBAROUS STRATAGEM OF A MOORISH PRINCE.

HISTORY records a very singular and cruel scheme, projected and executed by Mehemet Almehedi, king of Fez, a prince not less remarkable for his ambition than his refined craft and hypocrisy. He had a long war to maintain against some neighboring nations, who refused to submit to his tyranny. He gained over them several victories, but having afterwards lost a battle, wherein he had exposed his troops with a blind fury, they were so dispirited, that

they refused to go against the enemy. To inspire them with courage he imagined the following stratagem:

Having assembled secretly a certain number of officers, who were best affected to him, he proposed to them considerable rewards, if they would consent to be shut up for some hours in graves, as if they had been killed in battle; that he would leave them a sufficient vent for breathing, and that when, in consequence of a superstitious device he designed cunningly to spread through the army, they should happen to be interrogated, they were to answer, that they had found what their king had promised them: that they enjoyed the rewards of martyrdom, and that those who imitated them by fighting valiantly, and should die in the war, would enjoy the same felicity. The thing was executed as he had proposed. He laid his most faithful servants among the dead, covered them with earth, and left them a small vent for drawing breath. He afterwards entered the camp, and assembling the principal chiefs about midnight, "You are," said he, "the soldiers of God, the defenders of the faith, and the protectors of the truth. Prepare to exterminate your enemies, who are likewise the enemies of the Most High, and depend upon it you will never find so sure an opportunity of being pleasing in his sight. But, as there may be dastards and stupid wretches among you, who do not believe my words, I am willing to convince them by the sight of a great prodigy.

"Go to the field of battle; ask those of your brethren who have been killed this day; they will assure you that they enjoy the most perfect happiness, for having lost their lives in this war." He then led them to the field of battle, where he cried out with all his might, "O assembly of faithful martyrs, make known to us how many wonders you have seen of the most high God!" They answered, "We have received from the Almighty infinite rewards, which the living can have no idea of!" The chiefs, surprised at this answer, ran to publish it in the army; and revived courage in the hearts of the soldiery. Whilst this was transacted in the camp, the king, feigning an ecstacy, caused by this miracle, remained near the graves where his buried servants waited their deliverance; but he stopped up the holes through which they breathed, and sent

them to receive in the other world, by this barbarous stratagem, the reward they had made a declaration of to others.

ASSASSINATION OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE, AND THE EXECUTION OF HIS MURDERER.

The French people are notorious for the assassination of their princes. The Duke de Berri was lately assassinated by Louvel, and the life of Louis XV. was attempted by Damien. Henry III. was killed by a young friar, who, pretending he had a letter to present to his majesty, procured admission; but, instead of the letter, drew a knife from his long sleeve, and thrust it into the king's belly, of which wound he died: but the regicide was cut in pieces in the palace by the nobles. Henry IV. met with the same fate from one Ravaillac, a lay friar. As the king was going in his coach to the Bastile, he was stopped in the narrow street by two carts and a number of people: his majesty leaned himself forward to know the cause; upon which Ravaillac put his foot upon one of the wheels of the coach, and struck the king twice in the side with his knife, passing his arm above the wheel. Upon which the king cried out, "Jesu, suis blesse;" that is, Jesus, I am wounded. Ravaillac was seized, and command given that no violence should be offered him, that he might be reserved to suffer the torture his crime deserved.

Upon his trial he said he was born at Angouleme, and was between thirty-one and thirty-two years of age; that he maintained himself by teaching school, but that his mother lived upon alms. That he had been received as a lay brother at the Feuillants; but, after wearing the habit about six weeks, it was taken from him. That he lodged at the Three Half Moons, in the suburbs of St. James; and afterwards, that he might be near the Louvre, he went to lodge at the Three Pigeons, in the suburbs of St. Honore; from thence he went to take a lodging at an inn near the Quinzevingts, but, there being too many guests there, he was refused; upon which he took up a knife

that lay upon a table, not on account of his being refused a lodging, but because it seemed to him a very fit one for the execution of his design, and kept it for some days, or three weeks, in a bag, in his pocket.

He further said, that, having desisted from his intention, he set out on his journey home, and went as far as Estampes; that, when walking, he broke the point of his knife against a cart near the garden of Chanteloup; and, coming opposite to the Ecce Homo, of the suburb of Estampes, he again took it in his head to kill the king, and, no longer resisting the temptation, as he had done formerly, he returned to Paris with that resolution, because the king did not convert the followers of the pretended reformation, and because he had heard it reported, that the king intended to make war upon the pope, and transfer the seat of the holy see to Paris.

That he sought for an opportunity to kill the king; and that, for this purpose, he sharpened with a stone, the point of the knife, which had been broke, and waited till the queen was crowned, and came back to the city, supposing that there would not be so much confusion in France, if he killed the king after her coronation, as if he had done it before.

That he went to the Louvre, where he had been several times since he had resolved upon killing him; that he went there last Wednesday, and intended to kill him between the two gates, as he was going into his coach: that he followed him as far as St. Innocents, near which he did the act as above related. Adding,

That all which now remained for him to declare was, his intention and earnest desire to free himself from the load of his sins; that the whole nation was, upon his account, led to believe that he had been bribed by the enemies of France to kill the king, or by foreign kings and princes, who were desirous of aggrandizing themselves, as was too common among the kings and potentates of the earth, who do not consider whether their motive for making war was agreeable to the will of God; or else through a covetous desire of appropriating unjustly to themselves the territories of other princes; but that the truth was, he, the prisoner, had not been incited to that

action by any person whatever; for if he could have been so wicked as to have committed it for money, or for the interest of foreigners, he would have acknowledged in the presence of God, before whom he now maintained the truth. That he now therefore entreated the queen, the court, and the whole nation, to believe him, and not to charge his soul with the crime they commit, in supposing he was prompted to that parricide by any other; for that this sin would fall heavily on him, the prisoner, for being the cause of the uncertainty they were in, which gave rise to their suspicions; and he therefore implored them to lay those suspicions aside, since no one but himself was able to judge of the fact; and it was such as he had confessed.

It was remonstrated to him, that, since he had neither been injured in his person or goods, by any command or ordinance of the king's, it was not probable he would make an attempt upon his sacred person, whom he knew to be God's anointed, unless he had been persuaded to it by some other persons, and had received money from them; he being a poor man, in want of the necessaries of life, and the son of parents who lived upon alms.

He said, that it is sufficiently proved to the court, through the course of his examination, if he had, through the force of money, or by the persuasions of persons who were ambitious of the sceptre of France, been prevailed upon to murder the king, he would not have come three times expressly from Angouleme to Paris, which were a hundred leagues distant from each other, to admonish the king to bring back the followers of the pretended reformation to the catholic, apostolic, and Roman church, as being persons who acted contrary to the will of God and his church: for a man who could be so wicked as to suffer himself to be corrupted, through avarice, to assassinate his prince, would not have come three several times to admonish him as he had done; and that since he had committed this parricide, the Sieur de La Force, captain of the guards, has acknowledged that he, the prisoner, had been at the Louvre, and earnestly entreated him to procure him the means of speaking to the king, and that the said Sieur de La Force told him he was a furious Papist, asking him if he knew Mons. d'Epernon; to which the

prisoner replied that he did not know Mons. d'Epernon, and that he himself was not a furious Papist; but that, when he had taken the habit of the monastery of St. Bernard, father Francis de St. Peter was appointed to be his spiritual father; and, since he was a true Roman, and apostolic catholic, he was desirous of living and dying such; and he entreated the said Sieur de La Force to bring him to the speech of the king, for he durst not declare to him the temptation he had so long had to kill the king; all he wanted was to tell it to his majesty, to the end that he might no longer be troubled with his bad intention.

His trial being ended, the following sentence was passed upon him by the court, consisting of the great chambers of the Tournelle and the Edict:

The said court hath declared, and doth declare, the said Ravaillac duly attainted of the crime of high treason, divine and human, in the highest degree, for the most wicked, most abominable, and most detestable parricide, committed on the person of the late king Henry IV. of good and laudable memory; for the reparation whereof, the court hath condemned, and doth condemn him, to make the amende honorable before the principal gate of the church of Paris, whither he shall be carried and drawn in a tumbril in his shirt, bearing a lighted torch of two pounds weight, and that he shall there say and declare, that wickedly and traitorously he hath committed the aforesaid most wicked, most abominable, and most detestable parricide, and murdered the said lord the king, by stabbing him twice in the body with a knife; that he repents of the same, and begs pardon of God, the king, and the laws; from thence he shall be carried to the Greve, and on a scaffold to be there erected, the flesh shall be torn with red hot pincers from his breasts, his arms, and thighs, and the calves of his legs; his right hand holding the knife wherewith he committed the aforesaid parricide, shall be scorched and burned with flaming brimstone; and on the places where the flesh has been torn with pincers, melted lead, boiling oil, scalding pitch, with wax and brimstone melted together, shall be poured: After this he shall be torn in pieces by four horses, his limbs and body burnt to

ashes, and dispersed in the air. His goods and chattels are also declared to be forfeited, and confiscated to the king. And it is further ordained, that the house in which he was born shall be pulled down to the ground, (the owner thereof being previously indemnified,) and that no other building shall ever hereafter be erected on the foundation thereof: And that, within fifteen days after the publication of this present sentence, his father and mother shall, by sound of trumpet and public proclamation, in the city of Angouleme, be banished out of the kingdom, and forbid ever to return, under the penalty of being hanged and strangled, without any farther form or process at law. The court has also forbidden, and doth forbid, his brothers, sisters, uncles, and others, from henceforth, to bear the said name of Ravaillac, enjoining them to change it to some other, under the like penalties; and ordering the substitute of the king's attorney-general to cause this present sentence to be published and carried into execution, under pain of being answerable for the same; and before the execution thereof, the court doth order, that the said Ravaillac shall again undergo the torture, for the discovery of his accomplices.

Pronounced and executed the 27th day of May, 1610.

VOISIN.

Accordingly he was ordered to be put to the torture of the bordequin,* and, the first wedge being drove, he cried out, "God have mercy upon my soul, and pardon the crime I have committed. I never disclosed my intention to any one." This he repeated as he had done in his interrogation.

When the second wedge was drove, he said with loud cries and shrieks, "I am a sinner, I know no more than I have declared, by the oath I have taken, and by the truth which I owe to God and the court. All I have said was to the little Franciscan, which I have already declared. I never mentioned my design in confession, or in any other way. I never spoke of it to the visitor of Angouleme, nor

* The bordequin is a strong wooden box, made in the form of a boot, just large enough to contain both the legs of the criminal, which being put therein, a wooden wedge is then drove with a mallet between his knees, and after that is forced quite through, a second wedge, of a larger size, is applied in the same manner.

revealed it in confession in this city. I beseech the court not to drive my soul to despair."

The executioner continuing to drive the second wedge, he cried out, "My God, receive this penance as an expiation for the great crimes I have committed in this world. O God! accept these torments in satisfaction for my sins By the faith I owe to God, I know no more than what I have declared. O! do not drive my soul to despair."

The third wedge was then drove lower, near his feet, at which a universal sweat covered his body, and he fainted away. The executioner forced some wine into his mouth, but he could not swallow it; and, being quite speechless, he was released from the torture, and water thrown upon his face and hands. Some wine being forced down his throat, his speech returned, and he was laid upon a mattress in the same place, where he continued till noon. When he had recovered his strength, he was conducted to chapel by the executioner, and Messieurs Fillesasqs and Gamaches, two doctors of the Sorbonne, being sent for, his dinner was given him; but, before the divines entered into a conference with him, the clerk admonished him to think of his salvation, and confess by whom he had been prompted, persuaded, and abetted in the wicked action he had committed, and so long designed to commit; it not being probable, that he should of himself have conceived and executed it, without communicating it to any other.

He said, that if he had known more than what he had declared to the court, he would not have concealed it, well knowing, that in this case, he could not have the mercy of God which he hoped for and expected; and that he would not have endured the torments he had done, if he had any farther confession to make. He said, that he acknowledged he had committed a great crime, to which he had been incited by the temptation of the devil; that he entreated the king, the queen, the court, and the whole kingdom, to pardon him, and to cause prayers to be put up to God for him, that his body might bear the punishment for his soul; and, being many times admonished to reveal the truth, he only repeated what he had said before. He was then left with the doctors, that they might perform the duties of their office with him.

A little after two o'clock the clerk of the court was sent for by the divines, who told him that the condemned had charged to send for him, that he might hear and sign his confession, which he desired might be revealed, and even printed, to the end that it might be known to the whole world; which confession the said doctors declared to have been: That no one had been concerned with him in the act he had committed. That he had not been solicited, prompted, or abetted, by any other person whatever, nor had he discovered his design to any one. That he acknowledged he had committed a great crime, for which he hoped to have the mercy of God, which was still greater than his sins, but which he could not hope to obtain if he concealed any thing.

Hereupon, the clerk asked the condemned, if he was willing that his confession should be known and revealed? and, as above, admonished him to acknowledge the truth, for the salvation of his soul. He then declared upon his oath, that he had said all he knew, and that no one had incited him to commit the murder.

At three o'clock he came from the chapel; and, as he was carried out of the Conciergerie, the prisoners, in great numbers, thronged about him, with loud cries and exclamations, calling him traitor, wicked wretch, detestable monster, damned villain, and the like; they would have struck him, had they not been hindered by the archers, and the other officers of justice, who kept them off by force.

When he was put in the tumbril, the crowd was so great, that it was with the utmost difficulty the archers and officers of justice could force themselves a passage; and, as soon as the prisoner appeared, that vast multitude began to cry out, as above, wicked wretch, traitor, &c.

The enraged populace continued their cries and exclamations till he arrived at the Greve, where before he was taken out of the tumbril, to mount the scaffold, he was again exhorted to reveal his accomplices; but he persisted in his former declaration, that he had none, again imploring pardon of the young king, the queen, and the whole kingdom, for the crime he had committed.

When he had ascended the scaffold, the two doctors comforted him, and exhorted him to acknowledge the

truth; and, after performing the duties of their function, the clerk approached him, and urged him to think of his salvation now at the close of his life, and to confess all he knew; to which he only answered as he had done before.

The fire being put to his right hand, holding the knife with which he had stabbed the king, he cried out, "O God!" and often repeated, "Jesu Marie!" While his breast, &c., were tearing with red hot pincers, he renewed his cries and prayers,—during which, being often admonished to acknowledge the truth, he persisted in denying that he had any accomplices. The furious crowd continued to load him with execrations,—crying, that he ought not to have a moment's respite. Afterwards, by intervals, melted lead and scalding oil were poured upon his wounds; during which he shrieked aloud, and continued his cries and exclamations.

The doctors again admonished him, as likewise the clerk, to confess, and were preparing to offer up publicly the usual prayers for the condemned; but immediately the people, with great tumult and disorder, cried out against it, that no prayers ought to be made for that wicked wretch, that damned monster; so that the doctors were obliged to give over. Then the clerk remonstrating to him, that the indignation of the people was a judgment upon him, which ought to induce him to declare the truth, he persisted to answer as formerly, saying, "I only was concerned in the murder."

He was then drawn by four horses for half an hour, by intervals.

Being again questioned and admonished, he persisted in denying that he had any accomplices; while the people of all ranks and degrees, both near and at a distance, continued their exclamations, in token of their great grief for the loss of their king. Several persons set themselves to pull the ropes with the utmost eagerness; and one of the noblesse, who was near the criminal, alighted off his horse, that it might be put in the place of one that was tired with drawing him. At length, when he had been drawn for a full hour, by four horses, without being dismembered, the people, rushing on in crowds, threw themselves upon him, and, with swords, knives, sticks, and other weapons, they

struck, tore, and mangled his limbs; and violently forcing them from the executioner, they dragged through the streets with the utmost eagerness and rage, and burnt them in different parts of the city.

ASSASSINATION OF ALBERT OF AUSTRIA, DISPLAYING THE FEUDAL CONTENTIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Albert went early in the spring of 1308 to his western dominions, in order to prepare for a war against Bohemia, and established his court at Rheinfelden. He was accompanied by John, the son of his late brother Rudolph, who secretly repined at the injustice of his uncle, in withholding from him, although now of age, his father's share of the hereditary dominions of the house of Hapsburg. The king, unwilling to yield up those ample territories, had formed the project of indemnifying his nephew by the grant of some distant provinces in Saxony, which he was preparing to conquer. Duke John, abashed by the presence of Leopold, the king's third son, who, although not older than himself, had yet been some time in possession of high honors, and extensive domains; and stimulated by many of the nobility of Argau, who, weary of the stern severity of Albert, looked for a more lenient sovereign, demanded anew, and with some importunity, the territories his father had held during the life of King Rudolph. Irritated by repeated denials, he poured forth bitter complaints into the bosoms of his confidential, and equally discontented friends, who, although conscious of their inability to compel redress, yet resolved to convince Albert that those who fear nothing are always formidable. Duke John and several nobles, now conspired the death of Albert. These nobles were Walter, baron of Eschenbach, whose estates and influence extended from the lake of Zurich to the Oberland, who was related to all the principal families in the Argau, Thurgau, and Rhætia, but who owed his power and renown much more to his eminent virtues than to his illustrious birth and ample property; Rudolph, baron of Wart, a cousin of Eschenbach, whose

castle was situated in Kyburgh; Rudolph de Balm, from Lenzburg, and Conrad de Tegerfeld, from the neighborhood of Baden, who had superintended the education of the young injured prince.

On the first of May, in the tenth year after he had triumphed over and contrived the death of his legitimate sovereign, King Adolphus, Albert set out from the citadel of Baden, in his way to Rheinfelden, accompanied by Landenberg, Everhard de Waldsee, on whose account he had forfeited the affections of his Austrian subjects, Burcard, count of Hohenberg, his cousin, and several other nobles and attendants. Being arrived at the ferry over the Reuss, near Windish, the king was, under pretence that the boat must not be overburdened, insensibly led away by the conspirators, to some distance from his retinue. He was riding leisurely across some cornfields, bordering on the hills of Hapsburg, and conversing with Walter de Castelen, a knight whom he had met on his way, when duke John, approaching on a sudden, exclaimed, "Take this as a reward for thy injustice;" and thrust his spear into the neck of Albert. Balm hereupon rushed in, and pierced his body; Eschenbach clove his head; Wart stood aghast, and Castelen fled. The king, streaming with blood, sunk to the ground, and soon after expired in the arms of a poor woman, who seeing his deplorable condition, had hastened to his assistance. He had before escaped two similar conspiracies; but this third, the contrivance of an insulted kinsman,* proved fatal.

Duke John and his friends, struck with a sudden panic, as if this had not been a premeditated and wilful act, fled different ways, and met no more after this portentous hour. The duke escaping into the mountains, lay a few days concealed at Einsidlen, and lurked some time, solitary and forlorn, in the adjacent woods; he then assumed the habit of a monk, and wandered into Italy. King Henry, of Luxemburg, saw him at Pisa, in the year 1313, after which he disappeared, and consumed the remainder of his days in

* In answer to one of duke John's most urgent solicitations for his inheritance, the king presented him with a chaplet of flowers, observing, that "this best became his years."

profound obscurity: nor has it ever been authentically disproved, that a blind beggar, who was seen many years after, receiving alms at the new market in Vienna, was actually, as he asserted, the son of this unfortunate prince, and grandson to the great Rudolph. It is not known where and how soon Balm ended his hapless days. Tegerfeld was never after heard of. Eschenbach fled with Wart up the river Aar, to the castle of his uncle, at Falckenstein. He is known to have lived thirty-five years afterward, as a shepherd, in the country of Wurtemburg, where he disclosed his rank shortly before his death, and was buried with the honors due to his illustrious birth. The baron of Wart, who had seen, but no way participated in the bloody deed, was betrayed by some of his relations into the hands of the sons of Albert, and by them instantly sentenced to death. While with broken limbs he lay agonizing on a wheel, he still, with manly fortitude, declared himself innocent of the crime for which he suffered. "And indeed," he added, "those also who have committed the deed, are guiltless of a crime. They have, in fact, destroyed a monster, who, violating all ties of honor and religion, had laid bloody hands on his liege lord and sovereign; and, in defiance of all justice and equity, withheld from his nephew his lawful patrimony, and who truly deserved to suffer the tortures I now endure. May God take pity on me, and pardon my transgressions!" His wife, (a lady of the house of Balm,) after having in vain prostrated herself at the feet of Agnes, daughter of Albert and queen of Hungary, and conjured her, by the mercy she hoped to find on the day of judgment, to take compassion on the unhappy baron attended her husband to the place of execution. She continued three days and three nights at the foot of the wheel, in constant prayer, and without sustenance, until he expired. She then went on foot to Basle, where she soon after died, oppressed with grief. Russeling, a servant of the baron, shared in the fate of his unhappy master.

Duke Leopold having collected forces, marched against the castle of Wart, took and demolished it, and put to the sword all the retainers of the baron who had attempted to defend it. John, a brother of baron Rudolph, although he had been in no ways concerned in the conspiracy, was,

nevertheless, despoiled of all his property, and left to pine away in necessitous life, in a remote and wretched cottage, once the property of his forefathers. Farwangen, the principal seat of the family of Balm, surrendered on a promise of mercy; but no sooner was the duke possessed of it, than he and his sister Agnes, caused thirty-six of the garrison, many of them nobles, who all, to their last breath, called God to witness of their innocence, to be dragged to a neighboring wood, and there beheaded in their presence.

Mashwanden, a castle of Eschenbach, was taken, and its whole garrison put to the sword. In the midst of the carnage, a child of count Walter was discovered by his moans in a cradle, and with much difficulty saved by the ferocious soldiers, from the relentless fury of queen Agnes, who was preparing to butcher it with her own hands. She was then scarce twenty-six years of age!!

More than one thousand men, women and children having thus, chiefly at the instance of the relentless Agnes, been cruelly slaughtered, this queen, jointly with Elizabeth, her mother, founded on the field where the murder had been committed, the site of the ancient Vindonissa, a sumptuous monastery, for the minorites and nuns of St. Clara. Its high altar was raised on the spot on which Albert had expired. This foundation has since flourished under the name of the abbey of Koenigsfelden. It was exempted from all contributions and secular jurisdiction. The dowager queen, Agnes, and many other princesses and illustrious dames, who were desirous to ingratiate themselves either with God or with the court, conferred on it ample endowments in lands, tithes, jewels, and rich garments. Agnes, who from her infancy had shown a great aversion to the splendors and dissipations of a court, and had reluctantly consented to her marriage, fixed her abode near this monastery. Every morning she attended the celebration of mass, and all the afternoon she worked with her maids at some church implement or decoration. She observed all the fasts and ceremonies with the most scrupulous punctuality, and displayed great humility and beneficence in washing the feet of pilgrims, and distributing alms to the poor—and yet she in vain endeavored to prevail on a venerable hermit in the neighborhood to visit the

church of the monastery. "They," said he, "who shed innocent blood, and found convents with the spoils of the victims, can never be truly pious. The Father of mercies delights in benignity and forgiveness." Others have recorded also of this queen, that she possessed uncommon vigor and activity of mind, but that her great semblance of piety could not always be relied on with safety.

Thus ended the restless ambition of Albert, which, while it cost him the love of all his subjects, and the confidence of his contemporary princes, terminated, ultimately, in his own untimely death, the ruin of the only son of a brother, and the final extirpation of an illustrious race of ancient barons, and of many distinguished vassals. The bold achievement of the Swiss meanwhile drew on a series of hostilities, which, in less than a century, brought about the intimate union of all the states of Helvetia and Rhætia, and finally, the establishment of their renowned confederacy.

Planta's His. of the Helvet. Confederacy.

THE CORNISH MURDER.

Lillo, the author of the tragedy of George Barnwell, wrote another tragedy, called "The Fatal Curiosity," which was founded on the following dreadful murder.

"In September, Anno Christi 1618, there lived a man at Perin, in Cornwall, who had been blessed with an ample possession and fruitful issue; unhappy only in a younger son, who, taking liberty from his father's bounty, joined with a crew like himself, who, weary of the land, went roving to sea, and, in a small vessel, southward, made prize of all they could master; and so increased in wealth, number, and strength, that in the Straits they adventured upon a Turkish man of war, where they got great booty; but their powder by mischance taking fire, our gallant, trusting to his skillful swimming got on shore upon the Isle of Rhodes, with the best of his jewels about him; where, after a while, offering some of them for sale to a Jew, he knew them to be the governor's of Algiers; whereupon he was apprehended, and for a pirate condemned to the gal-

eys, among other Christians, whose miserable slavery made them use their wits to recover their former liberty; and accordingly, watching the opportunity they slew some of their officers, and valiantly released themselves. After which, this young man got on board an English ship, and came safe to London, where the experience he had acquired in surgery preferred him to be servant to a surgeon, who, after a while, sent him to the East Indies: there, by his diligence and industry, he got money, with which he returned home; and longing to see his native country, Cornwall, in a small ship from London, he sailed westward; but ere he attained his port, he was cast away upon that coast; where, once more, his excellent skill in swimming brought him safe to shore. But then, having been fifteen years absent, he understood that his father was much decayed in his estate, and had retired himself to live privately in a place not far off, being indeed in debt and danger.

"His sister he finds married to a mercer, a meaner match than her birth promised. To her he first appears as a poor stranger, but after a while privately reveals himself to her, showing her what jewels and gold he had concealed in a bow case about him; and concluded that the next day he intended to appear to his parents, yet to keep his disguise, till she and her husband should come thither, to make their common joy complete.

"Being come to his parents, his humble behavior, suitable to his poor suit of clothes, melted the old couple into so much compassion, as to give him shelter from the cold season, under their outward roof; and by degrees, his stories of his travels and sufferings, told with much compassion to the aged people, made him their guest so long by the kitchen fire, that the husband bade them good night, and went to bed. Soon after, his true stories working compassion in the weaker vessel, she wept, and so did he. But withal, he, taking pity on her tears, comforted her with a piece of gold, which gave her assurance that he deserved a lodging, which she afforded him, and to which she brought him. And being in bed, he showed her his wealth, which was girded about him, which he told her was sufficient to relieve her husband's wants, and to spare for himself. And so being weary, he fell asleep.

"The old woman being tempted with the golden bait that she had received, and greedily thirsting after the enjoyment of the rest, she went to her husband, and, awaking him, presented him with the news, and her contrivance what further to do. And though with horrid apprehensions he oft refused, yet her puling eloquence (Eve's enchantment) moved him at last to consent, and to rise to be master of all that wealth, by murdering the owner thereof: which accordingly they did, and, withal, covered the corpse with clothes, till opportunity served for their carrying it away.

"The early morning hastens the sister to her father's house, where, with signs of great joy, she inquires for a sailor that should lodge there the last night. The old folks at first denied that they had seen any such, till she told them that he was her brother,—and lost brother,—which she knew assuredly, by a scar upon his arm, cut with a sword, in his youth, and they were resolved to meet there the next morning and be merry.

"The father, hearing this, hastily runs up into the room, and finding the mark, as his daughter had told him, with horrid regret for this monstrous murder of his own son, with the same knife wherewith he killed him, he cut his own throat. The mother, soon after, going up to consult with her husband what to do, in a strange manner beholding them both weltering in blood, wild and aghast, finding the instrument at hand, readily takes her own life.

"The daughter, wondering at their delay in returning, seeks about for them, when she found out too soon, and with the sad sight of this bloody scene, being overcome with sudden horror and amazement, for this deluge of destruction, she sank down and died, the fatal end of that family. These facts were soon made known, and quickly flew to king James' court, clad with these circumstances. But the imprinted relation conceals their names, in favor of some neighbor of repute, and kin to the family."—*Sanderson's History of king James.*

SINGULAR WARFARE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

In the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the English army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favored by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of engineers." So true was the maxim of the American general, that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their arrows and tomahawks, committed daily waste upon the British army, —surprising their sentinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to pursue them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honor, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outpost to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and to keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of a boundless savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels whose posts penetrated into the woods were supplied from its ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their station without communicating any alarm, or being neard of after.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves that covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, who could not be brought to rank it as treachery, were content to consider it as a mystery which time would unravel.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed wishing him better luck.

"You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!"

The relief company returned to the guard-house.

The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was now necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The Colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the Colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of this repeated disappearance of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign

the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the Colonel, "against his will."

A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a bird chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter: but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery."

The Colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and awaited the event in the guard-house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied as before by the Colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up with him, he appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

I told your honor," said the man, "I should fire if I neard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life. I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real

cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees: still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular, to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated; I took my aim; discharged my piece; and the animal was instantly stretched before me, with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a dagger and tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bearing their bodies away, concealed them at some distance in the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought.

SIMEON STYLITES, THE FANATIC.

This remarkable man, who is honored with a niche in the Roman Catholic calendar, was the son of a poor shepherd, of Silicia, on the borders of Syria, and entered on his eccentric career towards the close of the fourth century. Simeon was brought up to keep his father's sheep, but, at a very early age, the imagination of the poor boy was excited, or more rationally speaking, disordered, into an extravagant admiration of the glory at that time to be acquired, by bodily mortification and self-denial. To a wise and benevolent deity, the misery endured for his sake was thought to be peculiarly acceptable; and the voluntary rejection of his best gifts, entitled the wretched devotee not only to the applause of heaven, but to a reverence of his fellow-creatures approaching to adoration. The mind of Simeon, thus prematurely stimulated, was so struck, in his thirteenth year, with the terror of the text, "Blessed are they that mourn," that he instantly resolved to forsake all earthly employment, and to dedicate his future life to sorrow and suffering for the faith in Christ. In conformity to this holy resolution, the unfortunate youth first applied at the gates of a neighboring monastery, requesting to be received within its walls, and to be employed in the vilest drudgery for the service of the brotherhood. His offer was accepted; but it seems that the order was not sufficiently strict for the devout ambition of Simeon, who, at the end of two years removed to the monastery of Heliodorus, a person, says Theodoret, in the way of praise, who had spent sixty-two years so abstracted from the world, that he was ignorant of the most obvious things in it. Under the auspices of this judicious personage, the aspiring penitent first began to display that loftiness of spiritual conception, by which he was subsequently so eminently distinguished. The brothers of the community were restricted to one meal a day, which they took towards evening; Simeon improved the regulation in his own case, to a single repast a week, but was obliged to moderate his rigor, at the desire of the superior. This unpleasant restriction led him to adopt greater privacy in his subsequent mortifications. Thus,

esteeming the wearing of hair-cloth, and other known body-tormenting apparatus, as too lenient, he secretly appropriated the rough well-rope of the monastery to his own especial use. This ingenious substitute, which was formed of twisted palm-tree leaves, the saint tied so tightly round his naked body, that it ate into his flesh, and the fact was discovered by the noisomeness of the ulcer which it created. So severely was his body lacerated, that it was three days before the rope could be disengaged from the wound, —and it was at last separated by the knife of the surgeon, at the immediate hazard of the holy man's life. However indicative of zeal and piety, these extraordinary penances were found exceedingly troublesome to the less gifted brethren; and a ray of good sense breaking in upon the abbot, he dismissed Simeon, as either above or below monastic discipline.

Upon this event, the ungovernable saint repaired to an hermitage at the foot of mount Thelanissa, where, in imitation of the Saviour, he endeavored to pass the forty days of Lent without food. This wonderful undertaking he is asserted not only to have accomplished at that particular time, but the learned Theodoret, a contemporary, vouches, upon his own knowledge, for the same abstinence during twenty-six Lents of his subsequent life. His manner of passing the forty days is thus detailed by the above writer: "The first part of his Lent he spent in praising God *standing;* growing weaker, he continued his prayer *sitting;* and towards the end, being exhausted, he *lay* upon the ground." In all these situations he was continually seen by thousands of devotees, who crowded to witness so edifying a spectacle.

After spending three years in this hermitage, Simeon removed to the top of the mountain on which it was situated, when, throwing together some loose stones in the form of a wall, he made for himself an inclosure, but without roof or shelter, and to confirm his resolution of passing his holy life in it, had his right leg fastened to a rock, with a great iron chain. The interference of the dignified clergy of his vicinity was never required to increase the vivacity of Simeon, but sometimes humanely stepped in to moderate it. In the present instance, Miletius, vicar to

the patriarch of Antioch, considering the chain as rather out of saintly costume, told him that a firm will, supported by God's grace, was sufficient to make him abide in his solitary inclosure, without having recourse to bodily restraint. "Whereupon," says a modern clerical narrator, "the obedient *servant of God* sent for a smith, and had his chain knocked off."

In whatever form it exhibits itself, the love of fame is a very restless propensity; it rendered the life of Simeon a continual progression in his own line of sanctity. The multitudes of people who flocked to receive his benediction, most of whom were desirous of touching so holy a personage, became at length a great annoyance; and to remove so obvious a cause of distraction without offence, he projected for himself a manner of life, altogether new and unprecedented. The result of this bright thought was, the erection of a pillar within his inclosure six cubits high, on the summit of which he resided four years; on a second, twelve cubits high, he perched himself for three years: on a third, twenty-two cubits high, for ten years; and finally, on a fourth, forty cubits high, built for him by the people, he abode twenty years. Thus, in the whole, he lived *thirty-seven years on pillars*—receiving the name of Stylites, from the Greek word Stylos, which signifies pillar, and hence his usual appellation of Simeon Stylites.

The various pillars of this poor lunatic, did not exceed a few feet in diameter at the top, which was inclosed around with rails; on which, and on his staff, the wretched man reclined when he slept. The space being so small, it was impossible for him to lie down, and a seat he wholly declined. His usual food was vegetables and water, with which he was supplied as he required them, by admirers and disciples. His garments were formed of the skins of wild beasts, an iron collar adorned his neck, and such was his ungallant tenacity with respect to women, he would never suffer one to come within the inclosure that surrounded his pedestal. From this elevated rostrum, this ghastly and frightful spectre regularly harangued the admiring multitude twice a day; when not addressing them, they were equally edified by his significant acts of adoration and reverence. Gibbon quotes the

still existing account of a curious spectator, who counted twelve hundred and forty-four bows, of the indefatigable Simeon on his pillar, during the time that he looked on. He sometimes prayed in an erect posture, with his outstretched arms in the figure of a cross: but his most usual practice was that of bending his meagre skeleton from the forehead to the feet. The Eucharist was frequently conveyed to him by a St. Domus—and during Lent, he often fasted on his pillar, as rigidly as he had done on terra firma. During a few of the first and last years, he was obliged to attach himself to a pole, to support him under his abstinence; but in the zenith of his career he was frequently enabled to fast the whole time without requiring aid of any kind, so strong was his constitution, and so gradually had he habituated himself to a long endurance of inanition.

It is curious to observe the watchful tenacity of the hierarchy of that period, even with respect to the extravagances which it countenanced. Madness and folly were the only roads to heaven, as coupled with obedience. When Simeon first took to his pillar, the singularity of his choice was universally condemned as vanity or extravagance; and to make trial of his obedience, an order was sent him, in the name of the neighboring bishops and abbots, to quit his new manner of life. The saint instantly prepared to comply, which, when the messenger perceived, agreeably to his instructions, he informed him, that as he had shown so willing an obedience, he was at liberty to follow his vocation in God. The result has been narrated. Simeon spent thirty-seven years in the air,—a monument of human folly and degradation, disgraceful to the Christian name. He died at last of mortification, produced by an ulcer in his foot, which brought him to his end on the 2d of September, A. D. 459, when the poor man bowing on his pillar, as if intent on prayer, silently expired, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Were the above particulars verified only by the Catholic legends, or even by writers like Theodoret, Cosmo, and Simeon's own disciple, Anthony, who wrote his life, they would be undeserving of credit; but this poor maniac's extraordinary manner of living, has been attested by wit-

nesses of all kinds, in consequence of the impression made by it on the whole Christian world of that day. Pilgrims of all ranks visited Syria to obtain his prayers. The emperors Theodosius and Leo, sought his inspired advice in religious difficulties; and another emperor, Marcian, even went to behold him in disguise. These are facts; the legends, of course, go much further. According to them, miracles of all kinds attended his prayers and benedictions; and even surrounding nations of barbarians sought the benefit of his intercessions. When dead, he was carried to Antioch in solemn procession, attended by all the prelates of the neighboring country; and even to this day many Catholic writers refer to him, as a glorious confessor of the cause of Christ.

But it is pleasant to see that the folly of such sanctity was not altogether invisible to some acute observers, even in the saint's own time. Gibbon relates a jocose piece of scandal, propagated at his expense, which proves that the latent cause of so much absurdity was not mistaken by *all* the world. The squib alluded to, took its rise from the ulcer in his foot, that caused his death, which was thus accounted for:—The ever-watchful Satan, it seems, discovered no little spiritual vanity lurking in the heart of Simeon, which he was permitted to correct by assuming the form of the prophet Elijah. In this holy character the father of lies waited upon the saint, in a chariot of fire, and informed him that his merits were so regarded on high, that the penance of death would be spared him, and he had only to seat himself to be borne directly to heaven. The vanity of Simeon (continued these satirists) leading him to give implicit credit to the plausible tale, he instantly put his foot into the chariot, and not only got laughed at for his credulity, but so burnt in the too ready limb, that an ulcer ensued, which brought him to his end;—a fiction so far pleasant, as it proves the existence of a little humor and common sense, in an age of superstition and extravagance.

So different, however, was the general impression in those dark and declining days, that the example of Simeon produced many imitators all over eastern Christendom, where alone the mildness of the climate would admit of so insane a devotion. Magelli, a domestic prelate to pope

Benedict XIV., wrote a grave dissertation on these fanatics, and gave a plate in the work, representing the pillar of Simeon, whose image on this column, carved in silver or in ivory, was at one time very common among devotees. According to this author, the Stylites prevailed in the east, until the conquest of the Saracens put an end to the degrading absurdity. The climate of the west rendered similar infatuation impracticable to any great degree. However, Gregory of Tours, relates, that one Vulfilaic, a Lombard, placed himself on a pillar, in the neigborhood of Triers, but after a short abode thereon, was ordered by his bishop to quit a life not endurable in that country. He is the only recorded Stylite of the west.

The 5th of January is the day appropriated to Simeon Stylites, in the Roman Catholic calendar, and it is still observed.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

James Crichton was a native of Scotland. In the course of a short life he acquired an uncommon degree of celebrity, and on account of his extraordinary endowments, both of mind and body, obtained the appellation of "The admirable Crichton," by which title he has continued to be distinguished to the present day. The time of his birth is said, by the generality of writers, to have been in 1551 ; but the earl of Buchan, in a memoir read to the society of Antiquaries, at Edinburgh, asserts that he was born in the month of August, 1560. His father was lord advocate of Scotland, in queen Mary's reign, from 1561 to 1573 ; and his mother, the daughter of Sir James Stuart, was allied to the family which then filled the Scottish throne.

James Crichton is said to have received his grammatical education at Perth, and to have studied philosophy at the university of St. Andrew's. His tutor at that university was Mr. John Rutherford, a professor, at that time famous for his learning, and who distinguished himself by writing four books on Aristotle's logic, and a commentary on his poetics. According to Aldus Manutius, who calls Crichton

first cousin to the king, he was also instructed, with his majesty, by Buchanan, Hepburn, and Robertson, as well as by Rutherford; and he had scarcely arrived at the twentieth year of his age, when he had gone through the whole circle of the sciences, and could speak and write to perfection in ten different languages. Nor had he neglected the ornamental branches of education; for he had likewise improved himself, to the highest degree, in riding, dancing, and singing, and was a skillful performer on all sorts of instruments.

Possessing these numerous accomplishments, Crichton went abroad upon his travels, and is said to have first visited Paris. Of his transactions at that place the following account was given: He caused six placards to be fixed on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of the university, and on all the pillars and posts before the houses belonging to the most renowned literary characters in that city, inviting all those who were well versed in any art or science, to dispute with him in the college of Navarre, that day six weeks, by nine o'clock in the morning, when he would attend them, and be ready to answer whatever should be proposed to him in any art or science, and in any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Sclavonian; and this either in verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant.

During the whole intermediate time, instead of closely attending to his studies, as might have been expected, he attended to nothing but hunting, hawking, tilting, vaulting, riding, tossing the pike, handling the musket, and other military feats; or else he employed himself in domestic games, such as balls, concerts of music, vocal and instrumental, cards, dice, tennis, and the like diversions of youth. This conduct so provoked the students of the university, that beneath the placard which was fixed on the Navarre gate, they wrote the following words: "If you would meet with this monster of perfection, the readiest way to find him, is to inquire for him at the tavern, or the house of ill-fame."

Nevertheless, when the day appointed arrived, Crichton appeared in the college of Navarre, and acquitted himself

beyond expression in the disputation, which lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. At length the president, after extolling him highly for the many rare and excellent endowments which God and nature had bestowed upon him, rose from his chair, and accompanied by four of the most eminent professors of the university, gave him a diamond ring, and a purse full of gold, as a testimony of their respect and admiration. The whole ended with the repeated acclamations and huzzas of the spectators, and henceforward our young disputant was called "the admirable Crichton." It is added, that so little was he fatigued with his exertion on this occasion, that the next day he went to the Louvre, where he had a match of tilting, an exercise then in great vogue, and in the presence of a great number of ladies, and some of the princes of the French court, carried away the ring fifteen times successively.

We find him about two years after this display of his talents, at Rome, where he affixed a placard in all the conspicuous places of the city, in the following terms: "We, James Crichton, of Scotland, will answer extempore any question that may be proposed." In a city which abounded in wit, this bold challenge could not escape the ridicule of a pasquinade. It is said, however, that being no wise discouraged, he appeared at the time and place appointed; and that, in the presence of the pope, many cardinals, bishops, doctors of divinity, and professors in all the sciences, he exhibited such wonderful proofs of his universal knowledge, that he excited no less surprise than he had done at Paris. Boccalina, however, who was then at Rome, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. According to that writer, the pasquinade made such an impression upon him, that he left the place where he had been so grossly affronted, as to be put upon a level with jugglers and mountebanks.

From Rome, Crichton proceeded to Venice, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Aldus Manutius, Laurentius Massa, Speron Speronius, Johannes Donatus, and various other learned persons, to whom he presented several poems in commendation of the city and university. At length he was introduced to the doge and senate, in whose presence he made a speech, which was accompa-

nied with such beauty of eloquence, and such grace of person and manner, that he received the thanks of that illustrious body, and nothing but this prodigy of nature was talked of through the whole city. He likewise held disputations on the subjects of theology, philosophy, and mathematics, before the most eminent professors and large multitudes of people. His reputation was so great, that the desire of seeing and hearing him, brought together a vast concourse of persons from different quarters to Venice. It may be collected from Manutius, that the time in which Crichton gave these demonstrations of his abilities, was in the year 1580.

During his residence at Venice, he fell into a bad state of health, which continued for the space of four months. Before he was perfectly recovered, he went, by the advice of his friends, to Padua, the university of which was at that time in great reputation. The day after his arrival, there was an assembly of all the learned men of the place at the house of Jacobus Aloysius Cornelius, when Crichton opened the meeting with an extempore poem in praise of the city, the university, and the company who had honored him with their presence. After this, he disputed for six hours with the most celebrated professors on various subjects of learning; and he exposed, in particular, the errors of Aristotle and his commentators, with so much solidity and acuteness, and at the same time with so much modesty, that he excited universal admiration. In conclusion, he delivered an extempore oration in praise of ignorance, which was conducted with such ingenuity and elegance, that his hearers were astonished. This exhibition of Crichton's talents was on the 14th of March, 1581.

He soon afterwards appointed a day for another disputation, to be held at the palace of the bishop of Padua, not for the purpose of affording higher proofs of his abilities, but in compliance with the earnest solicitations of some persons who were not present at the former assembly. According to the account of Manutius, various circumstances occurred which prevented this meeting from taking place; but Imperialis relates, that he was informed by his father, who was present on the occasion, that Crichton was opposed by Archangelus Mercenarius, a famous phi

losopher, that he acquitted himself so well as to obtain the approbation of a very honorable company, and even of his antagonist himself.

Amidst the high applauses that were bestowed upon the genius and attainments of the young Scotchman, still there were some who endeavored to detract from his merit. For ever, therefore, to confound these invidious cavillers, he caused a paper to be fixed on the gate of St. John and St. Paul's church, in which he offered to prove before the university, that the errors of Aristotle, and of all his followers, were almost innumerable; and that the latter had failed both in explaining their master's meaning, and in treating on theological subjects. He promised likewise to refute the dreams of certain mathematical professors, to dispute in all the sciences, and to answer to whatever should be proposed to him, or objected against him. All this he engaged to do, either in the common logical way, or by numbers and mathematical figures, or in one hundred sorts of verses, at the pleasure of his opponents. According to Manutius, Crichton sustained this contest without fatigue for three days; during which time he supported his credit and maintained his propositions with such spirit and energy, that he obtained, from an unusual concourse of people, unbounded praises and acclamations.

From Padua, Crichton set out for Mantua, where there happened at that time a gladiator, who had foiled in his travels the most skilful fencers in Europe, and had lately killed three who had entered the lists with him in that city. The duke of Mantua was much grieved at having granted this man his protection, as he found it attended with such fatal consequences. Crichton being informed of his concern, offered his service to drive the murderer not only from Mantua, but from Italy, and to fight him for 1500 pistoles. Though the duke was unwilling to expose such an accomplished person to so great a hazard, yet relying on the report he had heard of his martial feats, he agreed to the proposal; and the time and place being appointed, the whole court attended to behold the performance. At the beginning of the combat, Crichton stood only upon his defence; while the Italian made his attack with such eagerness and fury, that he began to be fatigued. Crichton

now seized the opportunity of attacking his antagonist in return, which he did with so much dexterity and vigor, that he ran him through the body in three different places, so that he immediately died of his wounds. On this occasion the acclamations of the spectators were loud and extraordinary; and it was acknowledged by all of them, that they had never seen art, grace or nature, second the precepts of art, in so striking a manner as on that day. To crown the glory of the action, Crichton bestowed the prize of his victory on the widows of the three persons who had lost their lives in fighting with his antagonist.

It is asserted, that in consequence of this and his other wonderful performances, the duke of Mantua made choice of him as preceptor to his son, Vincentio de Gonzaga, who is represented as being of a riotous temper and a dissolute life. The appointment was highly pleasing to the court. We are told that Crichton, to testify his gratitude to his friends and benefactors, and to contribute to their diversion, composed a comedy, in which he exposed and ridiculed all the weak and faulty sides of the various employments in which men are engaged. This was regarded as one of the most ingenious satires that ever was made upon mankind. But the most astonishing part of the story is, that Crichton sustained fifteen characters in the representation of his own play. Among the rest, he acted the divine, the lawyer, the mathematician, the soldier, and the physician, with such inimitable grace, that every time he appeared upon the theatre he seemed to be a different person.

From being the principal actor in a comedy, Crichton, soon became the subject of a dreadful tragedy. One night, during the carnival, as he was walking through the streets of Mantua, and playing upon his guitar, he was attacked by half a dozen people in masks. The assailants found that they had no ordinary person to deal with, for they were not able to maintain their ground against him. Having at length disarmed the leader of the company, the latter pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling him that he was the prince, his pupil. Crichton immediately fell upon his knees, and expressed his concern for his mistake; alleging, that what he had done was only in his

own defence, and that if Gonzaga had any design upon his life, he might always be master of it. Then taking the sword by the point, he presented it to the prince, who was so irritated at being foiled with all his attendants, that he instantly ran Crichton through the heart.

Various have been the conjectures concerning the motives which could induce Vincentio de Gonzaga to be guilty of so brutal and ungenerous an action. Some have ascribed it to jealousy, asserting that he suspected Crichton to be more in favor than himself with a lady whom he passionately loved; while others, with greater probability, represent the whole transaction as the result of a drunken frolic; and it is uncertain, according to Imperialis, whether the meeting of the prince and Crichton was by accident or design. It is, however, agreed by all, that Crichton lost his life in this rencounter.

The time of his decease is said, by the generality of his biographers, to have been in the beginning of July, 1583, but Lord Buchan fixes it in the same month of the preceding year. The common account declares that he was killed in the 32d year of his age, but Imperialis asserts that he was only in his 22d year at the period of that tragical event, and this fact is confirmed by the nobleman just mentioned.

Crichton's tragical end excited a very great and general lamentation. If Sir Thomas Urquhart is to be credited, the whole court of Mantua went into mourning for him three quarters of a year; the epitaphs and elegies composed upon his death, would exceed, if collected, the bulk of Homer's works; and for a long time afterwards, his picture was to be seen in most of the bed-chambers and galleries of the Italian nobility, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other. The same author tells us, that Chrichton gained the esteem of kings and princes by his magnanimity and knowledge; of noblemen and gentlemen by his courtliness, breeding, and wit; of the rich by his affability and good company; of the poor by his munificence and liberality; of the old by his constancy and wisdom; of the young by his mirth and gallantry; of the learned by his universal knowledge; of the soldiers by his undaunted valor and courage; of the merchants and dealers by his upright dealing and honesty;

and of the fair sex by his beauty, in which respect he was a master-piece of nature.

ILL-FATED LOVE.

A GENTLEMAN, the youngest son of a beneficed clergyman of high respectability, lately paid his addresses to a young lady, of genteel family and considerable fortune, residing in the same neighborhood. Her uncle (under whose guardianship she was unhappily placed) had determined to marry her to what he called *up to rank*, and chose rather to see her splendidly miserable, than made happy with a genteel competency. The lady's suitor was a physician, who, some time back, took the usual degree, with the most promising hopes of success in his profession —his education polite and classical, added to an amiable disposition, and the most accomplished manners, could not fail of making an impression on the young lady; his conduct towards her testified his high regard, and in a short time he was beloved with equal ardor; insurmountable were the obstacles raised by the uncle, in order to prevent their union—he remonstrated on the impropriety of placing her affections on a person not possessed of one shilling, and who could have no expectations, either now or hereafter, or any paternal fortune; as to the profession, it was one of the very worst, for he might not be called upon a Guinea voyage (as he termed it) for years to come—and in hopes of alienating her regard for her lover, introduced into the family a major in the army, and at the same time informed her she was to consider him as her future husband. It seems he did not possess any of those nice feelings of honor and sensibility, which should ever be the characteristic of a soldier. He was told of her predilection for another, which must ever prevent his prevailing upon a heart so completely devoted to Mr. M——, who was then in Scotland, and his arrival daily expected. This candid appeal had no effect; as he had the uncle's consent, he considered there was no other obstacle remaining. In vain did this amiable young lady, bathed in tears, en-

deavor to dissuade her uncle from his cruel purpose. In fine, the wedding day was appointed, the clergyman arrived, and with silent, suffering composure, she allowed the fatal ceremony to be performed. The uncle, however, was soon convinced of his inhumanity—she had taken, in the presence of her own maid, a cup of tea mixed, as it appeared afterwards, with a considerable quantity of arsenic. She said it was the most delicious draught she had ever taken. Towards the close of the evening she was much indisposed, and in a few hours after breathed her last. On her dressing-table was found the following letter:

"'Tis over, and by the time you receive this, I shall be no more; yet the only hour that I can call my own, I give to you; the only one that the hand of death has not a right to interrupt. Should I live, I tremble to think what a husband's rage might have inflicted, when he should find (instead of the happiness he expected) a cold and indifferent heart. Surely it was impossible for two masters to share my affection—had I survived, you would feel that you had robbed me of, what not all my fortune could purchase, or the world have power to bestow. Ever since I was taught to form a wish, it was that of being a tender wife and happy mother. From the time I could associate an idea, I looked upon matrimony as the source from which we were to derive finished happiness or accumulated misery. Under this idea, alas! what delusive visions of felicity did not the accomplished mind and literary taste of Mr. —— once give me leave to form, such as no turn of fortune can again recall. But what am I saying, and to whom; to him who has robbed me of my peace and of my life. Can he now dry up those tears which he himself has caused to flow; or can he heal those wounds which he has so deeply inflicted? But the worst is past, all the passions that have distracted me since I received your unfeeling mandate, to forget and be faithless to him on whom my heart doated, are hushed, and what little spirit remains, will soon give way to the Supreme Director of all!"

She was in her 20th year! To the beauty of her form, and the excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive, who died a few years be-

fore, had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her manners, and cultivate her mind, every endeavor had been used, and they had been attended with success. Few young ladies attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less. She died when every tongue was eloquent in praise of her virtue, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

MELANCHOLY FATE OF TEN SEAMEN.

The following account of the miserable fate of ten men, who were surprised by the savages in New Zealand, and put to death and eaten, is extracted from the journal of one of the crew, that was ordered to make search for the unhappy sufferers. The ship Adventurer, to which they belonged, returned from the South Seas in 1774.

On the 30th of November, 1773, we came to an anchor in Charlotte Sound, on the coast of New Zealand, where the ship being moored, and the boat sent ashore, a letter was found, which informed us that the Resolution had been there, and had sailed six days before we arrived.

On the first of December we sent the tents and empty casks on shore, to the watering-place. The Indians came and visited us, and brought us fish and other refreshments, which we purchased with pieces of cloth and old nails; and they continued this traffic for ten or twelve days, seemingly very well pleased.

On the 13th, some of them came down in the night, and robbed the tents; the astronomer, getting up to make an observation, missed some things, and charged the sentinel with taking them; but, while they were in discourse, they spied an Indian creeping from the shore towards them; they fired at him and wounded him, but he got off and retired to the woods. The report of the gun had alarmed his companions, who deserted the canoe in which they came, and fled likewise into the woods.

The waterers, who were now apprised of what had happened, and were out upon the search, found the canoe, and in it most of the things that had been stolen.

Nothing remarkable happened after this till the 17th, when preparing for our departure, the large cutter, manned with the proper crew, under the command of Mr. John Roe, the first mate, accompanied by Mr. Woodhouse, midshipman, and James Tobias Swilley, the carpenter's servant, was sent up the sound to Grass-cove, to gather greens and wild celery.

At two in the afternoon the tents were struck, every thing got on board, and the ship made ready for sailing the next day. Night coming on, and no cutter appearing, the captain and officers began to express great uneasiness, fearing some treachery from the savages. They sat up the whole night in expectation of her arrival, but to no purpose. At day-break, the captain ordered the long-boat to be hoisted out, and double manned, with Mr. Burney, second lieutenant, Mr. Freeman, master, the corporal of the marines, with five private men, all well armed, with plenty of ammunition, two wall-pieces, and three days' provision. Thus equipped, about nine in the morning we left the ship, and sailed and rowed for East bay, keeping close in shore, and examining every creek we passed, to find the cutter: we continued our search till two in the afternoon, when we put into a small cove to dress dinner. While that was getting ready, we observed a company of Indians, seemingly very busy, on the opposite shore; we left our dinner, and rowed precipitately to the place where the savages were assembled. On our approach they all fled; we followed them closely to a little town which we found deserted; we searched their huts, and, while thus employed, the savages returned, and made a show of resistance: but, some trifling presents being made their chiefs, they were very soon appeased. However, on our return to our boat, they followed us, and some of them threw stones. After we had dined, we renewed our search, and at proper intervals kept firing our wall-pieces, as signals to the cutter, if any of her people should happen to be within hearing.

About five in the afternoon we entered a small bay, where we saw a large double canoe, and a body of Indians hauling her upon the beach. We quickened our course to come up with them, but they instantly fled on seeing us approach: this made us suspect that some mischief

had been done. On landing, the first thing we saw in the canoe was one of the cutter's rowlock-boards and a pair of shoes tied up together. On advancing farther up the beach, we found several of their baskets, and saw one of their dogs eating a piece of broiled flesh: we examined it, and suspected it to be human; and in one of their baskets having found a hand, which we knew to be the left hand of Thomas Hill, by the letters T. H. being marked on it, we were no longer in doubt about the event. We pursued the savages as far as was practicable, but without success. On our return we destroyed their canoe, and continued our search. At half past six in the evening we entered Grass-cove, where we saw a great many Indians assembled on the beach, and six or seven canoes floating in the surf. We stood in shore, and when the savages saw us, they retreated to a rising hill, close by the water side. We were in doubt, whether it was through fear that they retreated, or with a design to decoy us to an ambuscade. Our lieutenant determined not to be surprised, and therefore, running close in shore, ordered the grappling to be dropped near enough to reach them with our guns, but at too great a distance to be under apprehensions from their treachery. In this position we began to engage, taking aim, and determining to kill as many of them as our guns could reach. It was some time before we dislodged them; but at length, many of them being wounded, and some killed, they began to disperse. Our lieutenant improved their panic, and, supported by the officers and marines, leaped on shore, and pursued the fugitives. We had not advanced far from the water side, before we beheld the most horrible sight that ever was seen by any European; the heads, hearts, livers, and lights of three or four of our people broiling on the fire, and their bowels lying at the distance of about six yards from the fire, with several of their hands and limbs in a mangled condition, some broiled, and some raw; but no other parts of their bodies, which gave cause to suspect that the cannibals had feasted and eaten all the rest. We observed a large body of them assembled on the top of a hill, at about two miles distance; but, night coming on, we durst not advance to attack them: neither was it thought safe to

quit the shore to take account of the number killed, our body being but small, and the savages numerous and fierce. They were armed with long lances, and with weapons not unlike the halberts of our sergeants in shape, made of hard wood, and instead of iron, mounted with bone. We could discover nothing belonging to the cutter but one of the oars, which was broken and stuck in the sand, to which they had tied the fastenings of their canoes. It was suspected that the dead bodies of our people had been divided among the different parties of savages that had been concerned in the massacre; and it was not improbable but that the party that was seen at a distance were feasting upon some of the others, as those on the shore had been upon what were found, before they were disturbed by our crew in the long boat. Be that as it may, we could discover no traces of more than four of their bodies, nor could we tell where the savages had concealed the cutter. It was now near night, and our lieutenant, not thinking it safe to trust our crew in the dark, in an open boat, within reach of these cannibal barbarians, ordered the canoes to be broken up and destroyed; and, after carefully collecting the remains of our mangled companions, we made the best of our way from this polluted place, and got on board the ship before midnight. About four the next morning we weighed anchor, and about seven got under way, and pursued our course home. In the mean time, the surgeon examined the remains of the bodies brought on board, but could not make out to whom they belonged; so they were decently laid together, and, with the usual solemnity on board ships, committed to the deep.

LOVE IN THE WILDS.

Late in the autumn of 1778, some gentlemen were making a tour of the western part of New York, a journey executed at that time with difficulty, and in many places impracticable. The sites of those beautiful towns and villages, which now line the road through which the travellers passed, were then covered with impervious woods

which few men had beheld, and fewer yet had thought of making the scene of their habitations and their homes. Tedious was then the route which now affords such pleasure; men hurried from a spot where social intercourse scarcely existed, and where the solitary Indian hunter still reigned the undisturbed lord. Towards the close of a delightful autumnal day, as they were gently entering in a boat the beautiful lake of Oneida, and had just emerged from the embouchure of Wood Creek, the languid strokes of a distant oar caught the ear of our travellers; it sounded nearer and nearer, and they soon found it proceeded from a small canoe, rowed by one solitary individual. As it approached alongside, they asked him whither he was destined? He sullenly answered, he was bound to Oneida Castle. His appearance excited the attention of the party: his garments were faded, though not in tatters; his face such as a Salvador Rosa would have loved to portray; his accent bespoke him of French descent. He passed on as if wishing to hold no further converse; and our travellers had scarcely ceased wondering at the incident, before his canoe was far behind them.

The boat slowly proceeded on, the sun had sunk below the horizon, and the shades of night were thickening fast, when an island of considerable extent appeared before them. Although the party had heard of its existence, and the name by which it was known by the boatmen of the lake, yet no person was known to have ever before visited it, or landed on its shores; the boatmen called it, "Hoger Bust," (in English "High Breast,") a Dutch appellation, which its appearance and situation rendered apt and appropriate. The nearer they approached, they were surprised at perceiving marks of cultivation; convinced that it must be inhabited, they shouted loudly, but no one answered to their call. They then landed, and notwithstanding the night had set in, with lights which they struck in the boat they traced their way through a short wood, and suddenly entered at the end of it upon an avenue of shrubbery, and twigs of trees interwoven in the form of lattice-work, lining each side of the walk; at the termination of which a rude hut was visible. They knocked at the door, and it was opened by a female, who accosted

them in French: they informed her of the cause of their visit, and then asked her if she was not disturbed by the noise and cry they made? She told them she was not, for she thought it was occasioned by the Indians, who were her friends. Our travellers beheld her with surprise; she was clothed in coarse and uncouth attire, had no shoes on her feet, and her long hair hung in wild luxuriance down her back; her air and mien were, however, those of a person educated and accomplished. She seemed scarcely twenty; her size was small, and her interesting appearance was heightened by an eye full of intelligence and expression. On informing her of their wish to remain on the island during the night, she politely requested them to make use of her house; this, however, they, with many thanks, declined, but pitched their tents near it, whilst the bargemen slept on the shore, near the boat. Next morning, they paid their respects to the interesting recluse, and received from her the following particulars of her history: The man whom they had met on the lake, was, she said, her husband, who had gone to the Castle of Oneida to procure provisions. They had been some time inhabitants of this solitude, though not always on the island they now occupied; they had resided for months in the Castle of Oneida, among the Indians; she described them as mild and unoffending, that she had formed friendships there which had even to that day been of service to herself and husband; and, as the Indians had not forgotten them, they occasionally left at their secluded settlement, on a return from their hunting excursions, a portion of their game. She had herself, she said, learned to fish and fowl; had often swam from one island to another; and employed her gun with great success in the destruction of wild fowl. Such was all that the fair stranger was pleased to disclose of a life evidently of no ordinary cast, and the travellers not wishing to embarrass her by questions as to the cause of her seclusion, intimated their intention of leaving the island immediately. On hearing this, she flew, with an eager avidity to oblige, to the garden, and with her own hands dug up vegetables from the ground, and presented them to her guests. Before they departed, they selected some wines out of their stores, and other articles which would

be luxurious for her in this comparative wilderness, and left them where she was sure to find them, considering it an indelicacy to make her a direct offer of them. They then left the island, uttering an inward prayer for her welfare. On their way back, they stopped at a settlement some miles down the lake, and having related their adventure to some of the settlers, were informed, that the lady had been once a nun in France; that she had been taken from a convent in Lisle, by the person they met alone in the canoe, and carried to America; that the cause of his occupying the island was his extreme jealousy; that he rigorously restrained her from going any where from it, and had refused to allow her to visit a wife of one of the settlers, who had made a request to that purpose. How strange that such feelings should pervade a man among the wilds of the forest; that he should not think the being on whom he has placed his earthly affection secure in a solitary isle, which holds but her and himself for its inhabitants!

From an old memorandum book of one of the party.

REMARKABLE PARRICIDE.

A MAN was tried for and convicted of the murder of his own father. The evidence against him was merely circumstantial, and the principal witness was his sister. She proved that her father possessed a small income, which, with his industry, enabled him to live with comfort; that her brother, the prisoner, who was his heir at law, had long expressed a great desire to come into the possession of his father's effects; and that he had long behaved in a very undutiful manner to him, wishing, as the witness believed, to put a period to his existence by uneasiness and vexation; that, on the evening the murder was committed, the deceased went a small distance from the house, to milk a cow he had for some time kept, and that the witness also went out to spend the evening and to sleep, leaving only her brother in the house; that, returning home early in the morning, and finding that her father and brother were absent, she was much alarmed, and sent for some neighbors

to consult with them, and to receive advice what should be done; that in company with these neighbors she went to the hovel in which her father was accustomed to milk the cow, where they found him murdered in the most inhuman manner, his head being almost beat to pieces; that a suspicion immediately falling on her brother, and there being then some snow on the ground, in which the footsteps of a human being to and from the hovel, were observed, it was agreed to take one of the brother's shoes, and to measure therewith the impressions in the snow: this was done, and there did not remain a doubt but that the impressions were made with his shoes. Thus confirmed in their suspicions, they then immediately went to the prisoner's room, and after a diligent search, they found a *hammer* in the corner of a private drawer, with several spots of blood upon it, and with a small splinter bone, and some brains in a crack which they discovered in the handle. The circumstances of finding the deceased and the hammer, as described by the former witness, were fully proved by the neighbors whom she had called: and upon this evidence the prisoner was convicted, and suffered death, but denied the act to the last. About four years after, the witness was extremely ill, and understanding that there were no possible hopes of her recovery, she confessed that her father and brother having offended her, she was determined they should both die; and accordingly when the former went to milk the cow, she followed him with her brother's hammer, and in his shoes; that she beat out her father's brains with the hammer, and then laid it where it was afterwards found; that she then went from home to give a better color to this wicked business, and that her brother was perfectly innocent of the crime for which he had suffered. She was immediately taken into custody. but died before she could be brought to trial.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILE.

The following narrative is extracted from Memoirs of M. Henry Masser de la Tude, a gentleman, who was confined thirty-five years in the state prison of France, notwithstanding he escaped once from the Bastile, and twice from the castle of Vincennes.

After recounting a slight offence against Madame de Pompadour, for which he was sent to the Bastile, M. de la Tude relates his removal to the castle of Vincennes, and escape from thence; with his being retaken, and sent again to the Bastile: and then follows his narrative of his second escape, in company with M. d'Alegre, his fellow prisoner; an escape which perhaps is unparalleled in the annals of human ingenuity and perseverance.

As we cast our eyes, says M. de la Tude, on the walls of the Bastile, which are above six feet thick; four iron grates at the windows, and as many in the chimney; and as we considered by how many armed men the prison is guarded; the height of the walls, and the trenches most commonly full of water; it seemed morally impossible for two prisoners, immured in a cell, and destitute of human assistance to make their escape.

It was necessary to have 1400 feet of cord; two ladders, one of wood, from twenty to thirty feet in length, and another of rope 180; to remove several iron grates from the chimney, and to bore a hole, in one night, through a wall many feet thick, at the distance of only fifteen feet from a sentinel. It was necessary to create the articles I have mentioned to accomplish our escape, and we had no resource but our own hands. It was necessary to conceal the wooden and the rope ladder of 250 steps, a foot long and an inch thick, and several other prohibited particulars, in a prisoner's room: though the officers, accompanied by the turnkey, paid us a visit many times a week, and honored our persons with a strict examination.

You must have been confined in the Bastile, to know how wretches are treated there. Figure to yourself ten years spent in a room without seeing or speaking to the prisoner over your head. Many times have there been

immured, the husband, the wife, and a family of children, for a number of years, without either apprehending that a relation was near. You never hear any news there; let the king die, let the ministry be totally changed, you are not told a syllable of the matter. The officers, the surgeon, the turnkeys, say nothing to you but, "Good morning! Good evening! Do you stand in need of any thing?"

There is a chapel in which is daily performed one mass, and on holy days and Sundays three. In the chapel are five little closets; the prisoner is placed in one of these, when the magistrate gives him leave to be present at the celebration of that ceremony; he is taken back after the elevation; so that no priest ever views the face of a prisoner; and the latter never sees more than the back of the priest. Mr. Berrier had granted me permission to hear mass on Sundays and Wednesdays, and had allowed the same liberty to my companion. He had given that leave also to the prisoner who lodged above us. I had observed that this prisoner never made any noise; he did not so much as move his chair, nor even cough, &c. He went to mass on our days, descended the first, and returned up stairs after us. My mind being constantly intent on my scheme of escaping, I told my companion that I had a mind to take a view of the stranger's room at our return from mass, and I desired him to forward my wish by putting his tweezer-case in his handkerchief; and when we had regained the second story, to contrive by pulling out his handkerchief, that the tweezer-case should fall down the stairs, to the greatest distance possible; and that he should desire the turnkey, who usually attended us, to go and pick it up. This was no sooner proposed than done. Being foremost, I ran up without loss of time, drew back the bolt, and opened the door. I examined the height of the room, and found it could not be above ten feet. I shut the door again, and had leisure to measure one, two, and three steps of the staircase; I counted their number from that chamber to ours; and discovered a difference of about five feet. As the separation was not a stone arch, I readily perceived it could not be five feet thick, and consequently must be double.

I then said to my companion, "Never despair! With

a little patience and courage we may make our escape. Here is my estimate (presenting him with a paper:) there is a drum* between the room on the third story and ours." Without looking at the paper, he said, "suppose all the drums of the army were there, how should they help us to escape?" "We do not want the drums of the army, but if, as I think, there is a hollow to conceal my ropes and the other implements we shall have occasion for, I will engage that we shall succeed." "But before we talk of hiding our ropes, we must have them; and we know that it is impossible to get ten feet." "And the ropes," said I, "give yourself no trouble about them, for in my trunk there are more than a thousand feet." He looked at me earnestly and said, "Faith! I believe you have lost your sense! I know the contents of your portmanteau; I am certain there is not a foot of rope in either; and yet you tell me that they hold more than a thousand." "Yes," I replied, "in that trunk are twelve dozen of shirts, six dozen pair of silk stockings, twelve dozen pair of under stockings, five dozen drawers, and six dozen napkins. Now, by unraveling my shirts, stockings, napkins, and drawers, I shall have more than enough to make a thousand feet of rope." "True," said he, "but how shall we remove the iron bars in our chimney? for we have no instruments to accomplish so great an undertaking." I answered, "the hand is the instrument of all instruments; it is that which makes every one of them; men whose heads are capable of working, are never at a loss for resources. Look at the iron hinges of our folding table. I will put each into a handle, give it an edge by whetting it on the tiled floor of our apartment; we have a steel; by breaking it I will manufacture a good knife in less than two hours to make the handles; and the penknife will serve for a thousand purposes."

As soon as we had supped, we pulled one hinge from

* A double ceiling lowered to produce symmetry on a principal story, or to prevent the communication of sounds. Instances of this are to be found in the Adelphi, London, for circulation of air between the coins and the floors, to prevent the rotting of the timber. This singularity in architecture has been particularly adopted by the French; though there are remarkable traces of it in old Gothic buildings, with a view to secure valuables in troublesome times.

our table; with that we took up a tile from our floor, and set about digging so successfully, that in six hours we performed it, and found that there were two floors three feet distant from each other. From this moment we considered our escape as a certainty. We replaced the tile, which had no appearance of having been removed. Next day I broke our steel, and made a penknife of it, and with this instrument we formed handles to the hinges of our table. We gave an edge to each; then we unraveled two of our shirts, having ripped them to the hems, drawing out one thread after the other. We braided these strings together, made a certain number of clews of an equal length; and the clews being finished, we divided them in two, which formed two large bottoms; there were fifty threads in each bottom, sixty feet long. We then twisted them, and formed a rope fifty-five feet long; and with the wood they brought us for firing made twenty rounds, which connected by the rope, became a ladder twenty foot long. At last we began with the most difficult undertaking, the removal of the iron bars from the chimney. To accomplish this, we fastened our rope ladder with a weight to the end of it, and by means of the steps supported ourselves, while we displaced the bars. In a few months we loosened them all, but restored them to their places, ready to be removed at any time we wanted them. This was a troublesome piece of work. We never descended without bloody hands; and our bodies were so bruised in the chimney, that we could not renew our toil for an hour afterwards.

This labor over we wanted a wooden ladder of twenty feet, from the trench to reach the parapet where the guards are posted, and that way to enter the governor's garden. Every day they gave us wood for firing, about twenty inches long. We still wanted blocks and many other things, and our two hinges were not fit for these purposes, much less to saw billets. In a few hours, from an iron candlestick, with the other fragment of the steel, I made an excellent saw. With the penknife, the hinges, the saw, we began to shape and smooth our billets, to make at each end a kind of joint or mortise, and tenants to fix in one another, with two holes, one to receive a round, and one peg to prevent their shaking; and as fast as we finish-

ed a part of our ladder, we concealed it between the two floors.

With these implements we made a pair of compasses, a square, a reel, blocks, steps, &c.

As the officers and turnkeys often entered our apartment in the day time, when we least expected them, we were obliged not only to hide our tools, but the smallest chips and rubbish that we made, the least of which would have betrayed us. We had likewise given each of them a private name: for instance, we called the saw Faunus, the reel Anubis, the hinges Tubal Cain, the drum Polyphemus, in allusion to the fabulous grotto; the wooden ladder Jacob, the steps suckers, a rope a dove, &c. When any person was coming in, he who was next the door said to the other, Tubal Cain, Faunus, Anubis, Dove, &c., and the other threw his handkerchief over what was to be concealed, or removed it; for we were always on our guard.

Not having materials sufficient to form two sides to our wooden ladder, it had only one pole, twenty feet long, in which were inserted twenty rounds, fifteen inches long, that projected from the pole six inches on each side, and every round with its peg was fastened with packthread, so that it was impossible to slip in using it by night. When this ladder was finished, we had it in Polyphemus, that is, in the hollow of the floor; we then set to work about the ropes of the great ladder, which was to be 180 feet long. We unraveled our shirts, napkins, stockings, drawers, &c. As fast as we made a clew of certain length, we hid it in Polyphemus; and when we had completed a sufficient number, in one night we twisted our capital rope.

All round the Bastile is an entablature, which projects three or four feet. We were convinced that every step of our descent the ladder would vibrate from side to side, and at those intervals, the steadiest head might be overpowered. To prevent either of us from being crushed by a fall, we made a second rope 360 feet long, or twice the measure of the height of the tower. This rope was to pass through a kind of fixed pulley, that there might be no danger of its sticking between the sides and iron box of the latter, and thus either of us, whether above or below the tower, by means of this cord, might sustain his comrade in the air,

and prevent his descending too fast. Besides these, we made shorter cords, to fasten our rope-ladder and our block to a piece of cannon, and for other foreseen exigencies.

When these cords were all ready, their measure was four hundred feet. We had still to make two hundred steps for the great ladder and the wooden one; and to prevent the steps of the rope-ladder from rustling against the wall as we descended, we covered them with the linings of our bed-gowns, under-waistcoats, &c. These preparations cost us eighteen months' work, night and day.

I have described the requisites we needed, to get through our chimney on the platform of the Bastile, to descend thence into the trench, to get up the parapet, and enter the governor's garden, to descend again, by means of our wooden ladder, or another, into the great trench by the gate of St. Anthony, the spot that was to bless us with our liberty. We required, besides, a dark, stormy night: yet a dreadful evil might intervene; it might happen to rain from five in the evening till nine or ten, and then the weather might become fair. In that case, the sentinels walking round the Bastile from one post to another, not only all our toil would be lost, but instead of receiving any consolation, we should be sent to the dungeon, and while the Marchioness continued in power, be watched with additional rigor. We were much alarmed with the apprehension of this danger, but by reflecting on it, I discovered the means of its removal. I informed my companion, that since the building of this wall, the Seine had overflowed at least 300 times: that its waters must have dissolved the salts contained in the mortar, the depth of half an inch every time, and that consequently it would be easy for us to perforate a hole in it, by which we might escape with less hazard. That we might obtain a gimblet, by drawing a screw out of our bedstead, to which we would fix a good cross handle; and with it might make some holes in the joining of the stones, to stick in them our iron bars, by which we might remove more than five tons weight with the purchase of the lever, and so might easily pierce the wall that separates the trench of the Bastile from that of St. Anthony's gate. There would be a thousand times less risk in

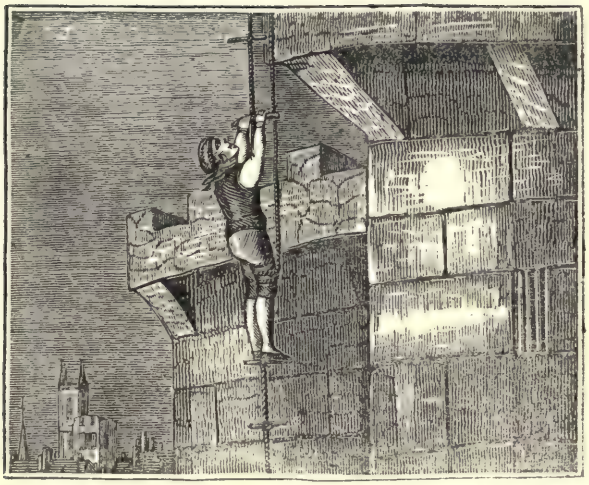
issuing by this method, than by getting out on the parapet, and passing under the very noses of the sentinels, &c. M. d'Alegre agreed to this, and said that should we be foiled in this perforation, it would be still less hazardous than to scale a corner of the wall, as we had heretofore intended by the parapet; a resource that would be left us should our other attempt be frustrated by insurmountable obstacles. Accordingly we made wrappers for our iron bars; we drew out the bed screw, and made a gimblet of it: in short, when our apparatus was ready, though the river had overflowed, and the water was three or four feet deep in each trench, we resolved to depart the next evening, the 25th of February, 1756.

Besides my trunk, I had a large leathern portmanteau; and not questioning that all the clothes on our backs would be soaked by working in the water, we filled this portmanteau with a complete suit, not omitting the best of every article left us. Next day, as soon as we had dined, we fitted up our great ladder, with its flight of steps, and then hid it under our beds, that it might not be discovered by the turnkey, when he brought our supper. We next adjusted our wooden ladder, then made up the rest into several bundles, being free from the apprehension of any visit, till the usual hour of five. The two iron bars for which we had occasion were pulled down, and put into their wrappers, both to prevent a noise, and that we might handle them more conveniently. We had provided a bottle of usquebaugh, to keep us warm and recruit our strength, should we be obliged to work in the water. This proved a very necessary precaution; for without the assistance of that liquor, we should never have been able to stand up to the neck in the wet for six hours.

The critical moment now arrived. Our supper was scarcely brought, when in spite of a rheumatic pain in my left arm, I set about climbing up the chimney, and had a hard struggle to reach the top. I was almost smothered with the soot, not being aware that chimney-sweepers arm their elbows and loins with defensives, and put a sack over their heads, to secure them from the dust. My elbows and knees were accordingly flayed; the blood streaming from my elbows to my hands, and from my knees down

to my legs. At last I got to the top of the chimney, where I placed myself astride, and thence unwound a ball of packthread, to the end of which my companion had agreed to fasten the strongest rope that held my portmanteau: by this I drew it up, and lowered it on the platform. I retuned the rope, to which my companion tied the wooden ladder. I drew up, in the same manner, the two iron bars, and the rest of our parcels. When I had these, I again let down my packthread to raise the rope ladder, drawing up the superfluous length, that by the end my companion might mount the chimney with more facility than I had done; and at his signal I fastened it. He ascended with ease; we finished drawing up the remainder, and hung the whole in such a manner across the chimney, that we descended both at once on the platform, serving as a counterpoise to each other.

Two horses would not have been able to remove all our luggage. We began with rolling up our rope ladder, which made a volume five feet high and a foot thick, and we wheeled this kind of millstone on the tower of the treasury, which we thought most favorable for our descent. We fastened this ladder securely to a piece of cannon, and then let it gently down into the trench. In the same manner we fastened our block, passing through it the rope 360 feet long; and when we had moved aside all our other parcels, I tied my thigh securely to the rope of the block, got on the ladder, and, in proportion as I descended its steps, my comrade let out the rope of the block; but notwithstanding this precaution, every time I moved, my body resembled a kite dancing in the air, so that, had this happened by daylight, of a thousand persons who might have seen me reeling, not one but what would have given me over for lost; yet I arrived safe in the trench. Immedi ately my companion lowered my portmanteau, the iron bars, the wooden ladder, and all our equipage, which I placed in the dry, on a little rising above the surface of the water, at the foot of the tower. He next fastened the rope of the block, at the other end, above his knee, and, when he had given me a signal, I performed the same manœuvre below, which he had done for me above, to sustain me in the air, and to prevent a fall. I took the



WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILE.

See page 156, vol. I.

further precaution to place the last step under my thighs, by sitting on it, to spare him the disagreeable vibration which I had experienced. He got down to me, though, during the whole, the sentinel could not be above thirty feet from us walking on the corridor, as it did not rain, which prevented our mounting thither, to get into the garden, according to our first plan. We were therefore obliged to make use of our iron bars; I took one of them with the gimblet, on my shoulder, and my companion the other. We proceeded directly to the wall that parts the trench of the Bastile from that of St. Anthony's Gate, between the garden and the governor's house. There was in this place a small trench, six feet wide, and about four feet deep, which wetted us up to the arm-pits.

At the moment that I began with my gimblet to bore a hole between two stones, to insert our levers, the major's round passed us with the great lantern, but twelve feet, at most, over our heads. To conceal ourselves, we stood up to the chin in water, and when it was gone, I soon made two or three small holes with my gimblet, and in a short time we got a large stone out. We then attacked a second and a third stone. The second watch passed us, and we again slipped into the water up to our chin. We were obliged to perform this ceremony regularly every half hour that we were disturbed by the watch. Before midnight we had displaced two wheelbarrows of stones; and, in a few hours, had made a breach in the wall, which is four feet and a half thick. I immediately bade d'Alegre get out, and wait for me on the other side: and should I meet with any misfortune in fetching the portmanteau, to flee at the least noise. Thanks to Heaven! I got it without any disaster; he drew it out, I followed, and gladly left the rest of our baggage behind us.

In the trench of St. Anthony's gate we thought ourselves out of danger. He held one end of my portmanteau, and I the other, taking the way to Bercy. We had scarcely advanced fifty steps, when we fell into the aqueduct in the middle of that great trench, with at least six feet of water over our heads. My companion, instead of gaining the other side, for the aqueduct is not six feet wide, dropped the portmanteau to hang on me. Thus dangerously

entangled, with a jerk I made him let go his hold, clinging at the same moment to the opposite side, and plunging my arm in the water, drew him towards me by the hair of his head, and afterwards my portmanteau, which floated on the surface. We were not till now out of danger. Here ended the horrors of that dreadful night.

As the trench formed a declivity, thirty paces from thence we were on dry ground. Then we embraced each other, and fell on our knees to thank God for the great mercy he had bestowed on us, that neither of us had been dashed to pieces in the fall, and that he had restored us to liberty. Our rope ladder was so exact, as not to be a foot too long, or too short; every part of it was so well disposed, that not an inch was out of its place. All the clothes on our backs were thoroughly soaked, but we had provided for this inconvenience by those in my portmanteau, which being well covered at top with dirty linen, and carefully packed, were not injured by a drop of water.

Our hands were galled by drawing out the stones to form a breach; and what may be thought surprising is, that we were less cold up to the neck in water, than on dry ground, when a universal tremor seized us, and we almost lost the use of our hands. I was obliged to be my friend's valet-de-chambre, and he in return mine. As we mounted the slope it struck four o'clock. We took the first hackney-coach, and went to the house of Mr. Silhouette, chancellor of the Duke of Orleans; but as unluckily he was at Versailles, we flew for refuge to the abbey of St. Germain-dez-prez.

Such is the narrative of this extraordinary escape. The unfortunate author proceeds to relate the various interesting circumstances that followed, till he was retaken and reconducted to the Bastile. His removal to the castle of Vincennes, his escape from thence, his recapture, and confinement in Bicetre, with his subsequent sufferings, are equally interesting. Humanity must shudder at the following paragraph, in which M. de la Tude mentions the fate of his fellow sufferer!

"Poor d'Alegre, my companion in adversity, not able to stand the shock of such rigorous treatment, became raving

mad. He was still living in 1777, when he had been removed to the hospital for lunatics at Charenton, governed by the friars of the order of Charity, a habitation which in all probability, they likewise intended for me; for they one day allowed me the barbarous privilege of seeing my friend plunged in those dreary cells. I found him among the incurables, and at sight of him in that horrid situation, could not withhold my tears. Surely this was an entertainment granted purposely to rack me with despair! I told him my name, and that it was I who had escaped with him from the Bastile. But he did not recollect me. He answered, 'No; he was God.'

"Perpetual imprisonment has been reckoned a favor to a criminal; but from my own experience, and what I have witnessed of others, with whose sufferings I have been too familiar, I will venture to affirm, that it would be a thousand times more humane in a judge to deprive a culprit of his life by the most cruel tortures, than to condemn him to perpetual imprisonment. In the first case his wretched existence must terminate in less than an hour; whereas, in a lingering imprisonment, he suffers every moment the pangs of a thousand deaths."

What exquisite refinement in cruelty! But poor de la Tude's own situation appears from the following extract from a memorial of M. de Comeyras: "It was on occasion of the dauphin's birth, when the king had appointed the commission to release prisoners not guilty of capital offences, that the cardinal de Rohan, who was the president, being authorized to set open the prisons, found the wretched la Tude confined ten feet under ground, clad in tatters, his beard a foot and a half long, no bed but straw, nor provision except bread and water. He had the humanity to order him a more tolerable habitation, and to his bounty, and that of several persons of the first rank, who were informed by the good cardinal of his condition, was la Tude indebted for the alms that procured it an alleviation.

"An abandoned villain, stained with the blackest crimes, would have fully atoned for them by thirty five years imprisonment, and its attendant barbarities. How truly pitiable then, is the man whose only fault affected not the king, in his person, estate, or subjects; a fault without a cri-

minal motive, excusable on account of his youth, and which would have been sufficiently punished by six months imprisonment."

It must not be omitted here, that M. de la Tude owed his deliverance, at last, to Madame le Cross, a lady in the middling rank of life. The narrative of her astonishing perseverance in her generous efforts, and of her sufferings in consequence, exhibits a picture of female heroism, and of a virtue almost superhuman, that renders her name worthy of being transmitted to posterity, with the St. Vincent de Pauls, the Howards, and other illustrious benefactors of mankind.

The interference, however, of the cardinal de Rohan, procured only an alleviation of his sufferings, and it was not till the 28th of March, 1784, that the wretched de la Tude was discharged with a pension of four hundred livres a year. And thus he himself describes the horrors of his captivity:

"I have languished twelve thousand one hundred and sixty-three days in the different prisons to which I have been successively removed. From this number of days, days of which each appeared so long, stretched on straw, without a covering, and devoured by odious reptiles, reduced to scanty allowance of bread and water for subsistence, I have groaned three thousand and sixty-seven in the damp infection, and gloom of dungeons; and for twelve hundred and eighteen of those days, or rather those endless nights of horror, my hands and feet have been bruised and torn by the vile incumbrance of fetters.

"Such a length of torments would be thought, no doubt, a punishment too excessive for the most guilty criminal. Let then my fault be compared with the boundless vengeance that has pursued it, and say, on viewing the picture can you refuse the tear of pity to my calamity?"

REMARKABLE ESCAPE AND SUFFERINGS OF CAPTAIN WILSON

The hero of this narrative is Captain James Wilson, who, several years ago commanded the ship Duff, belong-

ing to the missionaries, who were fitted out for the South Sea Islands. The particulars exhibit another instance, in addition to the many already upon record, of the fortitude of man, and the possibility of bearing hardships, which seem beyond the common powers of human nature.

Captain Wilson was taken by the French, as he was going with a very valuable cargo of military stores to Sir Edward Hughes, whose ammunition had been nearly exhausted in the well known conflict with Suffrein. He was carried into Cuddalore, in India, which had been taken by the French, and there he found the crew of the Hannibal, in the same captivity. He was permitted, with other officers, to be at large on his parole, and hoped shortly to be exchanged.

Hyder Ali had at that time overrun and wasted a great part of the Carnatic; and in conjunction with the French, after taking Cuddalore, hoped to expel the English from all that territory. He had lately defeated colonel Baily's detachment, and made them prisoners. He used every effort to get as many of the English as possible into his power, either to tempt them into his service, or gratify his brutality by putting them to death. He had bribed Suffrein, with three hundred thousand rupees, to surrender up to him all his prisoners at Cuddalore; and the order being communicated to the commander of the fort, nothing could exceed the indignation and grief, which he and his officers testified at such an infamous bargain. However, as he dared not disobey the orders of his superior, he informed the gentlemen on parole of the transaction, and the necessity of delivering them up the next day, to the escort appointed to carry them to Seringapatam.

Captain Wilson no sooner received the intelligence, than he determined that very night, if possible, to attempt his escape from a captivity which appeared to him worse than death. He had observed as he walked the ramparts, the possibility of dropping down into the river; and though he neither knew the height of the wall, nor the width of the rivers, which were to be crossed, before he could reach a neutral settlement, he determined to seize the moment of delay, and risk the consequences, whatever danger or difficulty might be in the way.

He communicated his resolution to a brother officer, and a Bengalese boy, servant, who both resolved to accompany him in his flight. It was concerted between them to meet on the ramparts, just before the guard was set, as it grew dark, and silently drop down from the battlement. Before the hour appointed, his companion's heart failed him. About seven o'clock, he, with his boy, Toby, softly ascended the rampart unperceived, and the captain leaping down, uncertain of the depth, pitched on his feet: but the shock of so great a descent, about forty feet, made his chin strike against his knees, and tumbled him headlong into the river, which ran at the foot of the wall, and he dreaded lest the noise of the dash into the water would discover him. He recovered himself, however, as soon as possible, and returned to the foot of the wall, where there was a dry bank, bid the boy drop down, and caught him in his arms.

All that part of the Tanjore country is low, and intersected with a number of rivers, branching off from the great Coleroon: these must all necessarily be crossed. He inquired, therefore, of the boy, if he could swim; but found he could not. This was very embarrassing, but he resolved not to leave him behind, and therefore took him on his back, being an excellent swimmer and carried him over. They pushed toward Porto Nuovo, about four leagues and a half from Cuddalore. They had passed three arms of the river, and advanced at as great a pace as they possibly could, to make use of the night, since their hope of safety depended chiefly on the distance they could reach before the morning light. Not far from Porto Nuovo, a seapoy sentinel challenged, "Who goes there?" on which they shrunk back and concealed themselves, turning down to the river side. The river in that place was very wide, and being near the sea, the tide ran in with great rapidity. He took, however, the boy on his back, as he had done before, and bid him be sure only to hold by his hands, and cast his legs behind him: but when they came into the breakers, the boy was frightened, and clung round the captain with his legs so fast, as almost to sink him. With difficulty he struggled with the waves, and turning back to the shore, found they must inevitably perish together, if he thus attempted to proceed. Therefore, setting the boy safe on

land, he bid him go back to Dr. Mein, who would take care of him; but the poor lad has never since been heard of, though the most diligent inquiries were made after him. As delay was death to him, he plunged again into the stream, and buffeting the waves pushed for the opposite shore; but he found the tide running upward so strong, that in spite of all his efforts he was carried along with the current, and constrained, at a considerable distance, to return to the same side of the river. Providentially, at the place where he landed, he discovered by the moonlight, dry on the beach, a canoe, which he immediately seized, and was drawing down to the river, when two black men rushed upon him, and demanded whither he was going with that boat. He seized the outrigger of the canoe as his only weapon of defence against the paddles which they had secured, and told them he had lost his way, had urgent business to Tranquebar, and thither he must and would go; and launching with all his remaining strength the canoe into the river, he entreated them to convey him to the other side. The good-natured Hindoos laid down their paddles on the thafts, and while he stood on the stern, rowed him to the opposite shore. He returned them many thanks, having nothing else to give them, and leaping on the beach, immediately pushed forward with all his might. He found he had as great a distance to pass to the Coleroon, as he had already travelled, and therefore continued his course with full speed, the moon shining bright; and before break of day reached the largest arm of the river, of which those he had crossed were branches. Exhausted with the fatigue he had undergone, and dismayed with the width of this mighty stream, he stood for a moment hesitating on the brink: but the approach of morning, and the danger behind him being so urgent, he stretched out his arms to the flood, and pressed for the shore. How long he was in crossing, he could not ascertain: he thought afterwards that he must have slept by the way, from some confused remembrance, as of a person awaking from a state of insensibility, and which he supposes, had lasted half an hour at least. However, with the light of the morning he had reached the land, and flattered himself that all his dangers were passed, and his liberty secure; when, after passing

in a jungle which led to the sea-side, he ascended a sand-bank to look around him. There to his terror and surprise, he perceived a party of Hyder's cavalry scouring the coast; and being discovered by them, they galloped up to him. In a moment they seized, and stripped him naked, unable to fly or resist; and tying his hands behind his back, fastened a rope to them, and thus drove him before them to the head-quarters, several miles distant, under a burning sun, and covered with blisters. He supposed he must have gone that night and day, more than forty miles, besides all the rivers he had crossed. But to what efforts will not the hope of life and liberty prompt? What sufferings and dangers will not men brave to secure them? Yet these were but the beginning of his dangers and sorrows.

The officer at the head-quarters was a Mahometan, one of Hyder's chieftains. He interrogated the poor prisoner sharply who he was, whence he came, and whither going? Mr. Wilson gave him an ingenuous account of his escape from Cuddalore, and the reasons for it, with all the circumstances attending his flight. The moorman, with wrath, looked at him, and said, *jute bat*, "that is a lie," as no man yet ever passed the Coleroon by swimming, for if he had but dipped the tip of his finger in it, the alligators would have seized him. The captain assured him that it was so, and gave him such indubitable evidence of the fact, that he could no longer doubt the relation; when lifting up both his hands, he cried out, *oude ka Adami*, "this is God's man."

He was immediately marched back, naked, and blistered all over, to his former prison. In aggravated punishment for his flight, Hyder refused him permission to join his fellow-officers, his former companions, and thrust him into a dungeon among the meanest captives. Chained to a common soldier, he was next day led out, almost famished, and nearly naked, to march on foot to Seringapatam, in a burning climate, and about five hundred miles distant. The officers beheld his forlorn condition with great concern, unable to procure him any redress; but they endeavored to alleviate his misery, by supplying him with immediate necessaries. One gave him a shirt, another a waistcoat, another stockings and shoes, so that he was once

more covered and equipped for his toilsome journey. But the brutes, his conductors, had no sooner marched him off to the first halting place, than they again stripped him to the skin, and left him only a sorry rag to wrap his middle.

In this wretched state, chained to another fellow-sufferer, under a vertical sun, with a scanty provision of rice only, he had to travel naked and barefoot five hundred miles, insulted by the brutes, who goaded him on all the day, and at night was thrust into a damp, unwholesome prison, crowded with other miserable objects.

On the way they were brought into Hyder's presence, and strongly urged to enlist in his service, thus to obtain their liberty; to induce them to which these horrible severities were inflicted on them, and to escape these at any rate, some of the poor creatures consented. But the captain rejected these offers with disdain, and resolved to prefer death, with all its horrors, to desertion and Mahometanism.

In consequence of the dreadfulness of this march, exposed by day to the heat, and cooped up in a damp prison by night, without clothes, and almost without food, covered with sores, and the irons entering into his flesh, he was in addition to all the rest of his sufferings, attacked with the flux; and how he arrived at Seringapatam alive, so weakened with disease, and fatigue, is wonderful. Yet greater miseries awaited him there. Naked, diseased, and half starved, he was thrust into a noisome prison, destitute of food and medicine, with one hundred and fifty-three fellow sufferers, chiefly highlanders of colonel Macleod's regiment, men of remarkable size and vigor. The very irons which colonel Baily had worn were put on him, weighing thirty-two pounds; and this peculiar rigor, he was informed, was the punishment for his daring to attempt an escape, as well as for his resolute rejection of all the tempting offers made him. The other officers were at large, and among them was General Baird, so lately the avenger of their wrongs, when he stormed this very city. Poor Wilson was imprisoned with the common soldiers, and chained to one of them night and day.

It is hardly possible to express the scenes of unvaried miseries that for two-and-twenty months, he suffered in

this horrible place. The prison was a square, around the walls of which was a kind of barrack for the guard. In the middle was a covered place open on all sides, exposed to the wind and rain. There, without any bed but the earth, or covering but the rags wrapped around him, he was chained to a fellow sufferer, and often so cold, that they have dug a hole in the earth, and buried themselves in it, as some defence from the chilling blasts of the night. Their whole allowance was only a pound of rice a day *per* man, and one rupee for forty days, or one *pice* a day, less than a penny, to provide salt and firing to cook the rice. It will hardly be believed, that it was among their eager employments to collect the white ants, which pestered them in the prison, and fry them to procure a spoonful or two of their buttery substance. A state of raging hunger was never appeased by an allowance scarcely able to maintain life; and the rice was so full of stones, that captain Wilson could not chew, but swallow it; and often, he said, he was afraid to trust his own fingers in his mouth, lest he should be tempted to bite them.

The noble and athletic highlanders were among the first victims. Flux and dropsy daily diminished their numbers. Often the dead corpse was unchained from his arm in the morning, that another living sufferer might take his place, and fall by the same disease. How his constitution could endure such suffering is astonishing. Yet he had recovered from the flux, which he carried into the prison, and for a year maintained a state of health beyond his fellows; but worn down with misery, cold, hunger, and nakedness, he was attacked with the usual symptoms which had carried off so many others. His body enormously distended, his thighs as big as his waist before, and his face enormously bloated, death seemed to have seized him for his prey. How he survived such accumulated misery, exhausted with famine and disease, and the unwholesome vapors of a prison thickening around him, and the iron entering into his flesh, is next to a miracle.

Reduced now to the extremity of weakness, his chains too strait to be endured, and threatening mortification, he seemed to touch the moment of his dissolution, and was released from them to lie down and die. The soldier to

whom he had been last chained had served him with great affection, while others who had been linked together, often quarreled, and rendered mad by their sufferings, aggravated each other's miseries. Seeing him thus, to all appearance near his end, and thinking it might alleviate his pain, Sam entreated he might spend for oil, the daily *pice*, about three farthings, paid them, to anoint his legs, but the captain objected, that he should then have nothing to buy firing and salt to cook the next day's provision. Sam shook his head, and said, master, before that I fear you will be dead, and never want it. But who can tell what a day may bring forth? He had exchanged his allowance of rice that day for a small species of *gram* called *ratche pier*, which he eagerly devoured, and being very thirsty, he drank the liquid in which they were boiled, and this produced such an amazing evacuation, that in the course of a few hours, his legs and thighs and body, from being bloated ready to burst, were reduced to a skeleton, and though greatly weakened, he was completely relieved: and afterwards recommended the trial with success to many of his fellow-prisoners. His irons were now replaced, though less heavy; and being mere skin and bones, they would slip over his knees and leave his legs at liberty.

The ravages of death had now thinned their rank, and few remained the living monuments of Hyder Ali's cruelty and malignity; nor would those probably have conflicted with their miseries many more months or days; but the victories of Sir Eyre Coote, happily humbled this sovereign, and compelled him relunctantly to submit, as one of the conditions of peace, to the release of all the British captives. With these glad tidings, after twenty-two months spent on the verge of the grave, Mr. Law, son of the bishop of Carlisle, arrived at Seringapatam, and to him the prison doors flew open; but, what a scene presented itself! Emaciated, naked, covered with ulcers, more than half dead, only thirty-two remained out of one hundred and fifty-three brave men, to tell the dismal tale of the sufferings of their prison house.

Their humane and compassionate deliverer immediately provided them with clothes, dressing for their wounds, and food for their hunger; but now the mercies threatened to

be more fatal to them than even their miseries. The ravenousness of their appetite could not be restrained; and though cautioned and warned against excess, they devoured the meat provided with such keen avidity, that their stomachs, long unaccustomed to animal food, were incapable of digestion. Captain Wilson was of the number, who could not bridle his cravings; the sad effects immediately followed. He was siezed that night with a violent fever, became delirious, and for a fortnight his life was despaired of. In his prison, under sufferings more than human nature seemed capable of enduring, he had struggled through, and for the most part enjoyed a state of health and strength, but now in the moment of liberty, joy and abundance, he received a stroke more severe than he had before undergone. He was a more wretched being, surrounded by kind friends, and every humane attention, than he had been, destitute, famished, covered with sores, and lying naked on the floor of a dungeon.

Being restored, however, and capable of accompanying his countrymen, he descended the Gauts, and proceeded on to Madras, Lord Macartney had forwarded a supply of clothes to meet them, but there not being a sufficiency for all, some had one thing and some another; to Mr. Wilson's share, a very large military hat fell, which, with a banyan and pantaloons, with many a breach, made his meagre figure very much resemble a maniac. Impatient to visit his friends, he walked on from the last halting place, and the sentries hardly would let him pass. He hastened to a friend whose name was Ellis, and knocking at the door, inquired of the servants for their master and mistress. The footman stared at him, said they were not at home, and were shutting the door against him, when he pressed in, rushed by them and threw himself down on a sofa. The servants were Mahometans, who hold the insane in much reverence, and such they supposed him; without any violence, therefore, used to remove him, captain Wilson was permitted quietly to repose himself: and being tired, he fell into the most profound sleep, in which state his friends found him, and hardly recognized him, he was so altered. They left him thus sound asleep till the evening, when the lustres were lighted, and several friends assem-

bled, curious to hear the story of his miserable captivity. When he awoke and saw the glare of light, and the persons around him, he could scarcely recover his recollection, and for a moment seemed as if he had dropped into some enchanted abode. The welcome and kind treatment of his friends, who supplied all his wants, soon restored him to his former life and spirits; and he began to think of new service, as he had as yet obtained but a scanty provision, which his long captivity had not much increased, though he received the arrears of his pay.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF A DUTCHMAN.

On a high, steep promontory, called Ladder Hill, upon the island of St. Helena, the height of which cannot be much less than eight hundred feet, an extraordinary accident happened to a Dutch sailor, in 1759. This man, coming out of the country after dark, and being in liquor, mistook the path then in use, and turned to the left instead of the right; he continued his journey with great difficulty, till finding the descent no longer practicable, he took up his residence for the night in a chink of the rock and fell asleep. Late in the morning he waked, and what was his horror and astonishment to find himself on the brink of a precipice one hundred fathoms deep! He attempted to return back, but found it impossible to climb the crags he had descended.

After having passed several hours in this dreadful situation, he discovered some boys on the beach at the foot of the precipice, bathing in the sea; hope of relief made him exert his voice to the utmost, but he had the mortification to find that the distance prevented his being heard.

He then threw one of his shoes towards them, but it unfortunately fell without being perceived. He threw the other and was more fortunate; for it fell at the feet of one of the boys who was just coming out of the water: the youth looked up, and with great surprise, saw the poor Dutchman waving his hat, and making other signs of distress.

They hastened to the town, and telling what they had seen, great numbers of people ran to the heights over head, from whence they could see the man, but were nevertheless at a loss how to save him. At last a coil of strong rope was procured, and one end being fastened above, the other was reeved down over the place where he stood. The sailor instantly laid hold of it, and with an agility peculiar to people of his profession, in a little time gained the summit.

As soon as he found himself safe, he produced an instance of provident carefulness, truly Dutch, by pulling out of his bosom a China punch bowl, which, in all his distress, he had taken care to preserve unbroken, though the latter must have alarmed the children at once by its noise, and the shoes must have left him to starve, if they had not fallen in sight.

CZERNY—GEORGES.

George Petrowitch, better known by the name of Czerny-Georges, that is to say, Black George, was born of a noble Servian family, in the neighborhood of Belgrade. Before he had attained the age of manhood, he was one day met by a Turk, who, with an imperious air, ordered him to stand out of his way, at the same time declaring that he would blow out his brains. Czerny-Georges, however, prevented him from putting his threat into execution, and by the discharge of a pistol, immediately laid him dead on the ground. To avoid the dangerous consequences of this affair, he took refuge in Transylvania, and entered the military service of Austria, in which he quickly obtained the rank of non-commissioned officer. His captain having ordered him to be punished, Czerny-Georges challenged and killed him. He then returned to Servia, where, at the age of twenty-five, he became the chief of one of those bands of malcontents which infest every part of the Turkish dominions, who pride themselves upon the title of kleptai, or brigand, and whom the non-Mussulman population consider as their avengers and liberators. Czerny

Georges encamped in the thick forest, waged war against the Turks with unheard of cruelty: he spared neither age nor sex, and extended his ravages throughout the whole province of Servia. The Turks having, by way of retaliation, condemned twenty-six of the principal Servians to death, the father of Czerny-Georges determined to abandon the banners of his son, whom he had previously joined The old man even threatened to deliver up the whole troop to the power of the Turks, unless they immediately consented to relinquish the useless contest. Czerny conjured him to alter his resolution; but the old man persisted, and set out for Belgrade. His son followed him. Having arrived at the Servian outposts, he threw himself on his knees, and again entreated that his father would not betray his country; but finding him inflexible, he drew out a pistol, fired it, and thus became the murderer of his parent.

The Servians still continued to augment the band of Czerney-Georges. Emboldened by the numerous advantages he had obtained, this chief at length sallied from the forests, besieged Belgrade, and on the 1st of December, 1806, forced that important fortress to surrender. Being proclaimed generalissimo of his nation, he governed it with unlimited power. The principal nobles and ecclesiastics, under the presidency of the archbishop, formed a kind of senate or synod, which assembled at Semendriah, and which claimed the right of exercising the sovereignty. But Czerny-Georges annulled the acts of the assembly, and declared by a decree, that "during his life no one should rise above him; that he was sufficient in himself, and stood in no need of advisers." In 1807, he ordered one of his brothers to be hanged for some trifling want of respect towards him.

The conquest of Servia was accompanied by the massacre of the Turks: no mercy was shown even to those who voluntarily surrendered themselves. Czerny-Georges being attacked by an army of 50,000 Mussulmen, valiantly defended the banks of the Morave; and had he possessed the means of obtaining foreign officers to discipline the intrepid Servians, he might perhaps have re-established the kingdom of Servia, which under Stephen III. resisted the Monguls, and under Stephen Duscian included Bulgaria

Macedonia, and Bosnia. In 1387, Servia, though tributary to the Turks, still retained its national princes, who assumed the title of despots; in 1463, they were succeeded by a Turkish Pasha. Their house became extinct in 1560.

Czerny-Georges was tall and well made; but his appearance was altogether savage and displeasing, owing to the disproportionate length of his countenance, his small and sunken eyes, bald forehead, and his singular method of wearing his hair, gathered together in one enormous tress, which hung down upon his shoulders. His violent spirit was marked by an exterior of coldness and apathy; he sometimes passed whole hours without uttering a single syllable, and he neither knew how to read nor write. He never resorted to the diversion of hunting above once during the year. He was then accompanied by from three to four hundred pandours, who assisted him in waging a deadly war against the wolves, foxes, deer, and wild goats, which inhabit the forests of fertile but uncultivated Servia. The entire produce of his hunting was publicly sold for his own profit. He also sought to augment his patrimony by confiscations.

At the treaty of peace in 1812, Russia provided for the interests of Servia. That province was acknowledged to be a vassal, and tributary to the Porte. Czerny-Georges retired to Russia, and lived at Kissonoff in Bessarabia. This was soon followed by his return to Servia in disguise; his discovery and execution were the immediate consequences.

THE OUTLAW OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

About thirty years ago, there occurred on Norfolk island (a part of New South Wales colony,) a remarkable case of a human being living, during several years, in a state of complete seclusion from man, in a state of outlawry, and in perfect wildness, both as respects habitation, food and raiment. The relation cannot be read without

interest, or without exciting a feeling of compassion towards the unfortunate outcast.

One of the prisoners belonging to the out-gangs, being sent into camp on a Saturday, to draw the weekly allowance of provision for his mess, fell unfortunately into the company of a party of convicts, who were playing cards for their allowance, a thing very frequent among them. With as little resolution as his superior in similar situations, after being awhile a looker-on, he at length suffered himself to be persuaded to take a hand; and, in the event, lost not only his own portion, but that of the whole mess. Being a man of a timid nature, his misfortune overcame his reason, and conceiving his situation among his messmates insupportable, he formed and executed the extravagant resolution of absconding into the glens. Every possible inquiry was now made after him: it was known that he had drawn the allowance of his mess, and almost in the same moment discovered that he had lost it at play; search upon search, however, was made to no purpose. However, as it was impossible that he could subsist without occasional marauding, it was believed that he must shortly be taken in his predatory excursions. These expectations, however, were in vain; for the fellow managed his business with such dexterity, keeping closely within his retreat during the day, and marauding for his subsistence only by night, that, in despite of the narrow compass of the island, he eluded all search. His nocturnal depredations were solely confined to the supply of his necessities; Indian corn, potatoes, pumpkins and melons. He seldom visited the same place a second time; but shifting from place to place, always contrived to make his escape almost before the theft was discovered, or the depredator suspected. In vain was a reward offered for his apprehension, and year after year every possible search instituted; at times it was considered that he was dead, till the revival of the old trade proved that the dexterous and invisible thief still existed.

In the pursuit of him, his pursuers have often been so near him, that he has not unfrequently heard their wishes that they might be so fortunate as to fall in with him. The reward being promised in spirits, a temptation to which many would have sacrificed their brother, excited almost

the whole island to join in the pursuit; and even those whose respectability set them above any pecuniary compensation, were animated with the desire of hunting in so extraordinary a chase. These circumstances concurred to aggravate the terror of the unhappy fugitive, as, from his repeated depredations, he indulged no hope of pardon.

Nothing of this kind, however, was intended; it was humanely thought that he had already sustained sufficient punishment for his original crime, and that his subsequent depredations, being solely confined to necessary food, were venial, and rendered him a subject rather of pity than of criminal infliction. Of these resolutions, however, he knew nothing, and therefore his terror continued.

Chance, however, at length accomplished what had baffled every design. One morning, about break of day, a man going to his labor observed a fellow hastily crossing the road; he was instantly struck with the idea that this must be the man, the object of such general pursuit. Animated with this belief, he exerted his utmost efforts to seize him, and after a vigorous opposition on the part of the poor fugitive, finally succeeded in his design. It was to no purpose to assure the affrighted wretch that his life was safe, and that his apprehension was only sought to relieve him from a life more suited to a beast than a human creature.

The news of this apprehension flew through the island, and every one was more curious than another to gain a sight of this phenomenon, who for upwards of five years had so effectually secluded himself from all human society. Upon being brought into the camp, and the presence of the governor, never did a condemned malefactor feel more acutely; he appeared to imagine that the moment of his execution approached, and, trembling in every joint, seemed to turn his eyes in search of the executioner. His person was such as may well be conceived from his long seclusion from human society; his beard had never been shaved from the moment of his first disappearance; he was clothed in some rags he had picked up by the way in some of his nocturnal peregrinations, and even his own language was at first unutterable and unintelligible by him.

After some previous questions, as to what had induced him to form such a resolution, and by what means he had

so long subsisted, the governor gave him his pardon, and restored him to society, of which he afterwards became a very useful member.

STORY OF A HUNTER.

The following story comes to us from a friend, who actually heard it related by a person in the manner herein described. About thirty-five years ago I moved into this country, which was then nearly a wilderness; no settlements having been made, excepting in a few places on the borders of the lake. I arrived in the spring of the year, and commenced a clearing on the farm I now occupy. By fall I had built a good log-house, and temporary stables for my cattle—had put in the ground ten acres of wheat, and looked forward to the ensuing year for the reward of my labors. My wife and child were all my family; neighbors there were none, nearer than five or six miles, so that visiting or amusements were entirely out of the question. You may, therefore, suppose, that on the approach of a long northern winter, I had ample time to gratify my love for hunting, for which I had always a great fondness. Winter had set in early, and all my cares were confined to keeping a sufficient stock of wood on hand for fuel, which you may imagine was not difficult, when the trees stood at my door, and taking care of the few cattle of which I was then owner. It was one day, I think in the fore part of December, when, having finished my morning's work, I took down my gun, and told my wife that I would, on my return, please her with the sight of a fat deer. Deer are now very plentiful in this part of the country, but then they were so much more so, that there was little merit or difficulty in achieving what I had promised. I took my departure about a northwest course from my cabin, which led me directly into the forest. The snow was about a foot deep, and the wind blowing hard from the north, it drifted much in openings; yet this, I thought, was in my favor, as the noise made among the trees by

the wind, prevented the game from hearing my approach in still hunting. But I was mistaken in my calculations; for I had traveled five or six miles from home, and had not got a shot at a single deer, though I had seen numbers of them; but they were always on the run, and at too great a distance, and all the trees which I saw showed that they had scarcely walked during the day.

I was then a young hunter, but I have since learned that this animal is always on the move, and generally runs throughout winter days, probably from the apprehension of danger from wolves, which follow its scent through the snow. At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, on the edge of which I was struck by the singular appearance of a large stub, twenty-five or thirty feet high, with its bark off. From its scratched surface, I had no doubt it was climbed by raccoons or martins, which probably had also a den in it. From its appearance, I judged it was hollow. The stub at its base might have been seven or eight feet through, but eight or ten feet higher up, its size was much diminished, so that I could grasp sufficiently to ascend it, and ascertain what was within. My gun and great-coat were deposited in a secure place, and being an expert climber, I soon gained the top. As I anticipated, the stub was hollow, the aperture being about two and a half feet in diameter. The day, you will observe, was dark and cloudy, and looking down the hollow, I fancied I could see the bottom at no great distance; but having nothing to put in to ascertain its depth, I concluded that I would try to touch the bottom with my feet. I therefore placed myself in the hole, and lowered myself gradually, expecting every moment that my feet would come in contact with some animal, or the foot of the hollow; but feeling nothing, I unthinkingly continued letting myself down, until my head and hands, and my whole person, were completely within the centre of the stub. At this moment a sudden and strange fear came over me; I know not from what cause, for I am not naturally timid. It seemed to affect me with a sense of suffocation, such as is experienced in dreams under the effects of nightmare. Rendered desperate by my feel-

ings, I made a violent attempt to extricate myself, when the edges of the wood to which I was holding, treacherously gave way, and precipitated me to the bottom of the hole, which I found extended to a level with the ground. I cannot wholly account for it, but probably from the erect position in which my body was necessarily kept in so narrow a tube, and my landing on my feet on a bed of moss, dried leaves, and other soft substances, I sustained little or no injury from so great a fall; and my clothes were but little deranged in my descent, owing, probably, to the smoothness of the surface, produced by the long and frequent passing of the animals to and from their den—for a den I found it to be. After recovering from my fright, I had time to examine the interior. All was dark, and putting out my hands to feel the way, they came in contact with the cold nose, and then the fur of some beast, which I immediately knew was a half grown cub, or young bear.

Continuing to examine, I ascertained there were three or four of those animals, which, aroused by the noise made in my descent, came around and smelt of me, uttering a mourning noise, taking me, at first, no doubt, for their dam; but, after a little examination, snuffing and snorting as if alarmed, they quietly betook themselves to their couch on the moss, and left me to my own gloomy reflections. I knew they were too young to do me any injury, but with that knowledge came the dreadful certainty, that the mother, whose premises I had so heedlessly entered, was quite a different personage, and that my life would date but a short period after she arrived, as arrive she certainly would, before many hours could pass over my head. The interior of the den grew more visible after my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and aided by a little light from the top, I discovered that the den was circular, and, on the ground, was five or six feet in diameter, its circumference diminishing, at the height of seven or eight feet, to a diameter of less than three, owing to the singular formation of the trunk, as I have before remarked. All my attempts to reach the narrow part of the hollow, in the hopes of working my way out, as a

chimney sweep might have done, were fruitless. My escape in this way, therefore, was impossible. To cut through the trunk a hole sufficient to let out my body, with a small pocket knife, the only one I had, would have been the work of many weeks, and even months, as from the examination which I had made of both the exterior and interior, I knew that it could not be less than a foot thick. The knife was the only weapon which I possessed, and a hug of my tremendous adversary would deprive me of the power to use even so contemptible an implement; and even if I succeeded in killing the bear—which was not to be expected—my case was equally hopeless, for I should only exchange a sudden death for one, if possible, even more horrid, a lingering one of famine and thirst—for my tracks in the snow I knew were long since covered by the drift, and there was no possibility of my friends finding me, by searching in a wilderness of many miles in circuit. My situation was indeed hopeless and desperate. As the shades of evening were now fast approaching, I thought of my cheerful home; my wife seated by the fire with our child in her arms, or preparing our evening meal, looking out anxiously, from time to time, expecting my return. These, and many more such thoughts, rushed through my mind, and which way soever, they were teeming with horror. At one time I had nearly determined to wreak my feelings upon the cubs, by destroying them, but the wanton and useless cruelty of the act, as they could be of no service to me, then prevented me. Yes, I would be merciful. Oh! you know not how merciful one is, when he feels that he himself would willingly be an object of mercy from others. Two hours had probably elapsed, and to me two of the longest that I ever experienced, when suddenly the little light which had illuminated me from above, was gone; I looked up and could no longer see the sky. My ears, which at the time were peculiarly sensitive, were assailed with a low, growling noise, such as a bear makes on discovering an enemy, and preparing for an attack. I thought that my fate was at hand, as this was the mother descending to her cubs, having, by acute organs of smell, discovered

that her den had been entered by some enemy. From the time I had ascertained my true situation, I had opened my knife and held it ready in hand for the encounter, come when it would. I now, therefore, braced myself for a death-grapple with my terrible antagonist, feverishly awaiting her descent. Bears always descend in the same manner as they ascend trees; that is, the head is always upward, consequently her most assailable part was exposed to me. A thought, quick as lightning, rushed through my mind, that escape was possible, and that the bear might be the means. Just as she reached that part where the hollow widened, and where, by a jump, I could reach her, I made a desperate spring, and with both hands firmly caught hold of the fur which covered her extremities, giving at the same time a scream, which, in this close den, sounded a thousand times louder than any human voice in the open air. The bear, and she was a powerful one, taken by surprise, and unable to get at me—frightened, too, at the hideous and appalling noise which I made—scrambled for life up the hollow. But my weight, I found, was an impediment to her; for about half way up I perceived that she began to lag, and notwithstanding I continued to scream, at length came to a dead stand, apparently not having strength enough to proceed; knowing that my life depended on her going on, I instantly let go with the hand in which I had my knife, driving it to the haft into the flesh, and redoubling the noise which I had already made. Her pain and fears gave her new strength, and by another effort she brought me once more to the light of day, at the top of the stub; nor did she stop there to receive my thanks for the benefit which she had conferred on me, but hastily descended to the ground, and made her way with all speed to the swamp. I sat for some time on the stub out of breath, and hardly crediting the reality of my escape. After giving thanks to that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved me, I descended to the ground, found my coat and gun where I had left them, and reached home, after a fatiguing walk through the woods, about nine o'clock in the evening.

FEMININE HEROISM.

Baron Reitzer was accustomed to spend the summer at a charming villa, situated in a most romantic part of Germany, at a considerable distance from the main road. His castle, standing at the top of an eminence, corresponded with his large fortune: it was spacious and elegant, and situated some hundred yards distance from the village which belonged to it.

Business obliged the baron to quit the castle for a few days, and to leave his lady, a young and charming woman, under the protection of his most faithful servants. He had not been absent above two days, when, as the baroness was just going to bed, a sudden and terrible noise was heard in an adjoining apartment. She called for her servants, but no answer was returned, while the noise grew louder every minute. Not being able to conceive what could be the cause of this unusual uproar, she slipped on a night gown, and went to the door to see what could occasion this increasing noise.

Any woman, less intrepid than herself, would have fainted at the dreadful sight which she beheld on opening the door. Two of her men servants lay half naked on the floor, with their brains dashed out; the whole apartment was filled with strange men of a most horrid aspect; her woman was kneeling before one of them, and in that very moment was pierced through the heart by one of the midnight ruffians. When the door was opened, two of these barbarians rushed towards it with drawn swords. What man, however great his courage, would not have been appalled by terror, and either attempted to save himself by flight, or throwing himself prostrate at the feet of the robbers, have conjured them to save his life! But the baroness acted differently.

"Are you here at last?" exclaimed she, with apparent rapture, flying towards her aggressors with an eagerness that surprised them, and made them pause, just as they were ready to strike the fatal blow. "Are you here at last?" exclaimed she once more, "I have wished for a long time to see visitors like you." "Wished!" roared

one of the murderers, "what do you mean by that?—I'll teach you———"

He brandished his cutlass, but his comrade arrested his arm.

"Stop a moment, brother, let us hear what she wants of us."

"Nothing else, my brave lads, but what is agreeable to yourselves. I see you have made quick work here. You are men of my own mind, and you will not repent it, if you will listen to me quietly for a few moments." "Speak!" exclaimed the whole crew. "Speak! but be brief," vociferated the most terrible of them, "for we shall soon send you after your people." "I doubt much whether you will," said the lady, "after you hear what I have to say. I am married to the wealthiest nobleman in the country; but the wife of the meanest beggar cannot be more miserable than myself, as my tyrant is the meanest and most jealous wretch on earth. I hate him more bitterly than words can express, and have long been anxious of breaking my fetters, and paying my tyrant in his own coin. I should have eloped long ago had I been able to effect my escape. My servants are all his spies, and that fellow yonder, whose skull you have so bravely handled, was the worst of all. My tormentor even compelled me to sleep alone. I am but twenty-two years old, and may, at least, flatter myself of not being totally destitute of personal charms, should any of you be willing to take me with him. I should not hesitate to follow him; no matter whether his residence be in a cavern or in a village ale-house. Nor will you repent of having saved my life. You are in a castle amply stored with treasures, but it is impossible you can be acquainted with every secret recess. I will discover them to you, and you may treat me as you have treated my woman, if this discovery does not make you six thousand dollars richer."

Robbers of this description are indeed villains of the blackest dye, but nevertheless they cease not to be men. The unexpected tenor of their prisoner's address—the apparent unconcern with which she spoke—the more than common charms of a young female, only slightly dressed—all this produced most singular effects in the hearts of

men, whose hands were just stained with blood. They formed a ring, and consulted apart for a few minutes. The baroness stood at some distance, but made not the least attempt to escape; she heard several of them say, "Down with her, and the farce will be at an end;" but it scarcely changed her color, as she also remarked, on the other hand, that this proposal was objected to by the rest. One of the band, who seemed to be captain of the banditti, now went up to her, asking her sternly, whether her words might be relied on; whether she was really desirous of eloping from her lord, and accompanying them; whether she was willing to surrender her person to any one for enjoyment? She replied to all these questions in the affirmative; and not only endured, but returned the kiss of the robber:—for what does not extreme necessity excuse. Having by these means gained the confidence of the robbers, their leader said to her, "Come, then, and show us the secret recesses of the castle; I know it is dangerous to rely on the sincerity of women of your rank—we will venture it for once; but you may rest assured I will cleave your head to your shoulders, though it were ten times more charming, if you make the least attempt to escape, or impose upon us." "Then my head will be perfectly safe," replied the baroness, smiling, as if she really burned with an eagerness for plunder, and a long wished escape. Snatching up a lighted candle, she conducted the band to every apartment; opening every door, closet, and chest, unasked; assisting in emptying their contents; diverting the robbers with the most jovial sallies of humor; jumping with apparent indifference over the dead bodies of her mangled servants; conversing with every one of these plunderers, as if they were old acquaintances; and manifesting a degree of satisfaction that could not but remove every suspicion.

Plate, money, jewels, and every thing valuable that could be found were now collected, and the captain ordered his gang to prepare instantly for quitting the castle, when his intended mistress suddenly laid hold of his arm. "Did I not tell you," exclaimed she, "that you would not repent of having saved my life, and that I should prove myself your real friend; you are dexterous enough in emptying

the chests you find *open;* but your lynx eyes could never discover the secret recesses of this castle." "Secret?—what?—where?" most eagerly exclaimed the whole band. "Do you imagine," rejoined the baroness, "that drawers which are full of the most valuable articles contain no secret recesses? look here, and you will soon see how blind you were." So saying, the baroness pointed to a secret spring in the baron's writing desk. The robbers opened it, and shouted with joy and astonishment on discovering six rouleaus, each containing two hundred ducats. "Bravo!" exclaimed the captain, "I see now that thou art an excellent woman, thou shalt lead the life of a duchess." "You will be still better pleased with me," interrupted she, laughing, "when I show you the last, the principal hoard of my tyrant. I can easily perceive that your spies have informed you of his absence; but tell me, have they also told you that he received the day before yesterday, ten thousand dollars?" "Not a syllable; where are they?" "Under lock and key; you would never have found the iron chest in which they are, were I not leagued with you. Follow me, comrades, we have made clear work above ground; let us see what we can do under ground. Follow me to the cellar."

The robbers followed her; but took the precaution to guard against any sudden surprise, by posting a sentinel at the entrance of the cellar, which was secured by a strong iron trap door. The baroness pretended to take no notice of this, leading the band onward to the most remote recess of the spacious cellar. Having unlocked a door, a large iron chest was discovered in a corner; "Here," said she, giving a bunch of keys to the captain, "try whether you can open it, and take its contents in lieu of a dowry, if you obtain the consent of your companions."

The robber tried one key after another, but none fitted the key hole. He grew impatient, and the baroness affected to be still more so. "Let me try," said she, "I hope I shall be more successful. I am fearful lest the dawn of morning—Hah! hah! I now conceive why neither you nor myself can open it. Excuse my mistake; welcome as your visit is to me, the joy of your unexpected arrival has, nevertheless, disconcerted me a little. I have taken the wrong

bunch of keys. Have patience only two minutes! I shall be back in a trice." With these words she flew up the stairs, and before two minutes were elapsed, the sound of her footsteps was already heard from the court yard. On coming near the cellar door, she exclaimed, with pretended joy, though out of breath, "I have it! I have found it!" and in the same moment bounded suddenly against the sentinel at the entrance, throwing him headlong down the cellar stairs. The trap-door was bolted with the quickness of lightning, and the whole band were encaged in the cellar. All this was the work of one moment. In the next she flew over the court-yard, setting fire to a solitary stable full of straw and hay and the flames blazed instantaneously aloft. The watchmen in the adjacent village observed the blaze, and rung the alarm bell. In a few moments the castle-yard was crowded with peasants. The baroness ordered some of them to extinguish the flames, while she conducted the rest to the baron's armory, and having distributed swords and fire-arms amongst them, desired them to surround the cellar. Her orders were obeyed, and not one of the band escaped his well-merited fate.

THE AMERICAN DUELLISTS.

The following relation, which is derived from the best authorities, is thus detailed in a New York publication.

Previous to the American Revolution, two young men, Charles Mercer and Richard Reynolds, were students together at one of our most respectable colleges. They were in the same class and intimate friends. Charles Mercer was the son of a mechanic, who labored hard and suffered many deprivations that he might give his son a good education. Charles was superior to most young men in personal appearance, and was remarkable for his strength and agility in athletic exercise. His disposition was noble and generous. At the expiration of two years in college he was informed by his father that he could no longer support him there, from the unfortunate failure of a friend for whom he had become responsible, without de

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priving the younger portion of his family of their necessary supplies. Mercer prepared to leave college with a heart lightened by the reflection that he should no longer be a burden but an assistant in his father's family. At this period, Reynolds, with a generosity that is seldom found, informed Mercer's father by letter that he would from his own abundant means, support his friend until he should be able by his own exertions to repay him. He informed Mercer's father, at the same time, of the growth of their mutual love and esteem. All the obligations which young Mercer could urge against this arrangement, were overruled by his parents, and he consented to stay. Richard Reynolds was born of the most respectable parents in the town of B——. He was an only son, heir to great wealth, and possessed an abundant share of spirits and vivacity. He was esteemed as one of the best scholars in the class, but rather averse to mathematical demonstrations. By his classmates he was deemed a wild, but not a vicious fellow. He scorned to do a mean action, but too easily suffered himself to indulge in those vices which eventually lead to crime. Mercer now no longer a faithful adviser, at the solicitation and by the example of Reynolds, became his companion in many imprudent excesses. One evening, the two friends, with two of their classmates, assembled to drink wine, and have what is generally termed a social meeting. Presently cards were introduced, and they sat down to gamble. In choosing partners at the commencement of the game, Reynolds and Mercer were opposed to one another. Heated with wine, Reynolds betted extravagantly, and lost seven games in succession. At the end of the sixth, he declared that the opposite party had cheated. This gave rise to some dispute, but saying that he would try them again, he doubled the bet, and lost the seventh. Irritated beyond measure, and always violent in his passions, which were then much heated by wine, he rose up, threw down his cards, and struck Mercer in the face, at the same time accusing him of cheating. A short contest ensued, when Mercer by his great personal strength, seized both the hands of his antagonist, and held him perfectly at his mercy. The two other young men were ineffectually appealed to, and refusing to interfere in the quarrel,

left the room. Reynolds, enraged to be thus in the power of one so much his debtor, called Mercer a coward, a fawning hypocrite, told him he dared not fight him like a gentleman with swords, and charged him with the benefits conferred on him by himself. "You have dissolved every tie," answered Mercer; "I will not be called a coward or hypocrite by any man. Your past favors—would to God I had never received them—your future favors I disdain. I will meet you this moment, at any place you appoint." They immediately sallied forth as the morning dawned, to a retired spot, and drew their swords upon each other. Mercer had learnt the art of fencing of an uncle who was a good swordsman, and he knew that he was superior to Reynolds. He therefore contented himself with parrying the violent thrusts of his adversary, and at the same time gave him some slight wounds to show that he was completely in his power. Reynolds was only rendered by this conduct more furious, and even foamed at his mouth with violent rage. Extreme anger seems to drive away every other passion from the human heart but *cunning*. Cunning is ever the faithful ally and necessary companion of revenge. Reynolds suddenly dropping the point of his sword, thrust it into the ground, and held out his hand. "Give me your hand, you are still the best of friends—I am in the wrong." Mercer replied, "I am rejoiced to see you return to your right mind. I hope our friendship will become the stronger from this unhappy interruption, but I for ever decline your further pecuniary assistance." At the commencement of the contest, they pulled off their coats. Mercer turned round to put his on, and while he was swinging it over his head, Reynolds drew his sword from the ground and stabbed him to the heart. No sooner was the deed done than his reason, which had been clouded by passion, returned. He raised the bleeding body of his friend who had fallen on his face; beheld his ghastly countenance just fixed in death; vainly attempted to staunch the blood which gushed from the wound, and fell back in a swoon of agony and distress. So soon does punishment follow in the footsteps of crime. By the assistance of his still fond father, he escaped to France in a merchantman. For a long time he wandered through different parts of Europe, till by the in-

tervention of his father's powerful friends in England, he obtained the pardon of the king. "Return, my son," said his father, "and close my eyes in peace, for my life is drawing to a close." He embarked in a vessel bound to America, but before he arrived his parents had both died, leaving an immense fortune at his disposal. But destitute of friends, of relations, shunned by the virtuous, pitied by few, life was a burden. He presented himself at the bar of justice, and tearing the king's pardon in pieces before the eyes of the judges, he demanded the punishment due to his crime. "I wish for death—may my execution be a warning example to those who come after me." The judges refused to pronounce his doom, declaring that the king's pardon had been given, and though the certificate had been destroyed, it still remained in force. Reynolds returned home, but his peace of mind was for ever lost. In his reveries, in the midst of the crowded circle, he would start and shriek, declaring with great vehemence of gesture, that he saw the bloody body of Mercer. Nothing could soothe the irritability of his mind; the hideous spectacle met him in every path, and was the subject of his nightly dreams. The human frame is incapable of enduring for any length of time such distress. He grew emaciated, mortality quitted her moorings, and he died in all the agonies of despair.

DANGEROUS AERIAL VOYAGE OF THE DUKE DE CHARTRES.

On the 15th of July, 1784, the duke de Chartres, the two brothers Roberts, and another person, ascended with an inflammable air balloon, from the park of St. Cloud, at 52 minutes past seven in the morning. This balloon was of an oblong form, its dimensions being 55 feet by 34. It ascended with its greatest extension nearly horizontal; and after remaining in the atmosphere about 45 minutes, it descended at a small distance from its place of ascension. But the incidents that occurred during this aerial excursion, deserve particular notice, as nothing like it has happened before to any other aerial travellers. This machine contained an inferior small balloon, filled with common air;

by which means it was supposed that they might regulate the ascent and the descent of the machine, without any loss of the hydrogen gas, or of ballast. The boat was furnished with a helm and oars, that were intended to guide the machine, but which were in this, as well as in every other similar attempt, found to be quite useless.

On the level of the sea, the mercury in the barometer stood at 30.25 inches, and at the place of ascension it stood at 30.12. Three minutes after its ascension, the balloon was lost in the clouds, and the aerial voyagers lost sight of the earth, being involved in a dense vapor. Here an unusual agitation of the air, somewhat like a whirlwind, in a moment turned the machine three times from the right to the left. The violent shocks which the adventurers suffered prevented their using any of the means prepared for the direction of the machine; and they even tore away the silk stuff of which the helm was made. Never, said they, a more dreadful situation presented itself to any eye, than that in which they were involved. An unbounded ocean of shapeless clouds rolled beneath, and seemed to forbid their return to the earth, which was still invisible. The agitation of the balloon became greater every moment. They cut the cords which held the anterior balloon, which consequently fell on the bottom of the external balloon, just upon the aperture of the tube that went down to the boat, and stopped that communication. At this time the thermometer was a little above 44°. A gust of wind from below drove the balloon upwards, to the extremity of the vapor, where the appearance of the sun showed them the existence of nature: but now, both the heat of the sun, and the diminished density of the atmosphere, occasioned such a dilatation of the gas that the bursting of the balloon was aprehended; to avoid which, they introduced a stick through the tube, and endeavored to remove the inner balloon, which stopped the aperture within the external balloon; but the dilatation of the gas pressed the inner balloon so forcibly against that aperture, as to render every attempt ineffectual. During this time they continually ascended, until the mercury in the barometer stood not higher than 24.36 inches; which showed their height above the surface of the earth to be about 5100 feet. Under

these dreadful circumstances, they thought it necessary to make a hole in the balloon, in order to give exit to the gas; and accordingly the duke himself, with one of the spears of the banners, made two holes in the balloon, which opened a rent of about seven or eight feet. In consequence of this, they then descended rapidly, seeing, at first, no object either on earth or in the heavens; but in a moment after, they discovered the fields, and that they were descending straight into a lake, wherein they would inevitably have fallen, had they not quickly thrown over about 60 pounds weight of ballast, which occasioned their coming down about 30 feet beyond the edge of the lake. Notwithstanding this rapid descent, none of the four adventurers received any hurt; and it is remarkable, that out of six glass bottles, full of liquor, which were simply laid down in the boat, one only was found broken.

MARION THE REPUBLICAN GENERAL.

We received, says his biographer, a flag from the enemy in Georgetown, S. C., the object of which was to make some arrangements about the exchange of prisoners. The flag, after the usual ceremony of blindfolding, was conducted into Marion's encampment. When led into Marion's presence, and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke dried little man, with scarcely enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness! and, instead of tall ranks of gaily-dressed soldiers, a handful of sun-burnt yellow legged militia-men, some roasting potatoes, and some asleep, with their black firelocks and powder-horns lying by them on the logs. Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented his letter to General Marion, who perused it, and soon settled every thing to his satisfaction.

The officer took up his hat to retire.—"Oh no!" said Marion, "it is now about our time of dining; and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner."

At the mention of the word *dinner*, the British officer

looked around him, but, to his great mortification, could see no sign of a pot, pan, Dutch oven, or any other cooking utensil, that could raise the spirits of a hungry man.

"Well, Tom," said the general to one of his men, "come, give us our dinner."—The dinner to which he alluded was no other than a heap of sweet potatoes, that were very snugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom, with his pine stick poker, soon liberated from their ashy confinement, pinching them every now and then with his fingers, especially the big ones, to see whether they were well done or not. Then having cleansed them of the ashes, partly by blowing them with his breath, and partly by brushing them with the sleeve of his old cotton shirt, he piled some of the best on a large piece of bark, and placed them between the British officer and Marion, on the trunk of the fallen pine on which they sat.

"I fear, sir," said the general, "our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish—but it is the best we have." The officer, who was a well bred man, took up one of the potatoes, and effected to feed, as if he had found a great dainty, but it was very plain that he ate more from good manners, than good appetite.

Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh: Marion looked surprised—"I beg pardon, general," said he, "but one cannot, you know, always command one's conceits. I was thinking how droll some of my brother officers would look, if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this."

"I suppose," said Marion, "it is not equal to their style of dining?" "No, indeed," quoth the officer, "and this, I imagine, is one of your accidental Lent dinners—a sort of *ban yan;* in general no doubt, you live a great deal better?" "Rather worse," answered the general, "for often we do not get enough of this." "Heavens!" rejoined the officer, "but, probably what you lose in meal you make up in malt—though stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay." "Not a cent, sir," said Marion, "not a cent." "Heavens and earth! then you must be in a bad box; I don't see, general, how you can stand it." "Why, sir," replied Marion, with a smile of self approbation, "these things depend on feeling." The Englishman said, "he did

not believe it would be an easy matter to reconcile his feelings to a soldier's life on Gen. Marion's terms—all fighting, no pay, and no provisions but potatoes."

"Why, sir," answered the general, "the heart is all; and when that is much interested, a man can do any thing. Many a youth would think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years; but let him be over head and years in love, and with such a beauteous sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years' servitude than young Jacob did. Well, now this is exactly my case—I am in love, and my sweetheart is Liberty: be that heavenly nymph my champion, and these woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris in slavery. To have no proud monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches—nor his host of excisemen and tax-gatherers insulting and robbing: but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign—gloriously preserving my national dignity, and pursuing my true happiness—planting my vineyards, and eating their luscious fruit; sowing my fields, and reaping the golden grain; and seeing millions of brothers all around me equally free and happy as myself. This sir, is what I long for."

The officer replied, that both as a man and a Briton, he must certainly subscribe to this as a happy state of things.

"Happy," quoth Marion, "yes, happy, indeed; and I would rather fight for such blessings for my country, and feed on roots, than keep aloof, though wallowing in all the luxuries of Solomon; for now, sir, I walk the soil that gave me birth, and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon these venerable trees around me, and feel that I do not dishonor them—I think of my own sacred rights, and rejoice that I have not basely deserted them. And, when I look forward to the long, long ages of posterity, I glory in the thought that I am fighting their battles. The children of distant generations may never hear my name, but still it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their freedom, with all its countless blessings."

I looked at Marion as he uttered these sentiments, and fancied I felt as when I heard the last words of the brave De Kalb; the Englishman hung his honest head, and look-

ed, I thought, as if he had seen the upbraiding ghosts of his illustrious countrymen, Sidney and Hampden.

On his return to Georgetown he was asked by Colonel Watson, why he looked so serious? "I have cause, sir," said he, "to look so serious." "What! has General Marion refused to treat?" "No, sir." "Well then, has old Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton, and broke up our army?" "No, sir, not that either: but worse." "Ah! what can be worse?" "Why, sir, I have seen an American general and his officers without pay, almost without clothes, living on roots, and drinking water, and all for Liberty! What chance have we against such men."—*Marion's Life*

ELIJAH P. GOODRICH.

Commonly called Major Goodrich.

THE first account we have of this wretch is, that he entered as a foremast hand on board the schooner Jones Eddy, of Portsmouth, Richard Sutton, master. The vessel was bound to the West Indies. During his stay on board, Goodrich behaved in a very disorderly manner, was habitually disobedient, and more than once endeavored to bring about a mutiny. The Jones Eddy touched at Nevis, St. Christopher, and St. Croix, at which latter place Goodrich deserted, and the master considered himself fortunate in being rid of him. Beside this account, Mr. Sutton deposed that his character was wholly bad, and that he was unworthy of the least confidence.

We next find him established as a merchant at Bangor, in Maine, and enjoying considerable credit. In December, 1816, he left Bangor in a single sleigh for Boston, and reached Brunswick without mischance. Here he gave the first proof of that fertility of invention which has rendered him so distinguished, and might have insured for him a high rank among the American poets, had it been properly directed. He told the landlord of the inn where he put up, that he had made his fortune the spring before by catching

shad, and his method of taking these fishes was truly ingenious. He had moored a scow in the middle of the stream, he said, and built a rail fence around it. Finding their passage up stream obstructed, the shad would leap into the scow as fast as ten men could secure them.

He tarried long enough at Portland to buy a pair of pistols of Mr. E. Wyer. He also offered a number of soldiers' land patents for sale, but was unable to show any of them when asked. At Alfred, Mr. Goodrich put up at a tavern where he had a conversation with the landlord's son on the topics of lumber and ship-building. In this discourse he again indulged his predilection for the marvellous, saying he had built a large ship entirely of wild juniper, and sent her to Boston. When on the point of his departure, as the young man was putting his baggage into his sleigh, he desired him to be careful of the pistols, and observed it was very dangerous for a gentleman in his capacity to travel unarmed. Before he left the place, however, he stopped to breakfast at another inn, where he expressed his fear of being robbed, but consoled himself with the reflection that he had an excellent pair of pistols about him. At Berwick he again threw the reins on the neck of his fancy, and told a very worthy landlady that he had lived in Bangor ten years, had made his fortune, and was now returning home in style, as became him, with between four and five thousand dollars in his pockets. He again avowed his apprehension of robbery, but said it would take at least four stout men to plunder him, as he was well armed.

At Dover, Goodrich put up for the night at Mr. Riley's inn. In the morning, he brought his portmanteau from his bed chamber into the room where Mr. Riley was sitting, and producing a pocket pistol, said, "old daddy are you not afraid of this?" Mr. Riley, though a very old man, was nothing daunted by this very uncivil question, and coolly replied, "No, boy, nor of you either. I have seen more gunpowder burnt when America was fighting for her independence than you ever saw in your life." Satisfied with this courageous demonstration, Goodrich put up his pistol and departed.

When he arrived at Exeter he called for a dinner, and

put up his sleigh, having resolved to perform the rest of his journey on horseback. He sent a boy to buy him some very small pistol balls, which when he had gotten, he found too large for his purpose, and the youth then procured some still less. He next asked for a private apartment, in which he managed to make it sufficiently public that he was loading a pocket pistol, probably the same he had shown to Mr. Riley. Thus prepared to resist any attempt at violence, he mounted his horse amidst the laughter of the bystanders, and set off on the road to Boston.

He reached Kensington before dark, and then, in passing through Salisbury, missed his way—as he swore. It is probable he was again misled by his imagination in this particular, as there was but one road too plain to be missed. He reached Essex Bridge in safety just before nine o'clock, paid his toll into the hands of Mr. Ebenezer Pearson, and passed over. Two wagons, driven by two men named Keyser and Shaw, passed immediately after, and before these got to the top of the hill next beyond the bridge the mail stage overtook and passed them. As to what happened to the Major after he crossed the bridge we must take his own word, and we are sorry its authority is no better.

As he was riding up the hill, and at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the bridge, he *swore* that a man sprang toward him from the side of the road. His horse started and had nearly thrown him. The man seized his bridle, presented a pistol, and demanded his money. The Major desired him to wait till he could get it, and under pretence of feeling for his valuables, cocked a pistol, and tried to strike the robber's weapon aside. The thief fired just as the Major was presenting his pistol, and at the same moment saw two others approaching. He, at that moment, became insensible, from some cause not specified.

When his senses returned, the robbers were dragging him into the field hard by. He cried for help—and they choked him. He attempted to bite, but finding resistance vain, at last became passive. They jumped on him, stripped him, turned him over and finally left him. He then again cried for help and they returned. He rushed on

them and seized one, but was overpowered in the struggle and again left senseless.

Mark, reader, while this violent transaction was going on, while Major Goodrich was being maltreated by the robbers, while he was crying for help and struggling with them, the mail stage, full of passengers, and the two teamsters passed the spot, without hearing the slightest noise, though the night was very still. All was quiet as the grave.

Major Goodrich had no recollection of what happened to him after his final struggle with the robbers, till he found himself at the bridge, shot through the hand, badly wounded in the side, his head aching with blows and his hip sprained. It is a little remarkable, that he should have passed several houses where the people were up and lights burning, on his way from the scene of the robbery to the bridge, and that in a state of insensibility. Perhaps the reason may be this: it was necessary to get rid of the above mentioned pocket pistol, and it was not safe to throw it where it might be found again. He probably thought it best to hide it in the river, and therefore returned to the bridge.

It appears by other and better testimony than Goodrich's oath, that a little before ten he arrived at Mr. Ebenezer Pearson's house again. Mr. Pearson, jr., went out of the door and met this much abused personage, who laid hands on him, exclaiming, "You are the d——d robber." Mr. Pearson, senior, then came forth, and Goodrich was taken into the house, apparently delirious, and raving about robbers and his gold watch. Here he received every possible attention, and a physician was immediately sent for.

When the physician (Dr. Moses Carter) arrived, Goodrich was walking about the room into which he had been introduced, talking incoherently. He expressed a desire to go to the place where he had been robbed to look for his watch, and Mr. Elias Jackman and some others went with him. He walked sturdily along till he was near the place, when he became faint, and the others carried him a little farther and then set him down. He desired them to take his pistol and shoot him, rather than drag him along

so. They carried him back to the house, in what they thought an expiring condition, but Dr. Carter, on feeling his pulse, said it was as healthy as that of any one present, and that it was no dying case. The people were nevertheless much agitated, for Goodrich complained of severe bruises on the back of his head and on his body. The doctor dressed his hand and then examined him strictly, but found no external mark of injury except the aforesaid wound in the hand, and a very slight scratch in the arm. He *then* said that he had fired his pistol and nearly knocked down one of the robbers, that some one had searched his bosom and taken his watch from his fob.

In the meanwhile, as the unfortunate major continued anxious about his watch, some of the neighbors went to the field of battle at his request, for he had by this time somewhat recovered. They found his whip and pistol in the road, and in the field his pocket book, valisse, portmanteau, clothes, papers, hat, and some money. The hat was beat in, and there was blood on it. His watch they found laid carefully under a board, with the face upwards and going.

Those who went the next morning to the spot where the robbery was alleged to have been committed, found in the field a screw belonging to the pistol Goodrich had left in the road. Query, if the pistol left his hand in the first scuffle, how came the screw in the spot where the second took place? Moreover, there was blood on the head of the screw corresponding with more on the stock of the pistol. On the very spot where the major said he first lost his senses, a horse had staled. It may be doubted if the beast would have performed this operation while a person was robbed on his back or near him.

This morning Dr. Israel Balch was summoned to consult with Dr. Carter. He found Goodrich lying in bed raving. While Dr. Carter was describing the case, the patient watched him closely, in silence, but when he caught Dr. Balch's eye, he appeared confused and looked in a different direction. This led Dr. Balch to believe his delirium was mere pretence. No bruises or wounds, besides those above mentioned, could be discovered. Presently the patient called for Jerry Balch, and the last named physician answered that he was Jerry Balch. Goodrich said

"No, you are not Jerry Balch." Being persuaded that this incoherence was mere sham, Dr. Balch adopted a stratagem to come at the truth. He went down stairs, took off his boots, stole softly up again, and peeped in at the door. He heard the bed clothes move, and saw Goodrich raise himself up and look cautiously around. Before this, he had pretended to be in such pain that it took three or four persons to turn him in his bed. Dr. Balch saw him adjust his hair, and very composedly spit on the floor.

That afternoon he was removed to Newburyport, and the next day he again pretended delirium. He soon became rational, and never after showed any appearance of insanity.

On examining the clothes he wore at the time of the *sworn* robbery, it was found that a ball had entered the inside of the cuff of the surtout, indicating that the weapon from which it came had been directed perpendicularly to the palm of the hand, and must have been fired very nigh, for the garment was burnt and blackened. After the attending physician told him he might go abroad safely, Goodrich kept his chamber a week.

Goodrich went from Newburyport to Danvers. The belief had now become prevalent, that his account of the robbery was a fiction, and as he took no measures to discover the robbers, the opinion gained ground. Some of his friends told him that his reputation was suffering, and he was thereby induced to take more active measures. Better authority being now beyond our reach, we must take the major's word for what followed.

Some one told him that a certain Reuben Taber was a person likely to have been concerned in the robbery, and upon mature deliberation, he recollected that a person answering to Taber's description, had taken his horse's bridle when he stopped at Exeter. He also learned that Taber frequented certain cellars about the market in Boston. He repaired to Boston, found Taber, identified him by name, and asked him to step into Bowden's tavern, in order to converse, but Taber choose rather to go into the back-yard. After some conversation, Taber said he had formed an opinion on the subject of the robbery, that it would endanger his life to point out the robbers, but for three hun-

dred dollars he would disclose all he knew. He made an appointment with Taber, to meet a second time, but Taber did not keep it. Goodrich, therefore, consulted with Mr. William Jones and other friends, who advised him to disguise himself, in order to meet Taber. He did so.

Mr. Jones, as he afterwards testified, accompanied Goodrich to the market, where the Major left him for three quarters of an hour. Goodrich found his man in Ann street, who agreed to give him the names of the robbers for four hundred dollars, payable in case his information should prove correct. Goodrich accepted the terms, and Taber gave him the names of Laban and Levi Kenniston of Ipswich, who, he said, must have some of the money, if they had not already spent it. During the time spent as thus alleged, Mr. Jones was watching Goodrich, and actually saw him conversing with a person whom he believed to be Taber. When Taber was afterwards produced before a court, Mr. Jones swore he believed him to be the same man.

Major Goodrich then went to Danvers and communicated these particulars to a Mr. Page, who consented to assist him in finding and apprehending the Kennistons. They were accordingly apprehended and committed for trial. The Major's suspicions next fell upon Mr. Ebenezer Pearson, senior, the good Samaritan, who had so kindly received and sheltered him on the night of the pretended robbery. He caused this gentleman to be arrested, and hired a quack to go to his residence with a divining rod, to search for gold and silver. It seems he had more faith than is common in this our Israel, as he believed there was virtue in a forked branch of hazel to discover what never, probably, was lost. Nothing was found, and Mr. Pearson was discharged without a trial. Goodrich seems to have been, for a while, ashamed of this conduct, for he offered to make every atonement in his power for the affront to Mr. Pearson. This interval of good feeling did not last long. He came again with a sheriff, and searched from garret to cellar. While the inquest was going on, Goodrich was seen going to the privy, and on his return proposed and urged that that building should be searched. The search took place, and some papers were found which

Goodrich swore were his. Some pieces of money were also discovered in such circumstances as almost amounted to proof positive that Goodrich dropped them himself.

The Major also entertained suspicions of Mr. Joseph Jackman, a gentleman who lived near Essex bridge, who had gone to New York immediately after the robbery. Him he followed and arrested, and found, as he afterwards swore, several wrappers of money in his possession, which he identified as his own. He wrote from New York that Mr. Jackman made a strenuous resistance, than which nothing could be more false.

The Kennistons were put to the bar with Ruben Taber, on an indictment for robbery. Taber moved for a separate trial, which was granted.

From the evidence it appeared, in favor of Goodrich, that the money of which he said he was robbed was his own, and that what he saved belonged to other persons. Several witnesses testified to his general good character. It was proved that the Kennistons were in Newburyport the evening of the robbery, and they gave no account of the manner in which they passed the time from seven o'clock to ten. Different witnesses swore to the following facts. A Mr. Leavitt, who assisted to search their house, swore that he went into a certain apartment thereof, before any other one of the party, opened a drawer, and found in it a ten dollar bill of the Boston bank, carefully rolled up. Suspecting it to be a counterfeit, he threw it back and did not mention the circumstance to any one. Shortly after another of the assistants, named Upton, went to the drawer, found a ten dollar bill, and carried it away. On seeing it, Goodrich claimed it as his own, knowing it, as he said, by certain words written on the back. Upton also took a pair of pantaloons from a bed post on which they were hanging, and found in the pocket a pocket-book containing gold. Now, as the Kennistons were very poor, shiftless men, it was not probable they could have obtained gold honestly. Again, Upton, in searching the cellar, found several pieces of gold.

It seems, also, that when Levi Kenniston was arrested, he "appeared agitated and perspired profusely, though the weather was cold, looking guilty, and frequently changing

countenance when urged by those around him to confess what he knew of the robbery."

On the other hand, it appeared that the whole story about Taber was a sheer falsehood, for the man was on the limits of the Boston jail at the time of the robbery, and long after. An alibi was also proved in the case of Jackman. It was shown that the Kennistons had no means of knowing that a man was to pass at the time of the robbery with money. At the moment Goodrich was exhibiting his pistol in Exeter the Kennistons were in Newburyport, where they remained the next day, without fear or alarm. It appeared that they lived together in the same house with their sister, and their father lived in another part of the same house. When the house was searched, gold was found in two places where Goodrich had previously been, where he *might* have put it. As to the bill, the sheriff and Upton both saw writing on the back of it before Goodrich saw it. It was proved that when the sheriff first saw the bill he left it where he found it, and that Goodrich was alone in the room before it was finally taken away. After this, he recognized the writing on it as his own. Thus he had an opportunity to take away the bill first seen and substitute another. From the robbery to the time of their arrest, an interval of six weeks, the prisoners exercised their usual employment, and were not seen or known to have any money. Moreover, it is a little suspicious that in each of his several searches Goodrich identified every article found, every scrap of paper as his own. One of the witnesses said that the pistol found in the road appeared not to have been fired at all, and he did not account for the smaller one he loaded at Exeter.

The jury unanimously found the prisoners not guilty, and they were discharged.

We must now go back to Mr. Pearson. His character was so well established that his arrest produced a strong excitement. When he was discharged, he was drawn in a wheel carriage to his house by the populace in triumph. He brought an action against Goodrich for defamation, recovered two thousand dollars damages, and the Major was committed to jail. It took the jury but five minutes to agree upon a verdict.

What was Goodrich's motive for inventing his tale of robbery we are unable even to guess. Perhaps he owed money in Boston, was unable to pay, and was willing to adduce a plausible apology. Many inclined to this belief. Perhaps his conduct was the effect of a strong desire of distinction. Other men have been known to prefer infamy to obscurity. Besides it is probable he did not foresee the consequences of his ill contrived deception. He might not at first have thought he should be obliged to prosecute any one, or seal his falsehood with perjury. He manifested no zeal in the pursuit, but appears to have taken every step at the instigation of others.

A tragedy resulted from the farce commonly called the Goodrich robbery. There lived in Salisbury an old man named Colburn or Colby, who had been a soldier of the revolution. Some time before the events we have recorded took place, he made affidavit of his military services in order to obtain a pension. He unwittingly foreswore himself, saying he had served in seventeen hundred and seventy-five, whereas the fact was he had been a soldier in seventeen hundred and seventy-six. This was excusable, for his memory, as well as his other faculties, were much impaired by age. Yet, when he discovered his mistake it bore heavily on his mind: he believed himself guilty of perjury, and liable to suffer its penalties. He frequently spoke on the subject, and several thoughtless young persons in the neighborhood made sport of and increased his apprehensions.

After the trial of the Kennistons the people erected a gibbet and hanged Goodrich in effigy near the house where Colby lived. The gallows stood for a long time, to the great terror of the old man, who imagined it was intended for himself in case he should be convicted of perjury. He imagined every stranger he saw was an officer come to arrest him. Those about him amused themselves by confirming his fears, till the old soldier, driven frantic by the fear of infamy, actually hanged himself.

AFRICAN BARBARITY.

Of the enormous barbarities continually committed by uneducated and uncivilized savages, the following dreadful and extraordinary sketch will exhibit a fearful example. A modern traveller says, speaking of a periodical custom of the Ashantee nation on the Gold coast of Africa:

I was assured by several, that the *custom** for Sai Quamina was repeated weekly for three months, and that two hundred slaves were sacrificed, and twenty-five barrels of powder fired *each time*. But the custom for the king's mother, the regent of the kingdom, during the invasion of Fantee, is most celebrated. The king himself devoted three thousand victims, (upwards of two thousand of whom were Pantee prisoners,) and twenty-five barrels of powder. The villages of Dwabin, Kokofoo, Becqua, Soota, and Marmpong, furnished one hundred victims and twenty barrels of powder each, and most of the smaller towns ten victims, and two barrels of powder each.

Hence then it appears, that nearly four thousand victims were sacrificed at the death of one person! And when it is considered that many hundreds are also immolated on the Yam and Adai customs, as well as on the death of any person of rank, how many thousands may we suppose to be annually sacrificed to these horrible superstitions.

The following account of the Adai custom is given by Mr. Hutchinson, the British resident at Coomassie, for some months after the departure of Mr. Bowdich.

When any public execution or sacrifice is to take place, the ivory horns of the king proclaim at the palace door, "Wow! wow! wow!" "Death! death! death!" and as they cut off their heads the bands play a peculiar strain till the operation is finished.

The greatest human sacrifice that has been made during my residence in Coomassie, took place on the eve of the Adai custom, early in January. I had a mysterious intimation two days before, from a quarter not to be named

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* Periods set apart for murder.

My servants being ordered out of the way, I was thus addressed: "Christain, take care and watch over your family; the angel of death has drawn his sword, and will strike on the neck of many Ashantees. When the drum is struck on Adai eve, it will be the death signal of many. Shun the king if you can, but fear not." When the time came to strike the drum, I was sitting, thinking on the horrors of the approaching night, and was rather startled at a summons to attend the king. This is the manner he always takes to cut off any captain or person of rank: if they are thought desperate characters they are thrown down, and a knife is thurst into the mouth to keep them from swearing the death of any other.

This sacrifice was in consequence of the king imagining, that if he washed the bones of his mother or sisters, who died while he was on the throne, it would propitiate the fetish and make the war successful. Their bones were, therefore, taken from their coffins, and bathed in rum and water with great ceremony; after being wiped with silks, they were rolled in gold dust, and wrapped in strings of rock gold, aggry beads, and other things of the most costly nature. Those who had done any thing to displease the king were then sent for in succession, and immolated as they entered, that their blood might water their graves. The whole of the night the king's executioners traversed the streets, *and dragged all they met with to the palace*, where they were put in irons. Next morning being Adai custom, every place was silent and forlorn, and his majesty proceeded to the morning sacrifice of sheep, &c. attended only by his confidents, and the members of his own family.

As soon as it was dark the human sacrifices were renewed. The victims, with their hands tied behind them, and in chains, proceed: the bones of the deceased were removed to the sacred tomb of Bantame. The procession returned about three in the afternoon, when the king took his seat in the market place with his small band, and "Death! death! death!" was echoed by his horns. He sat with a silver goblet of palm wine in his hand, and when they cut off any head, imitated a dancing motion in his chair, and a little before dark he finished his terrors for that day. I dared not send out my people, lest they should

be murdered. The sacrifice was continued till the next Adai custom, *seventeen days!*

A most inhuman spectacle presented itself on another occasion. It was a man whom they tormented previous to sacrifice. His hands were pinioned behind him, a knife was passed through his cheeks, to which his lips were noosed like a figure of eight; one ear was cut off and carried before him, the other remaining hung to his head by a small bit of skin; there were several gashes in his back, and a knife was thrust under each shoulder blade; he was drawn by a cord passed through his nose, by men disfigured by immense caps of shaggy black skins; drums beating before them as they marched.

EXECUTION OF AN INNOCENT MAN.

John C. Hamilton was executed in Kentucky in 1817, for the murder of Dr. Sanderson, of Natchez, Mississippi, and a man was executed in Mobile, who confessed himself the murderer of Sanderson, and declared that Hamilton was innocent. The following are the particulars of this melancholy affair, the perusal of which are sufficient to wring tears of anguish from the heart of apathy itself.

"The annals of judicial proceedings rarely afford a report of a trial and execution of a more extraordinary and distressing character than this, and it should be universally circulated that judges and jurors may be guarded against condemning supposed culprits on circumstantial evidence. Young Hamilton, through life, supported an unblemished character, and obtained the love, esteem, and admiration of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. As is common with the young gentlemen of Kentucky, he was in the practice of spending the winter season in the more genial climate of the Mississippi. On his return from a winter residence in that quarter, he accidentally fell in company with Dr. Sanderson, who being in ill health was journeying to the celebrated watering place at Harrodsburg Spa, with hopes of recovering his lost health; as he was anxious to make something out of his pilgrimage, he took with

him a large sum of money, with which he contemplated purchasing negroes on speculation. On his way up the country, his infirmities increased, and as he was apprehensive he might expire on the road, he committed to the charge of Hamilton his treasure, having in his short acquaintance discovered that he was worthy of unlimited confidence. In a few days, however, his indisposition abated, when he pursued his journey, and finally arrived in safety at the residence of Hamilton, in Barren County, Kentucky, where he remained during the summer, and received from his young friend every mark of courtesy, attention, and hospitality. In the month of October, Dr. Sanderson made arrangements to depart, and on taking leave of his hospitable host, young Hamilton accompanied him several miles on the road, and then took an affectionate farewell. Ten or twelve days after, as some hunters were rambling through the forest, they discovered the body of Dr. Sanderson in a state of corruption, shot in several places, and mangled in the most shocking manner. As Hamilton was last seen with him, and as it was known that he had, from time to time, made use of sums of money originally the property of Sanderson, suspicion fell on his head, and he was arrested, tried, and executed.

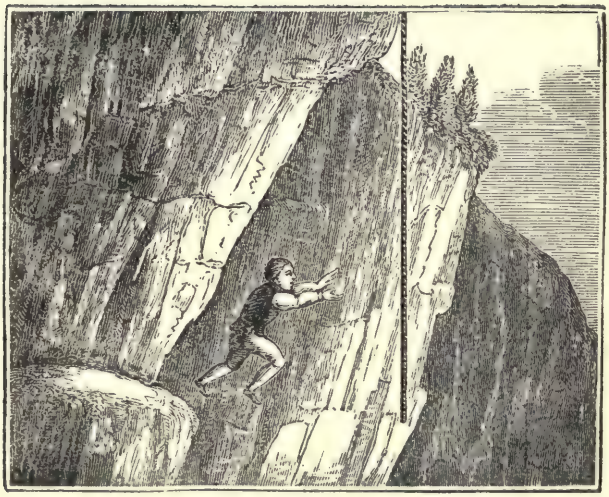
Previous to his arrest, he was advised to leave the country to avoid danger; but as he was conscious of his innocence, he disdained to take a step which would cast a cloud of obloquy and disgrace upon his character, and resolutely remained home. As the inhabitants of the country were divided in their opinions as to his guilt, the affair gradually died away; but Hamilton, being anxious that a trial should take place, firmly believing that in such an event his reputation would remain unspotted, he solicited at the hands of justice a trial, which, to his astonishment and sorrow, closed with his condemnation. The only evidence against him was circumstantial, viz. that near the body of Sanderson were found a bloody pair of pantaloons and a pistol, both bearing the name of Hamilton. Through the whole of the trial he manifested that fortitude and determined coolness characteristic of innocence, and expired with a full conviction that the real murderer would ultimately be discovered. When on the scaffold, he took a manly leave of

the world, expressed not the least regret for his fate, but lamented that his misfortunes should cloud the prospects of his family, and shed an indelible disgrace on his memory. Thus through the weakness of the law, was an interesting young man and a worthy citizen, hurried from the world, and doomed to expiate on the gallows that crime commit ted by the hands of a villain and assassin.

THE GREEK MARTYR.

The following event occurred at Smyrna, April, 1819. Athanasius, a Greek christian, twenty-four years of age, was the son of a boatman, who carried on a small trade in the Archipelago. The gains of the father being unable to support the son, and the business not sufficiently great to require his assistance, he was obliged to look out for employment in some other way. He engaged in the service of a Turk, who, being pleased with his conduct, considered him as a proper object for exercising his influence in converting him to the Mahometan faith. After holding out great offers, he ultimately prevailed on him to renounce Christianity, in presence of the Meccamay, who is the Turkish Judge and Bishop. He continued in the service for about a year after, when he quitted it, and having experienced severe reproofs of conscience for his apostacy, he made a pilgrimage to Mount Achas, where there are many converts, from which he returned some months after.

On his arrival at Smyrna, in the costume of a Greek monk, he proceeded instantly to the Meccamay, expressed his repentance at renouncing the Christian faith, and his resolution to abjure the tenets of the Mahometan. On this he was confined in a dungeon, and endured the torture with the greatest fortitude, persisting in his resolution to die a Christian. A day was then appointed for his execution, in the most public part of Smyrna, and opposite one of the principal mosques; and he was led to the scaffold bound, attended by the Turkish guards. Here he was offered his life, nay, houses, money, in short, riches, if he



THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER.

See page 206, vol. II.

would still continue in the Mahometan creed; but no temptation could induce Athanasius again to apostatize.

On this occasion a Turkish blacksmith was employed to decapitate him. As a last attempt, however, to effect, if practicable, a change of opinion, the executioner was directed to cut part of the skin of his neck, that he might feel the edge of the sword. Even this, however, failed of success. He was then ordered to kneel on the ground, when he declared, with a calm and resigned countenance, that "he was *born* with Jesus, and would *die* with Jesus." At one blow the head was struck off. The guards then instantly threw buckets of water on the neck and head of the corpse, to prevent the multitude of surrounding Greek spectators from dipping their handkerchiefs in his blood, to keep as a memorial of an event so remarkable. The body was publicly exposed for three days, the head was placed between the legs, on the anus, and afterwards given up to the Greeks, by whom it was decently interred, in the principal church-yard of Smyrna. This is the third instance of the kind which has occurred at Smyrna during the last twenty years.

THE PARRICIDE PUNISHED.

THE following very singular adventure is related as a fact in a French work, entitled *La Nouvelle Bibliotheque de Societe;* and is said to have happened in one of the provinces of France. It is related in a letter to a friend. The adventure which I am going to relate to you, my dear friend, is of so strange and dreadful a nature, that you are the only person to whom I must ever disclose the secret.

The nuptials of Mademoiselle de Vildac were celebrated yesterday; at which, as a neighbor, custom and good manners required my attendance. You are acquainted with M. de Vildac: he has a countenance which never pleased me; his eyes have often a wild and suspicious glare, a something which has always given me disagreeable sensations for which I could in no way account. I could not help observing yesterday, that, in the midst of joy and re-

velry, he partook not of pleasure: far from being penetrated with the happiness of his new son and daughter, the delight of others seemed to him a secret torment.

The feast was held at his ancient castle; and, when the hour of rest arrived, I was conducted to a chamber immediately under the Old Tower at the north end. I had just fallen into my first sleep, when I was awakened and alarmed by a heavy kind of noise over head. I listened, and heard very distinctly the footsteps of some one slowly descending, and dragging chains that clanked upon the stairs, the noise approached, and presently the chamber door was opened, the clanking of the chains redoubled, and he who bore them went towards the chimney. There were a few embers half extinguished; these he scraped together, and said, in a sepulchral voice:—"Alas! how long it is since I have seen a fire!" I own, my friend, I was terrified: I seized my sword, looked between my curtains, and saw by the glimmering of the embers, a withered old man half naked, with a bald head, and a white beard. He put his trembling hands to the wood, which began to blaze, and soon afterwards turned towards the door by which he entered, fixed his eyes with horror upon the floor, as if he beheld something most dreadful, and exclaimed with agony, "My God! my God!"

My emotion caused my curtains to make a noise, and he turned affrighted. "Who is there?" said he. "Is there any one in that bed?"—"Yes," I replied; "and who are you?'—Contending passions would not for awhile suffer him to speak, at last he answered, "I am the most miserable of men. This, perhaps, is more than I ought to say; but it is so long, so many years, since I have seen or spoken to a human being, that I cannot resist. Fear nothing; come towards the fire; listen to my sorrows and for a moment soften my sufferings!"

My fear gave place to pity; I sat down by him. My condescension and my feelings moved him; he took my hand, bathed it with his tears, and said—Generous man! let me desire you first to satisfy my curiosity. Tell me why you lodge in this chamber, where no man has lodged before for so many years; and what mean the rejoicings I

have heard? what extraordinary thing has happened to-day in the castle?"

When I had informed him of the marriage of Vildac's daughter, he lifted up his hands to heaven—"Has Vildac a daughter? and is she married? Almighty God grant she may be happy! grant she may never know guilt!" He paused for a moment.—"Learn who I am," said he. "You see, you speak to the father of Vildac! the cruel Vildac? Yet what right have I to complain? Should I—should I call man or tiger cruel?"—"What!" exclaimed I with astonishment, "is Vildac your son? Vildac! the monster! shut you from the sight of man? load you with chains! And lives there such a wretch?"

"Behold," said he, "the power, the detestable power of riches. The hard and pitiless heart of my unhappy son is impenetrable to every tender sentiment: insensible to love and friendship; he is also deaf to the cries of nature; and, to enjoy my lands, has hung these eating irons on me.

"He went one day to visit a neighboring nobleman, who had lately lost his father: he saw him encircled by vassals, and occupied in receiving their homage and their rents: the sight made a shocking impression upon the imagination of Vildac, which had long been haunted with a strong desire to enjoy his future patrimony. I observed at his return a degree of thoughtfulness and gloom about him that was unusual. Five days afterwards I was seized during the night, and carried off naked by three men masked, and lodged in this tower. I know not by what means Vildac spread the report of my death; but I guessed, by the tolling of the bells and funeral dirges, more solemn than for inferior persons, they were performed for my interment. The idea was horrid; and I entreated most earnestly to be permitted to speak for a moment to my son, but in vain: those who brought me my food, no doubt, supposed me a criminal condemned to perish in prison. It is now twenty years since I was first confined here. I perceived this morning that my door was not secured, and I waited till night to profit by the accident: yet I do not wish to escape; but the little liberty of a few yards more is much to a prisoner."

"No," cried I, "you shall quit this dishonorable habita-

tion. Heaven has destined me to be your deliverer, defender, support, and guide. Every body sleeps; now is the time; let us be gone!"

"It must not be!" said he, after a moment's silence. "Solitude has changed my ideas and my principles. Happiness is but in opinion. Now that I am inured to suffer, why should I fly from my fate? What is there for me to wish in this world? The die is thrown, and this tower must be my tomb!"

"Surely you dream," answered I. "Let us not lose time; the night is advanced: we shall presently have but a moment. Come."

"I am affected," replied he: "but cannot profit by your kindness. Liberty has no charms for my small remains of life. Shall I dishonor my son; or which way has his daughter given me offence, to whom I was never known, by whom I was never seen? This sweet innocent sleeps happily in the arms of her husband, and shall I overwhelm her with infamy? Yet might I but behold her! might I but lock her in these feeble arms, and bedew her bosom with my tears!—'Tis in vain! It cannot be! I never must look upon her! Adieu! day begins to break, and we shall be surprised. I will return to my prison."

"No," said I, stopping him; "I will not suffer it. Slavery has enfeebled your soul; I must inspire you with courage. Let us begone; we will afterwards examine whether it be proper to make the matter public. My house, my friends, my fortune, are at your service. No one shall know who you are; and, since it is necessary, Vildac's crime shall be concealed. What do you fear?"

"Nothing! I am all gratitude! Oh, no! it cannot be! Here I will remain!"

"Well, act as you please; but if you refuse to fly with me, I will go immediately to the governor of the province, tell him who you are, and return armed with his authority and his power, to wrest you from the barbarity of an inhuman child."

"Beware what you do! abuse not my confidence. Leave me to perish You know me not. I am a monster! Day and the blessed sun would sicken at my sight. Infamous I am, and covered with guilt—guilt most horri-

ble ! Turn your eyes upon that wall ; behold these boards sprinkled with blood, a father's blood !—murdered by his son ; by me !—Ha ! look ! behold ! do you not see him ! He stretches forth his bleeding arms ! he begs for pity ! the vital stream flows out ! he falls, he groans ! Oh, horror ! madness ! despair !"

The miserable wretch fell convulsed with terror on the floor ; and when fear and passion in part subsided, he durst not turn his guilty eyes towards me, where I stood transfixed with horror. As soon as he had the power, he approached the door :—" Farewell," said he, " be innocent, if you would be happy ! The wretch who so lately moved your pity, is now become detestable to you as well as to himself : he goes unlamented to the dungeon, whence alive he never shall return !"

I had neither the power to speak or move. The castle was become a place most abominable ; and I departed in the morning. I must leave the neighborhood ; I cannot bear the sight of Vildac, nor the remembrance of this night.

REMARKABLE CASE OF JOHN JENNINGS, WHO WAS PUT TO DEATH ON PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.

A GENTLEMAN travelling to Hull, was stopped late in the evening, about seven miles short of it, by a single highwayman, with a mask on, who robbed him of a purse containing twenty guineas. The highwayman rode off a different road, full speed, and the gentleman pursued his journey. It, however, growing late, and he being already much affrighted and agitated at what had passed, he rode only two miles farther, and stopped at the Bell Inn, kept by Mr. James Brunell. He went into the kitchen to give directions for his supper, where he related to several persons present his having been robbed ; to which he added this peculiar circumstance, that when he travelled he always gave his gold a particular mark ; that every guinea in the purse he was robbed of, was so particularly marked ; and that, most probably, the robber, by that means, would be

detected. Supper being ready, he retired. He had not long finished his supper, before Mr. Brunell came into the parlor. After the usual inquiries of the landlord's, of hoping the supper and every thing was of his liking, &c. &c. "Sir," says he, "I understand that you have been robbed, not far from hence, this evening." "I have, Sir." "And that your money was all marked." "It was." "A circumstance has arisen which leads me to think that I can point out the robber." "Indeed!" "Pray, Sir, what time in the evening was it?" "It was just setting in to be dark." "The time confirms my suspicions!" Mr. Brunell then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, who had of late been so very full of money at times, and so very extravagant, that he had many words with him about it, and had determined to part with him on account of his conduct being so very suspicious; that, long before dark that day, he had sent him out to change a guinea for him, and that he had only come back since he (the gentleman) was in the house, saying, he could not get change; and that Jennings being in liquor, he had sent him to bed, resolving to discharge him in the morning. That, at the time he returned him the guinea, he (Mr. Brunell) did not think it was the same which he had given him to get silver for, having perceived a mark upon this, which he was very clear was not upon the other; but that, nevertheless, he should have thought no more of the matter, as Jennings had so frequently gold of his own in his pocket, had he not afterwards heard (for he was not present when the gentleman was in his kitchen relating it) the particulars of the robbery, and that the guineas which the highwayman had taken were all marked: that, however, a few minutes previously to his having heard this, he had unluckily paid away the guinea which Jennings returned him, to a man who lived some distance off, and was gone; but the circumstances of it struck him so very strongly, that he could not, as an honest man, refrain from giving this information.

Mr. Brunell was thanked for his attention and public spirit. There was the strongest reason for suspecting Jennings; and if, on searching him, any of the marked guineas should be found, as the gentleman could swear to them,

there would then remain no doubt. It was now agreed to go softly up to his room; Jennings was fast asleep; his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn forth a purse containing exactly nineteen guineas. Suspicion now became demonstration, for the gentleman declared them to be identically those which he had been robbed of! Assistance was called, Jennings was awaked, dragged out of bed, and charged with the robbery. He denied it firmly, but circumstances were too strong to gain him belief. He was secured that night, and the next day carried before a neighboring justice of the peace. The gentleman and Mr. Brunell deposed the facts on oath; and Jennings having no proofs, nothing but mere assertions of innocence to oppose them, which could not be credited, he was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

So strong were the circumstances known to be against him, that several of his friends advised him to plead guilty on his trial, and to throw himself on the mercy of the court. This advice he rejected, and, when arraigned, pleaded not guilty. The prosecutor swore to his being robbed; but that it being nearly dark, the highwayman in a mask, and himself greatly terrified, he could not swear to the prisoner's person, though he thought him of much the same stature as the man who robbed him. To the purse and guineas, which were produced in court, he swore—as to the purse positively—and as to the guineas, to the best of his belief, and that they were found in the prisoner's pocket.

The prisoner's master, Mr. Brunell, deposed to the fact, as to the sending of the prisoner to change a guinea, and of his having brought him back a marked one in the room of one he had given him unmarked. He also gave evidence as to the finding of the purse, and the nineteen marked guineas in the prisoner's pocket. And, what consummated the proof, the man to whom Mr. Brunell paid the guinea, produced the same, and gave testimony to the having taken it that night in payment of the prisoner's master. Mr. Brunell gave evidence of his having received of the prisoner that guinea, which he afterwards paid to this last witness. And the prosecutor comparing it with the other nineteen found in the pocket of the prisoner,

swore to its being, to the best of his belief, one of the twenty guineas of which he was robbed by the highwayman.

The judge, on summing up the evidence, remarked to the jury, on all the concurring circumstances against the prisoner: and the jury, on this strong circumstantial evidence, without going out of court, brought in the prisoner guilty. Jennings was executed some little time after at Hull, repeatedly declaring his innocence to the very moment he was turned off. This happened in the year 1742.

Within a twelvemonth after, lo! Brunell, Jennings' master, was himself taken up for a robbery done on a guest in his own house; and the fact being proved on his trial, he was convicted, and ordered for execution. The approach of death brought on repentance, and repentance confession. Brunell not only acknowledged the committing of many robberies, for some years past, but the very one for which poor Jennings suffered!

The account he gave was, that he arrived at home by a nearer way and swifter riding, sometime before the gentleman got in who had been robbed. That he found a man at home waiting, to whom he owed a little bill, and that, not having quite loose money enough in his pocket, he took out of the purse one guinea, from the twenty he had just got possession of, to make up the sum; which he paid, and the man went his way. Presently came in the robbed gentleman, who, whilst Brunell was gone into the stables, and not knowing of his arrival, told his tale, as before related in the kitchen. The gentleman had scarcely left the kitchen, before Brunell entered it; and being there informed, among other circumstances, of the marked guineas, he was thunder-struck! Having paid one of them away, and not daring to apply for it again, as the affair of the robbery and marked guinea would soon become publicly known,—detection, disgrace, and ruin, appeared inevitable. Turning in his mind every way to escape, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings at last struck him. The rest the reader knows.

TORTURE OF A GIRL AT LIEGE.

In the year 1764, a citizen of Liege was found dead in his chamber, shot in the head. Close to him lay a discharged pistol, with which he had apparently been his own executioner. Fire arms are the chief manufacture of that city; and so common is the use of pistols at that place, that every peasant who brings his goods to the market there, is seen armed with them; so that the circumstance of the pistol did not, at first, meet with so much attention as it might have done in places where those weapons are not in such common use. But, upon the researches of the proper officer of that city, whose duty, like that of our coroner, is to inquire into all the circumstances of accidental deaths, it appeared, that the ball, which was found lodged in the head of the deceased, could never, from its size, have been fired out of the pistol which lay by him: thus it was clear that he had been murdered; nor were they long in deciding who was the murderer. A girl, of about sixteen, the niece of the deceased, had been brought up by him, and he had been always supposed to have intended to leave her his effects, which were something considerable; but the girl had then lately listened to the addresses of a young man whom the uncle did not approve of, and he had, upon that occasion, several times threatened to alter his will, and leave his fortune to some other of his relations. Upon these, and some other concurrent circumstances, such as having been heard to wish her uucle's death, &c., the girl was committed to prison.

The torturing a supposed criminal, in order to force confession, is certainly the most cruel and absurd idea that ever entered into the head of a legislator. This being observed by M. de Voltaire, who was then at Liege, to a magistrate of that place, on this very occasion, his defence was:—"We never condemn to the torture but upon circumstances on which the English would convict; so that the innocent has really a better chance to escape here than elsewhere;" but, until it is proved that pain has a greater tendency to make a person speak truth than falsehood

this reasoning seems to have little weight with reasonable persons.

This unhappy girl was, therefore, horribly and repeatedly tortured; but still persevering in asserting her innocence, she at last escaped with life—if it could be called an escape, when it was supposed she would never again enjoy either health or the use of her limbs, from the effects of the torture.

M. de Voltaire learned, some years afterwards, that her innocence became manifest, by the confession of the real assassins, who, being sentenced to the wheel for other crimes, confessed themselves the authors of this, of which the girl had been suspected; and that, several pistols having been discharged at the deceased, they had, intending that it should appear a suicide, laid a pistol near him, without adverting that it was not the same by which he fell.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE AT A MASQUERADE.

Charles the Sixth, King of France, was of so gloomy and melancholy a disposition, that all the courtiers strove to outdo each other in contriving means to amuse him. Nothing was to be seen at court but concerts, balls, tilting, and the like—in short, every day was distinguished by some new diversion. Queen Blanche gave a ball at her hotel in the suburb of Marceau. Hongrimen de Jansey the king's master of the horse, invented a masquerade, representing savages, or wild men, whose habits were of linen, upon which very fine tow was fixed with pitch to imitate hair. This uncouth kind of dress appeared very agreeable in those unpolished times, and was so much boasted of at court, that the king demanded a suit, with which he was so well pleased, that he determined to be present at the masquerade. It was then settled that the king, dressed like a savage, should enter the ball-room, holding five other savages in chains, which accordingly was executed. When the savages had entered, the king loosened them that they might dance, and seated himself on the knee of the Dutchess of Berry, who was extremely

beautiful. At this instant the Duke of Orleans arrived, who, astonished at any person taking so great a liberty with the Dutchess of Berry, ordered his pages to bring a flambeau, in order that he might discover who this mask was. One of the pages, having held his torch too near the savages who were dancing, set fire to their dresses, which being made of combustible materials, were instantly in flames: the musicians ceased, and nothing was heard but the most lamentable cries: one among the sufferers so far forgot his own distress as to cry—"Save the king." The Dutchess of Berry suspecting that he was the person who sat on her knees, covered him with her robe, and saved his habit from catching fire. All the noblemen who were in the savages' dress were burnt to death, except one, who recollecting that he had seen not far off a large tub of water, ran and threw himself into it. This unhappy news was soon spread throughout Paris. The people, who loved their king, believing that he was dead, uttered the most sorrowful lamentations; but Charles, in order to satisfy them, mounted on horseback next day, went, accompanied by a great number of gentlemen, to return thanks to God, at the church of Notre Dame. He caused the house where the accident happened, to be razed to the ground, and founded the chapel of Orleans in the church of the Celestines, to pray for the souls of those who perished by this catastrophe. The danger to which the king had been exposed affected his brain; he imagined he had phantoms or precipices continually before his eyes; in short, from that time till his death, he continued in a melancholy and languishing condition. This event happened in the year 1593.

THE FEMALE HUSBAND.

About the year 1736, a young fellow courted one Mary East, and for him she conceived the greatest liking; but he, going upon the highway, was tried for a robbery and cast, but was afterwards transported: this so affected our heroine, that she resolved ever to remain single. In the same neighborhood lived another young woman, who had

likewise met with many crosses in love, and had determined on the like resolution; being intimate, they communicated their minds to each other, and determined to live together ever after. After consulting on the best method of proceeding, they agreed that one should put on man's apparel, and that they would live as man and wife in some part where they were not known: the difficulty now was who was to be the man, which was soon decided, by the toss up of a halfpenny, and the lot fell on Mary East, who was then about sixteen years of age, and her partner seventeen. The sum they were then possessed of together was 30*l.*; with this they set out, and Mary, after purchasing a man's habit, assumed the name of James How, by which we will for a while distinguish her. In the progress of their journey, they happened to light on a little public house at Epping, which was to let, they took it, and lived in it for some time: about this period a quarrel happened between James How and a young gentleman. James entered an action against him, and obtained damages of 500*l.*, which was paid him. Possessed of this sum, they sought out for a place in a better situation, and took a public house in Limehouse-hole, where they lived many years, saving money, still cohabiting as man and wife, in good credit and esteem; they afterwards left this, and removed to the White Horse at Poplar, which they bought, and after that, several more houses.

About the year 1750, one Mrs. Bentley, who lived on Garlick hill, and was acquained with James in her younger days, knowing in what good circumstances she lived, and of her being a woman, thought this a good scheme to build a project on, and accordingly sent to her for 10*l.*, at the same time intimating that if she would not send it, she would discover her sex. James, fearful of this, complied with her demand, and sent her the money. It rested here for a considerable time, in which time James lived with his supposed wife in good credit, and had served all the parish offices in Poplar, excepting constable and church-warden, from the former of which she was excused by a lameness in her hand, occasioned by the quarrel already mentioned; the other she was to have been next year, if this discovery had not happened: she had been several times foreman

of juries; though her effeminacy indeed was remarked by most. At Christmas, 1765, Mrs. Bentley sent again with the same demand for 10*l.*, and with the like threatening obtained it; flushed with success, and not yet contented, she within a fortnight after sent again for the like sum, which James at that time happened not to have in the house; however, still fearful and cautious of a discovery, she sent her 5*l.* The supposed wife of James How died, and the same unconscionable Mrs. Bentley now thought of some scheme to enlarge her demand: for this purpose she got two fellows to execute her plan, the one a mulatto, who was to pass for one of justice Fielding's gang, the other to be equipped with a short pocket staff, and to act as constable. In these characters they came to the White Horse, and inquired for Mr. How, who answered to the name; they told her that they came from justice Fielding to take her into custody for a robbery committed by her forty-four years ago, and moreover, that she was a woman. Terrified to the greatest degree on account of her sex, though conscious of her innocence in regard to the robbery, an intimate acquaintance, one Mr. Williams a pawnbroker, happening to be passing by, she called to him, and told him the business these two men came about, and withal, added this declaration to Mr. Williams, I am really a woman, but innocent of their charge.

On this sincere confession he told her she should not be carried to Fielding, but go before her own bench of justices; that he would just step home, put on a clean shirt, and be back in five minutes. At his departure, the two fellows threatened James How, but at the same time told her, that if she would give them 100*l.* they would trouble her no more: if not, she should be hanged in sixteen days, and they should have 40*l.* a piece, each, for hanging her. Notwithstanding these threatenings she would not give them the money, waiting with impatience till the return of Mr. Williams: on her denial, they immediately forced her out, and took her near the fields, still using the same threats; adding with imprecations, had you not better give us the 100*l.* than be hanged? after a while they got her through the fields, and brought her to Garlick hill, to the house of the identical Mrs. Bentley, where with threats they got her to

give a draft on Mr. Williams to Bentley, payable in a short time; which when they had obtained, they sent her about her business. Williams came back punctual to his promise, and was surprised to find her gone: he immediately went to the bench of justices to see if she was there, and not finding her, went to Sir John Fielding's, and not succeeding, came back, when James soon after returned; when she related to him all that had passed. The discovery was now public. On Monday, July 14, 1766, Mrs. Bentley came to Mr. Williams with the draft, to know if he would pay it, being due the Wednesday after: he told her if she came with it when due, he should know better what to say; in the mean time, he applied to the bench of justices for advice, and Wednesday being come, they sent a constable with others to be in the house. Mrs. Bentley punctually came for the payment of the draft, bringing with her the mulatto man, both of whom were taken into custody, and carried to the bench of justices sitting at the Angel in White-chapel, where Mr. Williams, attended with James How, dressed in the proper habit of her sex, now again under her real name of Mary East. The alteration of her dress from that of a man to that of a woman, appeared so great, that together with her awkward behavior in her new assumed habit, it caused great diversion.

In the course of their examination Mrs. Bentley denied sending for the 100*l.*; the mulatto declared likewise, if she had not sent him for it he should never have gone. In short, they so contradicted each other, that they discovered the whole villany of their designs. In regard to the ten pounds which Bentley had before obtained, she in her defence urged that Mary East had sent it to her. After the strongest proof of their extortion and assault, they were denied any bail, and both committed to Clerkenwell Bridewell to be tried for the offence: the other man made off, and was not afterwards heard of. At the following session the mulatto, whose name was William Barwick, was tried for defrauding the female husband of money, and was convicted; when he was sentenced to four years imprisonment, and to stand four times in the pillory.

During the whole of their cohabiting together as man and wife, which was thirty-four years, they lived in good

credit and esteem, having during this time traded for many thousand pounds, and been to a day punctual to their payments: they had also by honest means saved up between 4000*l.* and 5000*l.* between them. It is remarkable that it has never been observed that they ever dressed a joint of meat in their whole lives, nor ever had any meetings or the like at their house. They never kept either maid or boy; but Mary East, the late James How, always used to draw beer, serve, fetch in and carry out pots always herself, so peculiar were they in each particular.

PRESSING TO DEATH.

A most barbarous law formerly prevailed in this country which imposed the punishment of pressing an individual to death if he refused to plead on his trial. Several instances of its being put into execution have occurred in the history of the English criminal code.

The Yorkshire Tragedy, a play, which some critics attribute to Shakspeare, is founded on the tragical tale of Mr. Calverly, a gentleman of good family in the north of England, who in a fit of jealousy killed his wife, and refused to plead that he might preserve his estate to his child; he was pressed to death.

At the Nottingham Assizes, in 1735, a person commonly reputed deaf and dumb from his infancy, committed a murder. When brought to trial, two persons swore positively that he had been heard to speak. He was desired to plead, but pleaded not. He was taken into an adjoining room and actually pressed to death, without uttering a word, which there is reason to believe he never could do.

At the Kilkenny Assizes, in 1740, one Matthew Ryan was tried for highway robbery. When he was apprehended he pretended to be a lunatic, stripped himself in the jail, threw away his clothes, and could not be prevailed on to put them on again, but went as he was to the court to take his trial. He then affected to be dumb, and would not plead; on which the judges ordered a jury to be impannelled, to inquire and give their opinion whether he was

mute and lunatic by the hand of God, or wilfully so. The jury returned in a short time, and brought in a verdict of "Wilful and affected dumbness and lunacy." The judges on this desired the prisoner to plead; but he still pretended to be insensible to all that was said to him. The law now called for the *peine forte et dure;* but the judges compassionately deferred awarding it until a future day, in the hope, that he might in the mean time acquire a juster sense of his situation. When again brought up, however, the criminal persisted in his refusal to plead: and the court at last pronounced the dreadful sentence, that he should *be pressed to death.* This sentence was accordingly executed upon him two days after, in the public market place of Kilkenny. As the weights were heaping on the wretched man, he earnestly supplicated to be hanged; but it being beyond the power of the sheriff to deviate from the mode of punishment prescribed in the sentence, even this was an indulgence which could no longer be granted to him.

Another instance is related in the annals of Newgate, of one William Spiggot, who suffered in the same manner.

Before he was put into the press, the ordinary of Newgate endeavored to dissuade him from hastening his own death in such a manner, and thereby depriving himself of that time which the law allowed him to repent in: to which he only answered, if you come to take care of my soul, I shall regard you; but if you come about my body, I must desire to be excused, for I cannot hear one word. At the next visit the chaplain found him lying in the vault, upon the bare ground, with three hundred and fifty pounds weight upon his breast, and then prayed by him, and several times asked him, why he would hazard his soul by such obstinate kind of self-murder. But all the answer that he made was pray for me, pray for me. He sometimes lay silent under the pressure, as if insensible of pain, and then again would fetch his breath very quick and short. Several times he complained that they had laid a cruel weight upon his face, though it was covered with nothing but a thin cloth, which was afterwards removed, and laid more light and hollow; yet he still complained of the prodigious weight upon his face, which might be caused by the blood being forced up

thither, and pressing the veins as violently as if the force had been externally on his face.

When he had remained half an hour under this load, and fifty pounds weight more laid on him, being in all four hundred, he told those that attended him he would plead.

Immediately the weights were at once taken off, the cords cut asunder, he was raised up by two men, some brandy was put into his mouth to revive him, and he was carried to take his trial.

The reasons he gave for enduring the press were, that his effects might be preserved for the good of his family, that none might reproach his children by telling them their father was hanged, and that Joseph Lindsey might not triumph in saying, he had sent him to Tyburn. He seemed to be much incensed against this Lindsey; for, says he, I was once wounded, in danger of my life, by rescuing him when he was near being taken, and yet he afterwards made himself an evidence against me.

The press yard in Newgate was so named because it was the place for inflicting this punishment.

TRUE HEROISM, OR THE PHYSICIAN OF MARSEILLES.

Whilst the plague raged violently at Marseilles, every link of affection was broken, the father turned from the child, the child from the father; cowardice and ingratitude no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling, thus dissolves every tie of humanity! the city became a desert, grass grew in the streets; a funeral met you at every step.

The physicians assembled in a body at the Hotel de Ville, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided unanimously, that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse alone might develope —an operation it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would

preclude their administering the customary remedies. A dead pause succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly, a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said firmly, "Be it so: I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed, what I observe." He left the assembly instantly. They admired him, lamented his fate, and doubted whether he would persist in his design. The intrepid Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy which patriotism can inspire, acted up to his word. He had never married, he was rich, and he immediately made a will; he confessed, and in the middle of the night received the sacraments. A man had died of the plague in his house within four and twenty hours. Guyon, at day-break, shut himself up in the same room; he took with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, and kneeling before the corpse, he wrote, —"Mouldering remains of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy—thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God! thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired." He began—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and afterwards sought the lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours—a death ten thousand times more glorious than the warrior's who to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks, since he advances with hope, at least, sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.

La Peste de Marseilles by Madame de Genlis.

INGRATITUDE TOWARDS A NEGRO SLAVE.

Monsieur Lazare, a native of Provence, and trader of Martinico, in the beginning of the French revolution, but since residing at Port Spain, embarked on board a Spanish launch of the Oronico, which was to take him to St. Thomas de Angostura. He carried a very considerable venture with him, and had a young negro of fourteen years old as his servant.

When the boat arrived at the islets of the Oronico, a Spanish sailor proposed to his comrades to murder Lazare and his negro, and seize on the cargo. As all the rest were not so ferocious as the author of the proposal, it was decided, that Lazare should be left on one of those desert isles: and fearing that he might escape by swimming to some adjacent one inhabited by the Gouaraouns, they bound him to a cocoa tree, thus condemning him to die of hunger. When those monsters returned on board the boat, they deliberated on what they could do with the young negro, and it was decided that he should be drowned. He was therefore thrown into the river; they also gave him some blows on the head with an oar, but these did not prevent him from diving and swimming to the islet on which his master had been left; fortunately the darkness of the night hindered them from seeing him when he reached the shore. At day-break the little negro roved about the island, and at length discovered his master, whom he supposed to be dead, fastened to the tree. Lazare's joy and surprise on this unexpected sight of his servant may be readily imagined; the cord which bound him having been untied, his first expression of gratitude was a positive promise of liberty to his slave. They next went in search of food to satisfy their hunger; but perceiving traces of human footsteps, Lazare, shivering with fear, spoke to his negro of people who roast and eat men.

After mature deliberation, they determined, that from the certainty in which they were of starving, or of not being able to escape, they might just as well go and meet the men eaters. Following the track they soon heard human voices; and a little after saw men perched on the trees, in

a species of nest proportioned to their sizes. "Come, come," said a Gouaraoun to Lazare, looking at him from his roost. "Heavens," cried the Frenchman, who understood Spanish, "they want to eat us." "No Massa," replied the little negro, who had some knowledge of the English languish; "they are only calling us to them." The Gouaraoun soon put an end to their anxiety, by showing them two large pieces of fish, and inviting them, by signs, to climb up the tree, and partake of his meal. The little negro soon reached his host, but the lubberly Lazare not being able to climb, they threw down several pieces of fish, some raw and others dressed, which he devoured most voraciously. At length the Gouaraouns descended from the trees to talk with him. He that had cried, "Come, come," spoke a little Spanish, and supposed Lazare to be a man, who, disgusted with the slavery of social life, had come peaceably to enjoy the advantages of liberty among them. This Gouaraoun, who was a man of importance among his tribe, extolled the project highly, told Lazare he would give him a wife, dog, and canoe, and that he would also teach him to shoot with a bow. But when the trader related his disastrous adventure, they testified a considerable degree of contempt for him. Having next requested them to convey him to Trinidad, and made the most magnificent promises, the Gouaraoun told him in bad Spanish, that he could not conceive why he did not prefer living with them happy, tranquil, and without masters, rather than return to those villanous white people!

When they saw that he was determined to return to Trinidad, they equipped a pirogue to carry him there, without its ever occurring to them to stipulate for the price of his passage. At length, Lazare having arrived at Port Spain, gave the Gouarouns some knives, hatchets, and a small cask of rum, and they departed satisfied. The reader will be impatient to know how he recompensed the slave who saved his life: he will naturally follow him in his mind's eye, conducting the faithful negro before a magistrate to establish his freedom. Vain illusion! The infamous Lazare, being in want of money a short time afterwards—*sold this very negro.*

ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON AT LYONS.

During the reign of terror in the early part of the French Revolution, the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Among these was a person named Delandine, who had been marked out as an object of political vengeance, but who afterwards had the good fortune to be set at liberty, when he gave to the world a narrative of his own sufferings, into which he introduced a variety of curious facts respecting his fellow prisoners.

"Our chamber," says he, "was long and gloomy; fifty new comers were lodged near the entrance, and thirty old inhabitants occupied the upper end. A large blue cloak, which was hung against the wall upon two nails, covered a great part of that end. Behind this cloak, and concealed from observation by it, Charbonnieres had for some time been busily employed in scraping out the cement which held the stones of the wall together, and loosening the stones; working chiefly while most of his fellow-prisoners were taking the air or sleeping. Three only of his comrades were associated in the plot: one carried away in his pockets the mortar as it was scraped out, which he contrived to throw away as he walked about the court. The other two were always singing, or rather bawling, or else quarreling and disputing, to engage the attention of those who remained in the room, and prevent their hearing any noise. One day a violent dispute arose, when, from words they came to blows, throwing their arms and legs about to the great annoyance of their comrades, who fled to avoid receiving kicks and cuffs not intended for them. In this interval of uproar, a large stone which had been detached, was by a violent effort from Charbonnieres, pushed through, and rolled down on the other side. This was all he wanted; he came from behind his place of concealment, and laid himself down quietly on his straw, flattering himself, that under the favor of the shades of night, he should now be able to bid adieu to his prison.

But what was his disappointment and that of his associates, when night came, and they went to explore the opening made, to find that it only led into a neighboring

church, now used as a military magazine, and shut up with locks and padlocks, which it was impossible to force without instruments, more than those they possessed! True courage, however, far from being damped, is only stimulated by obstacles; and our adventurers were not disheartened, but resolved to break through the wall of the church, and every other they might meet with. With the same weapons which had hitherto served them, that is, the tongues of their buckles, and the blade of an old knife, did they begin their operations in a corner of the church opposite to the wall of the prison. Unfortunately, the person who had the charge of the magazine, lodged directly behind this spot. The deadened noise which he at first heard, becoming every night more distinct, and seemingly to approach nearer and nearer, he began to suspect what was really the case, when some fragments of stone and mortar falling into his chamber, confirmed his suspicion. It was midnight: he arose hastily, and gave information of what he had witnessed to the turnkey then in waiting. The latter accompanied him to his chamber, listened, examined, and was convinced that all was not right. He hastened back to the prison, and calling a guard about him, the doors of the chamber were violently thrown open, and a search commenced with drawn bayonets. The soldiers raged, menaced, swore, and the turnkey swore and menaced more than any of them. The prisoners awoke terrified, conceiving that the massacre, with the idea of which their imaginations had been so long filled, was now about to be realized, and they prepared themselves to die. Charbonnieres and his associates, who had returned upon the first alarm, were lying peaceably upon their straw, pretending to be fast asleep. The walls were examined, the cloak was taken down; when, to the utter astonishment of the rest of the prisoners, a large breach was discovered, made as if by enchantment, and without any one of them having entertained the least idea of what was going forward.

In vain did we assert our innocence; the turnkey could not believe it possible that such a work could be carried on without our participation, and he ordered irons to be brought, and swore that we should be all removed to solitary dungeons. The irons were produced, and four were

already shackled, when Charbonnieres suddenly started up, as if from a profound sleep. With the air and manner of a general accustomed to command and brave every danger, "Hold!" cried he, "all those men whom you have thrown into so much terror are innocent; perhaps they might even have had the false delicacy to have refused the means which would assuredly have been offered them. But, would you know the real author of the project, behold me, it is I! To no one will I yield the honor of having conceived the idea: that was entirely my own, though I had associates in my endeavors to carry it into execution. These three men, who still feign to sleep in spite of the noise, have been the sharers in my labors, though they have not magnanimity enough to share in the avowal I have now made. They may justly be seized—they deserve to be ironed." Then addressing himself to the turnkey, he proceeded: "My interest is to endeavor to quit this place; thine is to detain me in it, and to guard me well. I have fulfilled my duty; do thou do thine: bring hither the irons; here are my legs ready to receive them. I shall sleep well in my dungeon, dreaming of the inconceivable pleasure I should have had to have left thee here an empty apartment; and devising new means, if possible, yet to procure myself that pleasure."

A profound silence was observed by every one during this harangue. Charbonnieres sat down: the irons were fixed on his legs; he looked with a smile of contempt on his associates, who reproached him for having denounced them. He wished a happy release from all their troubles to all the company in the chamber, and went away gaily to be immured in his dungeon. Here he contracted a dangerous illness, which occasioned him to be removed to the hospital for the prisoners, whence he was carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal. When examined, he asserted that he had been arrested since the siege; preferring to run the hazard of being cut off at once, to lingering out in prison the time which yet remained to the expiration of his sentence. The idea was bold, and evinced great shrewdness of mind; it was crowned with the happiest success. His name was sought among the denounced; but nothing appearing against him, his name not even be-

ing on the list, he was declared a good *sans-culotte*, without wealth, and without a crime, and was immediately set at liberty.

MAGNANIMOUS HEROISM OF A DUTCH PLANTER.

I SHOULD have found it difficult to give credit to the following occurrence, had it not happened at this place the evening before our arrival: and if, besides the public notoriety of the fact, I had not been an eye witness of those vehement emotions of sympathy blended with admiration, which it had justly excited in the mind of every individual at the Cape.

A violent gale of wind setting in from N. N. W., a vessel in the road dragging her anchors, was forced on the rocks and bilged; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore struggling for their lives by clinging to different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile a planter considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the awful shipwreck: his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen: and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his excellent properties as a swimmer, he instantly determined to make a desperate attempt for their deliverance. He alighted and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils: and again seating himself firm in his saddle, he instantly rushed into the midst of the breakers. At first, both disappeared to the astonished spectators, but it was not long before they appeared on the surface, and swam up to the wreck, when taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. After repeating this perilous expedition seven times he succeeded in saving fourteen of the unfortunate mariners, whose lives by his exertions were spared to the public; but on his return the eighth time a tremendous wave reared its foaming head, threatening de-

struction to both; and as the horse was much fatigued, the rider was unable to keep his balance, but began to reel upon his seat, the spectators during this time had beheld his efforts with great solicitude and admiration; but when they saw the danger that threatened the undaunted planter, their admiration was turned into fears for his safety; the wave continued to approach; in one moment, they were both overwhelmed and lost to the sight of the terrified spectators; after a short time, to their astonishment, the horse was seen endeavoring to reach the land, which it did in safety; but its brave and noble rider had sunk never to rise again.

It is to be lamented that the name of the person who performed this act of heroism is omitted. How few have merited so well as this man, the insciption,

VIRO IMMORTAL!

[*Recorded in the Travels of M. de Pages and Dr. Sparman.*]

RUNNING A MUCK.

THE slaves of the Malay race, says Captain Percival, in his narrative of the Cape of Good Hope, are rather numerous. They are employed in many kinds of laborious works, such as gardening, and attending the grounds belonging to the houses round the town; and in the kitchens, and in the drudgery work belonging to them. They are also often employed in fishing and procuring fuel. This last class of people are extremely vindictive, treacherous, and ferocious: implacable in their revenge, and on the slightest provocation, or imaginary insult, will commit murder. They are indeed a scourge to the people they come among. When bent on revenge, or irritated at some supposed insult, they scarcely ever fail of wreaking their vengeance. Many shocking murders have been committed by the Malay slaves on their masters and mistresses, not for the purpose of robbing, but merely to gratify their thirst of revenge, which nothing but the blood of their object will satisfy, though at the certain loss of their own lives.

When the Malay has determined on revenge, he takes a quantity of opium to work himself up to a state of madness, he then rushes out with a knife or dagger, which is called a creese, and after putting to death the original of his infernal passion, he next rushes at every one he meets, till he is overpowered and taken, which perhaps is not the case till several victims fall before him. Nothing but a lucky shot or blow, that stuns him to the earth, will ensure the safety of his opponent, as he proceeds with such a savage fierceness and impetuosity, that it is reckoned a most arduous and dangerous service to encounter him in this state. This is what is called "running a muck;" on the slightest alarm on which every one flies before him, and escapes the best way he can. Whoever kills a Malay in the act of running a muck, is entitled to a very high reward from government; and he certainly deserves it, for the most cool and intrepid are scarcely a match for the Malay, when worked to this pitch of desperate madness.

The two following instances occurred while I was at Cape Town:—"A Malay, for some insult or necessary chastisement received from his master, drew a knife and stabbed him to the heart, and immediately ran into the streets with the weapon wreaking with the blood of his unfortunate victim. The first person he met was a very fine slave girl, about seventeen years old, into whose face he darted the weapon. Fortunately a country farmer was at that moment passing Strand street, where it happened, and having a gun loaded in the wagon he was driving, fired, and killed the Malay on the spot. If this shot had not succeeded in bringing him down, I, and a brother officer, who came to the spot a few moments after, would in all probability have been the next victims. The poor slave girl died in a few hours after. This was the second time that a slave of the Malay race, running a muck, was prevented from falling in with me. Once, indeed, at Ponamola, in the East Indies, I very narrowly escaped, having been slightly wounded in the arm by a Malay who had attacked some Sepoys: and if I had not been fortunate enough to give him at the first cut so severe a wound as to disable him, he would certainly have put me to death. The creese he struck me with was poisoned, and my arm in consequence

swelled to a very great degree, and for some time it was thought I must have lost it, if not my life. I must here remark, that I received the greatest benefit from the Eau de Luce, which I have every reason to believe is a valuable antidote against poison; it has been found to prevent the fatal effects from the most venomous bites of snakes.

"Another instance of the barbarity of the race of slaves, which happened at the Cape while I was there, occurred in a Malay, who, on being refused leave by his master to go to a festival, stabbed him to the heart with a knife; then went to his mistress, in an adjoining room, and committed on her the same barbarous act. An old Malabar slave, who was cutting wood before the door, having observed him perpetrate these horrid murders, watched the opportunity, as he rushed out of the door, and striking him on the head with his axe, killed him on the spot. The government was generous enough to reward the Malabar slave with his liberty, and one hundred dollars in money."

The following dreadful circumstances occurred in the month of February, 1759, in the island of St. Eustatia. "A negro, who was at work in a ship in the harbor, having had some words with a white person, in his passion stabbed him: upon which another negro told him, that he would certainly be put to death; and that if he had killed twenty, they could do no more to him. Thereupon, the fellow, in a fit of desperation, immediately jumped overboard, and swam to shore, with a knife in his hand; and the first person he met with happened to be an English sailor, whom the villain instantly cut across the belly, so that his bowels appeared. This done, he in a moment ran into a woolen draper's shop, and stabbed a young fellow sitting behind the counter; he then ran into the street, and wounded desperately one or two others. By this time the people were greatly alarmed; but the knife the fellow had, being very large, and he so very desperate, every body shunned him. The governor offered a reward to any one who would take him alive, and a sailor undertook it, armed with a musket; but, if he found it impracticable, he was to shoot him. The negro, who was then at the wharf side, alone, saw him coming, and met him with great resolution: he made an essay to stab the sailor, by giving a

sudden leap upon him, but the tar avoided it, and struck at him with the butt end of his musket, and broke his arm; upon which, with great intrepidity, he got his knife into the other hand, and made another push at the sailor, but with as little success as the former; and by another blow, he was, with the assistance of some other persons who had gathered about him, secured alive. He was immediately brought to trial, and condemned; and next day hung upon a gibbet, in irons, alive, where he continued in the greatest agonies, and shrieking in the most terrible manner, for near three days. His greatest cry was, "Water! water! water!" being extremely hot weather, and the sun full upon him.

THE ASSASSIN OF COLOGNE.

An individual, accused of many murders, was lately arrested at Beul, a village on the right bank of the Rhine, opposite to Bonn. He readily confessed three murders, the recital of which is enough to make the heart shudder. The following is an account of the means by which these atrocious crimes were discovered. An inhabitant of Beul, named Moll, a shoemaker, and Henry Ochs, of Cologne, a tailor, had served together in the same company of the 28th regiment, and were united in the closest bonds of friendship: they returned to their houses after some years' service, and resumed their former occupations. Moll came frequently to visit his friend Ochs, who was married at Cologne. The young married folks always received and treated him with much affection.

The judicial authority took cognizance last year of the double disappearance of Moll's step-mother, twenty-eight years old, and of his own young brother: search was made after their persons, but in vain. Moll, having given rise to some suspicions, was arrested; but for want of sufficient proof was discharged from an arrest, after a detention of some months, and resumed his connections with Ochs as before. The latter wishing to make purchases at the fair of Putzyen, not far from Beul, held on the 8th of Septem-

ber, set out on the 7th, having procured sixty Prussian crowns, informing his wife that he would take lodgings at the house of his friend Moll. After she had waited the return of her husband for eight days, she began to feel considerable anxiety, and sent a confidential person to make inquiries for him. This messenger arrived at Beul, on the 18th, and saw Moll wearing the clothes and using the pipe of his friend Ochs; struck with these signs, he returned to Bonn, and communicated them to the officers of justice. The judge instructor instantly despatched the civil power, who, having surrounded Moll's residence, proceeded to make a domiciliary visit. They presently discovered some loose planks on the floor of the work room, on the raising which, they perceived the extremities of mutilated bones sticking out from a hole filled with earth, like those in which peasants usually preserve their potatoes. They dug out three bodies in succession: the first of which was recognized as that of the unfortunate Ochs. While the officers were busy in the work of exhumation, Moll escaped through a window, and baffled the vigilance of the police with such caution, that they were not able to retake him until about nine o'clock at night, when he was discovered in the middle of a field, in which he had laid down through excessive fatigue. He was brought back to the judge's office, where he found before him the three bodies exposed to view; at first he wished to deny every thing, but the impressive and ingenious interrogations of the judge pressed him so closely, that he became confused and inconsistent in his answers, and in the end, the voice of conscience succeeded in wringing from him the horrible confession of his crimes. He then confessed, with a flood of tears, that fifteen months ago he had assassinated his step-mother. He afterwards avowed that he had assassinated his own brother, because he possessed the power of revealing the former deed; he moreover confessed the murder of his friend Ochs, which he committed on the night of the 7th of September, 1823. An inquiry into many other murders now took place, several of which were attributed to this monster. M. Schiller, son to the celebrated poet, was employed in conducting the investigation of this affair, and the assassin was left for execution. The inhabitants of

Beul, fired with detestation of the murderer Moll, assembled before his execution, and destroyed his house, which was situated in an isolated spot at the extremity of the village. After they had demolished it from roof to foundation, they collected the combustible materials, set them on fire, and scattered the ashes to the winds. This act of simultaneous indignation was performed in a moment, and was followed by no other excess.

MICHAEL HOWE THE BUSH-RANGER.

Michael Howe was the last and the worst of the Bush-Rangers, and by his depredations, he became the terror of Van Dieman's Land. The following account of this outlaw is abridged from the life of Howe, printed at Hobart's Town, in 1818, and was the first child of the press of a state not fifteen years old.

Michael Howe was born at Pontefract, in 1787, and was apprenticed to a merchant vessel at Hull: but "he showed his indentures a fair pair of heels," (as Prince Henry says,) and entered on board a man of war, from which he got away as he could. He was tried at York in 1811, for a highway robbery, and sentenced to seven years transportation. He arrived in Van Dieman's Land in 1812, and was assigned by the government as a servant to a settler; from this service he absconded into the woods, and joined a party of twenty-eight bush-rangers, as they are called. In this profession he lived six years of plunder and cruelty, during which, he appears to have twice surrendered himself to justice, under proclamations of pardon, but was both times unaccountably suffered to escape again to the woods. It is reproachful to the government of the colony, to think that it was after the second of these flights from justice, or at least from confinement, that he committed murder on two men, who had, as they thought, secured him. By this means he again escaped, to be shot at last by a private soldier of the 48th regiment, and another man: for so desperate was this villain, that he was only to be taken dead and by stratagem.

Howe was without a spark of even the honor of an outlaw; he betrayed his colleagues upon surrendering himself to government, and he fired upon a native girl, his companion, when she became an impediment to his flight. He was reduced at last to abandonment, even by his own gang; and one hundred guineas, and (if a convict should take him) a free pardon and a passage to England, were set upon his head. He was now a wretched, conscience-hunted solitary, hiding in dingles, and only tracked by the sagacity of the native girl to whom he had behaved so ungratefully, and who was now employed by the police to revenge his cruelty to her. His arms, ammunition, dogs, and knapsack, were first taken from him; and in the last was found a little memorandum book of kangaroo skin, written by himself in kangaroo blood. It contained a sort of journal of his dreams, which showed strongly the wretched state of his mind, and some tincture of superstition. It appears that he frequently dreamt of being murdered by the natives, of seeing his old companions, of being nearly taken by a soldier; and in one instance only, humanity asserts itself even in the breast of Michael Howe, for we find him recording that he dreamt of his sister. It also appears from this little book, that he had once an idea of settling in the woods, for it contained long lists of such seeds as he wished to have, vegetables, fruits and even flowers.

These bush-rangers are now exterminated, and the colony on which they were a heavy drawback, is consequently rapidly advancing in numbers and in civilization.

THE SOLITARY SOVEREIGN.

Some years ago, there was stationed on the island of Ratoneau, (the center of three islands on the coast of Marseilles, and the most deserted of the three,) an invalid of the name of Francœur, who, with his wife and daughter, and another invalid, composed the whole population of the island. Francœur had been once deranged in his mind, and confined in the Hotel de St. Lazare, near Marseilles,

a hospital for the reception of lunatics; but, after a time, was discharged as perfectly cured. His comrade and his wife, however, perceiving that he began to show symptoms of derangement, sent information of it to the Governor-general of the three islands, who resided on one of them, named the Chateau d'If. The governor, not choosing to attempt seizing Francœur singly, for fear of incensing him, sent an order for the whole party to appear before him, hoping, in this way, to get the lunatic quietly and without difficulty into his power. Francœur prepared with the rest to obey the summons; but, at the moment of their embarking, when the other invalid was already in the boat, being seized with a sudden phrenzy, he attempted to stab, first his wife, and then his daughter. They both escaped by jumping hastily into the boat; when, pushing off before he had time to follow them, and hastening away to the Chateau d'If, they left him alone on the island.

His first movement, on finding himself without control, was to take possession of a small fort where two or three guns were mounted, with a little powder and ball; and shutting himself up in it, he began a cannonade upon the governor's house, which did some damage. The governor on this sent a boat with five invalids of his own garrison, bearing an order to Francœur to appear before him; but the latter, shut up in his fort, told those who brought the summons to carry back this answer: "That his father was governor of the island of Ratoneau, and being his sole heir, the right of domain there had devolved entirely on him, nor would he yield it up while a drop of blood remained in his veins." He immediately fired on the men, who, not being amused with the joke, hastily withdrew. Francœur then began a second cannonade on the governor's chateau; but, after firing a few shots, he was diverted from this object by perceiving a vessel in the bay within gunshot, to which his battery was now directed. The captain, greatly surprised at finding himself treated in this inhospitable manner, sent to inquire the reason of it, when my lord governor replied, that he wanted a supply of biscuit and wine, and if they were not sent immediately, he would sink the vessel. The captain, glad to compromise matters so easily, sent the supplies required, the weather

being such that he could not stand out to sea at the moment; but as soon as it was in his power, he hastened to remove from so disagreeable a neighbor. Three or four other vessels which had the presumption to approach within reach of my lord governor's guns, were, in like manner, laid under contribution; nor were the fishermen spared, but were obliged to furnish their quota towards the supply of his lordship's table.

The governor of the Chateau d'If, still unwilling to sacrifice the life of the unfortunate lunatic, sent a second party from his garrison, with orders to seize him, under pretence of demanding a conference; but either from having taken their measures ill, or from cowardice, they were obliged to return without accomplishing their purpose. Extremely embarrassed how to proceed with a man, who, though not accountable for his actions, was in a situation where he might do mischief, the governor of the Chateau d'If sent to the Duke de Villars, who, as governor of Provence, was then at Marseilles, to consult him what was to be done. The Duke immediately despatched a party of five and twenty grenadiers, with a sergeant at their head, who had orders to land in the night, and get possession of the fort by means of scaling ladders, while the governor was asleep. This was done accordingly, and his lordship was extremely surprised, when he awoke in the morning, to find himself surrounded by an armed force. Perceiving that resistance was impossible, he said that he was very ready to surrender to the Duke de Villars, on honorable terms, but that on no account would he enter into any negotiation with the governor of the Chateau d'If. The terms he proposed were, that, for the accommodation of his sovereign, he would consent to exchange his government of the island of Ratoneau for that of the house of St. Lazare, whither he had sense enough to perceive he should be reconducted; but he insisted on being permitted to march out of the fort with honors of war, and an instrument drawn up in the proper form, which should confirm to himself and his heirs for ever the government of St. Lazare; while it contained his renunciation of all his rights to the island of Ratoneau.

A promise was made that these stipulations should be faithfully fulfilled; when, shouldering a musket, he marched

out of the fort with great solemnity, and there grounding it, walked on quietly to the boat. Thus ended his sovereignity of three days over an island without subjects.

Miss Plumptre.

SPANISH FIDELITY.

Towards the latter end of the reign of King Edward the Third, lived two valiant squires, Robert Haule, and Richard Schakel, who, in the wars under the Black Prince, had taken prisoner the Count de Dena, a Spanish don of great quality, and brought him to England. Some time after he left his eldest son as a pledge, while he went home to raise his ransom; but being got to Spain he neglected to send the money, and in a little time he died, whereby his honors and estate devolved to the young hostage. This being communicated to king Edward, both he and the prince were very importunate with the two gentlemen to release the Spanish cavalier; but they were so far from parting with him, that they refused to discover where he was; for which they were sent to the Tower, from whence escaping, they took sanctuary in Westminster Abbey. The duke of Lancaster being resolved to ferret them out, sent fifty armed men, who entered the church, put a trick upon Schakel, got him away, and carried him back to the Tower. But as for Haule, he was among the monks, and at mass; the soldiers went to him, and at first expostulated with him, why he should so obstinately disobey the king's command, and withal told him that he must go with them, which he peremptorily refused, drew a short sword, and made at them, but although he performed wonders, he was at last slain. The Archbishop of Canterbury thundered out an excommunication against these violators of the sanctuary and all their abettors, the king, his mother, and the duke of Lancaster, excepted. But about a year after, in Richard the Second's reign, through the mediation of some grave and venerable persons, the matter was accommodated on these terms: that the said Schakel, who was sent to the Tower, should discover and deliver up the Count

de Dena, and so be set at liberty, and the king to settle on him lands, to the value of one hundred marks per annum, and pay him down five hundred marks ready money, in lieu of the expected ransom, and also that his majesty, for satisfaction to the church, should at his own proper charges, erect a chauntery of five priests forever, to pray for the soul of Robert Haule, whom his officers had slain. But now comes the most surprising part of the story: when Schakel was on the point to produce his captive, he showed them his servant who waited on him, for the gallant Spaniard observed such a regard to his word, that he scorned to discover himself without his leave, but on the contrary, had all along, both in the sanctuary, and in the Tower, faithfully and submissively served him in disguise, neglecting both his quality and interest, when they stood in competition with his honor.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

In the year 1713, the Czar, Peter of Russia, was smitten with the charms of a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a foreign merchant in Moscow: he first saw her in her father's house, where he dined one day. He was so much taken with her appearance, that he offered her any terms she pleased, if she would live with him; which this virtuous young woman modestly refused, but dreading the effects of his authority, she left Moscow in the night, without communicating her design even to her parents. Having provided a little money for her support, she travelled on foot several miles into the country, till she arrived at a small village where her nurse lived with her husband and their daughter, the young lady's foster-sister, to whom she discovered her intention of concealing herself in the wood near that village; and to prevent any discovery, she set out the same night, accompanied by the husband and daughter. The husband being a timber-man by trade, and well acquainted with the wood, conducted her to a little dry spot in the middle of the morass, and there he built a hut for her habitation. She had deposited her

money with her nurse, to procure little necessaries for her support, which were faithfully conveyed to her at night by the nurse or her daughter, by one of whom she was constantly attended in the night time.

The next day after her flight, the Czar called at her father's to see her, but finding the parents in anxious concern for their daughter, and himself disappointed, fancied it a plan of their own concerting. He became angry, and began to threaten them with the effects of his displeasure if she was not produced: nothing was left to the parents but the most solemn protestations with tears of real sorrow running down their cheeks, to convince him of their innocence and ignorance of what was become of her, assuring him of their fears that some fatal disaster must have be fallen her, as nothing belonging to her was missing, except what she had on at the time. The Czar, satisfied of their sincerity, ordered great search to be made for her, with the offer of a considerable reward to the person who should discover what was become of her, but to no purpose: the parents and relations, apprehending she was no more, went into mourning for her.

About a year after this she was discovered by accident. A Colonel who had come from the army to see his friends, going a hunting into that wood, and following his game through the morass, came to the hut, and looking into it, saw a pretty young woman in a mean dress. After inquiring of her who she was, and how she came to live in so solitary a place, he found out at last that she was the lady whose disappearance had made so great a noise; in the utmost confusion, and with the most fervent entreaties, she prayed him on her knees that he would not betray her; to which he replied, that he thought her danger was now past, as the Czar was then otherwise engaged, and that she might with safety discover herself, at least, to her parents, with whom he would consult how matters should be managed. The lady agreed to his proposal, and he set out immediately and overjoyed her parents with the happy discovery. The issue of their deliberations was to consult Madame Catharine, as she was then called, in what manner the affair should be opened to the Czar. The Colonel went also upon this business, and was advised by Madame

to come next morning, when she would introduce him to his Majesty, when he might make the discovery, and claim the promised reward. He went, according to appointment, and being introduced, told the accident by which he had discovered the lady, and represented the miserable situation in which he found her, and what she must have suffered by being so long shut up in such a dismal place, from the delicacy of her sex. The Czar showed a good deal of concern that he should have been the cause of all her sufferings, declaring that he would endeavor to make her amends. Here Madame Catharine suggested, that she thought the best amends his Majesty could make, was, to give her a handsome fortune and the Colonel for a husband, who had the best right, having caught her in pursuit of his game. The Czar agreeing perfectly with Madame Catharine's sentiments, ordered one of his favorites to go with the Colonel, and bring the young lady home; where she arrived, to the inexpressible joy of her family and relations, who had all been in mourning for her. The marriage was under the direction, and at the expense of the Czar, who himself gave the bride to the bridegroom; saying, that he presented him with one of the most virtuous of women; and accompanied his declaration with very valuable presents, besides settling on her and her heirs, three thousand rubles a year. This lady lived highly esteemed by the Czar, and every one who knew her.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS CARRYING MONEY ON A JOURNEY.

Jonathan Bradford kept an inn on the London road to Oxford in the year 1736. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, put up at Bradford's; and there joined company with two gentlemen with whom he supped. In conversation, he unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the two gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard

a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated, he softly awaked his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans; and the door being ajar, saw a light in the room; they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation, on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him, with a dark lantern in one hand, and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered the person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and had but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighboring justice of the peace Bradford still denied the murder, but nevertheless, with such an apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression, on writing out his mittimus, "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county. Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again, in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford. Bradford was brought to trial —he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen: they testified to the finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; the knife, and the hand which held it bloody; that on entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man, and that a few moments preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen. He had heard a noise; suspected some villainy transacting; he struck a light,—he snatched a knife, (the only weapon near him,) to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene.

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need of comment from the judge in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation! and the jury brought in the prisoner guilty, even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes, but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes' footman; who, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch and snuff-box, and escaped to his own room; which could have been, from the after circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman, (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford,) on a bed of sickness; it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It is much to be wished that this account could close here; but it cannot. Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheless, the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement!—he could not believe his senses!—and in turning back the bed clothes, to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence.

COMBATS WITH WILD BEASTS.

JEAN ALBERT DE MANDELSLO, a native of Holstein, who travelled in the east about the years 1638–9, gives the following account of some combats between wild beasts exhibited before the Grand Mogul, on his son's birth-day.

This monarch first made a savage bull fight a lion; and then ordered a battle between a lion and tiger. As soon as the tiger perceived the lion, he went directly to him, and struggling with all his might, overthrew him. Every one thought the tiger would have little trouble in killing his adversary; but the lion rose immediately, and seized the tiger so forcibly by the throat, that it was believed he was dead. He disengaged himself, however, and the combat was renewed with as much fury as ever, until fatigue separated them. They were both wounded, but not mortally.

After this combat, Alla Merdy Khan, governor of Cachemir, who was near the king's person, stepped forward, and said, that Shah Choram (the Mogul) wished to see if there was a person bold enough among his subjects to face one of these beasts with the scimetar and small round shield (*rondache*) alone: and that any one who had the courage to make the experiment might declare himself, so that the Great Mogul having witnessed proofs of his courage, force and address, might reward him, by not only honoring him with his favor, but likewise with the rank of Khan. Upon this, three Hindoos offered themselves; and Alla Merdy Khan repeated that the king's intention was, that the battle should be fought with the scimetar and shield alone, and that those who had coats of mail must take them off, so that the contest might be fair.

A furious lion was immediately let out, which seeing his enemy enter, ran directly at him. The Hindoo defended himself valiantly, until being unable longer to sustain the weight of the animal, which chiefly fell upon his right arm, he began to lower the shield, which the lion tried to tear from him, while with the left paw he seized upon the right arm of his enemy, intending to leap upon his throat; when the man applying his left hand to a dagger which he had

concealed in his girdle, he buried it in the lion's gullet, who was obliged to let go his hold and retire. The man followed him, cut him down with a blow of his scimetar, killed him, and cut him in pieces.

The people at first shouted a victory; but as soon as the clamors subsided, the Mogul, directing the Hindoo to approach said to him with a sarcastic smile, "I must allow you are a brave fellow, and that you fought boldly. But did I not forbid you to take any unfair advantage, and did I not prescribe the weapons to be employed? Nevertheless, you have used others, and have overcome my lion dishonorably: you surprised him with secret weapons,—you killed him like an assassin, not like an open enemy." Hereupon he commanded two men to descend into the area and rip up his belly, which was done, and the body was placed upon an elephant, to be led through the city by the way of example.

The second Hindoo who appeared upon the theatre after this bloody tragedy, advanced with great spirit towards the tiger, which they let out against him, so that to look at his face one might be assured that the victory was certain; but the tiger more active than he was, leaped in a moment upon his neck, killed him, and tore him to pieces.

The third Hindoo, far from being terrified at the wretched fate of his two companions, gaily entered the area, and went straight to the tiger, who, heated with the former combat, advanced to the man, intending to strike him down at the first blow; but the Hindoo, though small and of bad figure, cut his two fore paws with a single stroke, and having thus disabled him, killed him at his leisure.

The king ordered the man to come near him, and inquired his name. He answered that it was Geily. At the same moment an officer approached him with a vest of brocade, which he presented to him on behalf of the Mogul, saying, "Geily take this vest from my hands as a mark of the king's favor." Geily, making three low reverences, and lifting the vest in the air, loudly exclaimed, after a short prayer, "God grant that the glory of the Great Mogul may equal that of Tamerlane from whom he sprang," &c. Two eunuchs conducted him to the king's chamber, at the entrance of which two Khans led him between them

to the king's feet, who addressed him as *Geily Khan*, and gave him the stipulated rank, and promised to be his friend. Wretched, indeed, must have been the condition of a people subjected to the caprices of such a thoughtless, brutal tyrant, as this Shah Choram.

INHUMAN PROSECUTION OF MONSIEUR D'ANGLADE AND HIS FAMILY.

THE Count of Montgomery rented a part of a hotel in the Rue Royale, at Paris. The ground floor and first floor were occupied by him; the second and third by the Sieur d'Anglade. The Count and the Countess de Montgomery had an establishment suited to their rank. They kept an almoner, and several male and female servants, and their horses and equipage were numerous in proportion. Monsieur d'Anglade (who was a gentleman, though of an inferior rank to the Count,) and his wife, lived with less splendor, but yet with elegance and decency suitable to their situation in life. They had a carriage, and were admitted into the best companies, where probably M. d'Anglade increased his income by play; but, on the strictest inquiry, it did not appear that any dishonorable actions could be imputed to him. The Count and Countess de Montgomery lived on a footing of neighborly civility with Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade, and without being very intimate, were always on friendly terms. Some time in September, 1687, the Count and Countess proposed passing a few days at Villebousin, one of their country houses. They informed Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade of their design, and invited them to be of the party. They accepted it; but the evening before they were to go, they, for some reason or other, (probably because Madame d'Anglade was not very well,) begged leave to decline the honor, and the Count and Countess set out without them, leaving in their lodgings one of the Countess' women, four girls, whom she employed to work for her in embroidery, and a boy who was kept to help the footman. They took

with them the priest, Francis Gagnard, who was their almoner, and all their other servants.

The Count pretended that a strange presentment of impending evil hung over him, and determined him to return to Paris a day sooner than he intended. Certain it is, that instead of staying till Thursday, as they proposed, they came back on Wednesday evening. On coming to their hotel a few moments before their servants, (who followed them on horseback,) they observed that the door of a room on the ground floor, where their men servants slept, was ajar, though the almoner, who had always kept the key, had double-locked it when he went away. Monsieur d'Anglade, who was out when they came home, returned to his lodgings about eleven o'clock, bringing with him two friends with whom he supped at the President Roberts'. On entering, he was told that the Count and Countess were returned, at which, it is said, he appeared much surprised. However, he went into the apartment where they were, to pay his compliments. They desired him to sit down, and sent to beg Madame d'Anglade would join them; she did so, and they passed some time in conversation, after which they parted. The next morning the Count de Montgomery discovered that the lock of his strong box had been opened by a false key, from whence had been taken thirteen small sacks, each containing a thousand livres in silver; eleven thousand five hundred livres in gold, besides double pistoles; and a hundred louis d'ors, of a new coinage, called au cordon; together with a pearl necklace, worth four thousand livres.

The Count, as soon as he made this discovery, went to the police and preferred his complaint, describing the sums taken from him, and the species in which those sums were. The lieutenant of police went directly to the hotel, where, from circumstances, it clearly appeared that the robbery must have been committed by some one who belonged to the house. Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade earnestly desired to have their apartments and their servants examined: and, from some observations he then made, or some prejudice he had before entertained against Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade, the lieutenant of police seems to have conceived the most disadvantageous opinion of them,

and to have been so far prepossessed with an idea of their guilt, that he did not sufficiently investigate the looks and the conduct of others. In pursuance, however, of their desire to have their rooms searched, he followed them thither, and looked narrowly into their drawers, closets, and boxes: unmade the beds, and searched the mattrasses and the paillases. On the floor they themselves inhabited, nothing was found: he then proposed ascending into the attic story, to which Monsieur d'Anglade readily consented. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from attending, saying that she was ill and weak. However, her husband went up with the officer of justice, and all was readily submitted to his inspection. In looking into an old trunk filled with clothes, remnants, and parchments, he found a rouleau of seventy louis d'ors au cordon, wrapt in printed paper, which printed paper was a genealogical table which the Count said was his.

This seems to have been the circumstance, which so far confirmed the before groundless and slight suspicions of the lieutenant of the police, that it occasioned the ruin of these unfortunate people.

As soon as these seventy louis were brought to light, the Count de Montgomery insisted upon it that they were his; though as they were in common circulation, it was as impossible to swear to *them* as any other coin. He declared, however, that he had no doubt but that Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade had robbed him; and said that he would answer for the honesty of all his own people; and that on this occasion he could not but recollect, that the Sieur Grimaudet, who had before occupied this hotel, which Monsieur d'Anglade had inhabited at the same time, had lost a valuable piece of plate. It was, therefore, the Count said, very probable that d'Anglade had been guilty of both the robberies, which had happened in the same place while he inhabited it.

On this, the rouleau of seventy louis d'ors, the lieutenant of the police seized. He bid Monsieur d'Anglade count them; he did so, but terrified at the imputation of guilt, and at the fatal consequence which in France often follows the imputation only, his hand trembled as he did it; he was sensible of it, and said "I tremble." This emotion,

so natural even to innocence, appeared in the eyes of the Count and lieutenant, a corroboration of his guilt. After this examination they descended to the ground floor, where the almoner, page, and valet-de-chambre were accustom ed to sleep together in a small room. Madame d'Anglade desired the officer of the police to remark, that the door of this apartment had been left open, and that the valet-de-chambre probably knew why, of whom, therefore, inquiry should be made. Nothing was more natural than this observation; yet to minds already prepossessed with an opinion of the guilt of Anglade and his wife, this remark seemed to confirm it; when in a corner of this room, where the wall formed a little recess, five of the sacks were discovered, which the Count had lost, in each of which was a thousand livres; and a sixth, from which upwards of two hundred had been taken. After this, no further inquiry was made, nor any of the servants examined. The guilt of Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade was ascertained in the opinion of the lieutenant of the police and the Count de Montgomery; and, on no stronger grounds than the circumstance of finding the seventy louis d'ors, the emotion shown by d'Anglade while he counted them, and the remark made by his wife, were these unfortunate people committed to prison. Their effects were seized: M. d'Anglade was thrown into a dungeon in the Chatalet, and his wife, who was with child, and her little girl, about four years old, were sent to fort l'Eveque; while the strictest orders were given that no person whatever, should be admitted to speak to them. The prosecution now commenced, and the lieutenant of the police, who had committed the unhappy man, was to be his judge. D'Anglade appealed, and attempted to institute a suit against him, and make him a party, in order to prevent his being competent to give judgment; but this attempt failed, and served only to add personal animosity to the prejudice this officer had before taken against Anglade. Witnesses were examined; but far from their being heard with impartiality, their evidence was twisted to the purposes of those who desired to prove guilty the man they were determined to believe so. The almoner, Francis Gagnard, who was the really guilty person, was among those whose evidence was now admit-

ted against Anglade; and this wretch had effrontery enough to conceal the emotion of his soul, and to perform a mass, which the Count ordered to be said at St. Esprit, for a discovery of the culprits.

The lieutenant of the police, elate with his triumph over the miserable prisoner, pushed on the prosecution with all the avidity which malice and revenge could inspire in a vindictive spirit. In spite, however, of all he could do, the proofs against d'Anglade were still insufficient: therefore he determined to have him put to the torture, in hopes of bringing him to confess the crime. Anglade appealed, but the parliament confirmed the order, and the poor man underwent the question ordinary and extraordinary; when, notwithstanding his acute sufferings, he continued firmly to protest his innocence, till covered with wounds, his limbs dislocated, and his mind enduring yet more than his body, he was carried back to his dungeon. Disgrace and ruin overwhelmed him: his fortune and effects were sold for less than a tenth of their value, as is always the case where law presses with its iron hand; his character was blasted, his health was ruined. Not naturally robust, and always accustomed not only to the comforts, but the elegances of life, a long confinement in a noisome and unwholesome dungeon, had reduced him to the lowest state of weakness. In such a situation he was dragged forth to torture, and then plunged again into the damp and dark caevrn from whence he came—without food, medicine, or assistance of any kind, though it is usual for those who suffer the torture to have medicinal help and refreshment after it. This excess of severity could be imputed only to the malignant influence of the officer of justice, in whose power he now was.

From the same influence it happened, that though the Sieur d'Anglade, amid the most dreadful pains, had steadily protested his innocence—and though the evidence against him was extremely defective—sentence was given to this effect: That Anglade should be condemned to serve in the galleys for nine years; that his wife should, for the like term, be banished from Paris, and its jurisdiction; that they should pay three thousand livres reparation to the Count de Montgomery as damages, and make restitution of twen-

ty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-three livres, and either return the pearl necklace or pay five thousand livres more. From this sum the five thousand seven hundred and eighty livres, found in the sacks in the servants' room, were to be deducted, together with the seventy louis d'ors found in the box, of which the officer of justice had taken possession, and also a double Spanish pistole, and seventeen louis d'ors found on the person of Anglade, which was his own money.

Severe as this sentence was, and founded on such slight presumption, it was put immediately into execution. Anglade, whose constitution was already sinking under the heavy pressure of his misfortunes, whose limbs were contracted by the dampness of his prison, and who had undergone the most excruciating tortures, was sent to the tower of Montgomery, there to remain, without assistance or consolation, till the convicts condemned to the galleys were ready to go. He was then chained with them—a situation how dreadful! for a gentleman whose sensibility of mind was extreme, and who had never suffered hardship or difficulty till then; when he was plunged at once into the lowest abyss of misery, chained among felons, and condemned to the most hopeless confinement and the severest labor, without any support but what he could procure from the pity of those who saw him; for of his own he had now nothing! Yet, dreadful as these evils were, he supported them with that patient firmness, which nothing but conscious innocence could have produced. Reduced to the extreme of human wretchedness, he felt not for himself; but when he reflected on the situation of his wife and infant daughter, his fortitude forsook him. A fever had, from his first confinement, preyed on his frame; its progress grew more rapid, and he felt his death inevitable. When the galley slaves were being collected to depart, he besought leave to see his wife, and to give his last blessing to his child—but it was denied him! He submitted and prepared to go; but being too weak to stand, he was put into a wagon, whence he was taken at night, when they stopped, and laid on straw in a barn or outhouse, and the next morning carried again, between two men to the wagon, to continue his journey. In this manner, and be-

lieving every hour would be his last, the unhappy man arrived at Marseilles. It was asserted, but for the honor of human nature should not be believed, that the Count de Montgomery pressed his departure, notwithstanding the deplorable condition he was in, and even waited on the road to see him pass, and enjoy the horrid spectacle of his sufferings. The unhappy wife of this injured man had not been treated with more humanity. She had been dragged to prison, separate from that of her husband, and confined in a dungeon. She was with child, and the terror she had undergone occasioned her to miscarry. Long fainting fits succeeded; and she had no help but that of her little girl, who, young as she was, endeavored to recall her dying mother by bathing her temples, and by making her smell of bread dipped in wine. But as she believed every fainting fit would be her last, she implored the jailor to allow her a confessor: after much delay he sent one, and by these means the poor woman received succor and sustenance, but while she slowly gathered strength, her little girl grew ill. The noisome damps, the want of proper food, and of fresh air, overcame the tender frame of the poor child; and then it was that the destruction and despair of the mother was at its height. In the middle of a rigorous winter. they were in a cavern, where no air could enter, and where the damps only lined the wall; a little charcoal, in an earthen pot, was all the fire they had, and the smoke was so offensive and dangerous, that it increased rather than diminished their sufferings. In this dismal place, the mother saw her child sinking under a disease, for which she had no remedies. Cold sweats accompanied it, and she had neither clean linen for her, nor fire to warm her; and even as their food depended on charity, and they were not allowed to see any body, they had no relief but what the priest from time to time procured them. At length, and as a great favor, they were removed to a place less damp to which there was a little window; but the window was stopped, and the fumes of the charcoal were as noxious as in the cavern they had left. Here they remained, however, (Providence having prolonged their lives,) for four or five months. Monsieur d'Anglade, not being in a condition to be chained to the oar, was sent to

the hospital of the convicts at Marseilles; his disease still preyed on the remains of a ruined constitution, but his sufferings were lengthened out beyond what his weakness seemed to promise. It was near four months after his arrival at Marseilles, that being totally exhausted, he felt his last moments approach, and desired to receive the sacraments; before they were administered to him, he solemnly declared, as he hoped to be received into the presence of the Searcher of hearts, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge; that he forgave his inexorable prosecutor and his partial judge, and felt no other regret in quitting the world, than that of leaving his wife and child exposed to the miseries of poverty, and the disgrace of his imputed crime: but he trusted his vindication to God, who had, he said, lent him fortitude to endure the sufferings he had not deserved; and, after having received the eucharist with piety and composure, he expired—a martyr to unjust suspicion, and hasty or malicious judgment.

He had been dead only a few weeks, when several persons, who had known him, received anonymous letters; the letters signified, that the person who wrote them, was on the point of hiding himself in a convent the rest of his life; but before he did so, his conscience obliged him to inform whom it might concern, that the Sieur d'Anglade was innocent of the robbery committed in the apartments of the Count Montgomery; that the perpetrators were one Vincent Belestre, the son of a tanner of Mans; and a priest named Gagnard, a native also of Mans, who had been the Count's almoner. The letters added, that a woman of the name of De la Comble could give light into the whole affair. One of these letters was sent to the Countess de Montgomery, who, however, had not generosity enough to show it; but the Sieur Roysillon, and some others who had received at the same time the same kind of letters, determined to inquire into the affair: while the friends of the Count de Montgomery, who began to apprehend that he would be disagreeably situated if his prosecution of d'Anglade should be found unjust, pretended to discover that these letters were dictated by Madame d'Anglade; who hoped by this artifice to deliver her husband's memory from the odium which rested on it, and herself and her

child from the dungeon in which they were still confined. An inquiry was set on foot after Belestre and Gagnard, who had some time before quitted the Count's service. It was found that Belestre was a consummate villain, who had in the early part of his life been engaged in an assassination, for which he was obliged to fly from his native place; that he had been a soldier; had killed his sergeant in a quarrel, and deserted; then returning to his own country, had been a wandering vagabond, going by different names, and practising every species of roguery: that he had sometimes been a beggar, and sometimes a bully about the streets of Paris, but always much acquainted and connected with Gagnard, his countryman; and that suddenly from the lowest indigence, he had appeared to be in affluence; had bought himself rich clothes, had shown various sums of money, and had purchased an estate near Mans, for which he had paid between nine and ten thousand livres.

Gagnard, who was the son of the jailer of Mans, had come to Paris without either clothes or money, and had subsisted on charity, or by saying masses at St. Esprit, by which he hardly gained enough to keep him alive; when the Count de Montgomery took him. It was impossible what he got in his service, as wages, could enrich him: yet, immediately after quitting it, he was seen clothed neatly in his clerical habit; his expenses for his entertainments were excessive: he had plenty of money in his pocket; and had taken a woman out of the streets, whom he had established in handsome lodgings, and clothed with the greatest profusion of finery. These observations alone, had they been made in time, were sufficient to have opened the way to a discovery, which might have saved the life and redeemed the honor of the unfortunate d'Anglade. Late as it was, justice was now ready to overtake them, and the hand of Providence itself seemed to assist. Gagnard, being in a tavern in the street St. Andre des Arcs, was present at a quarrel wherein a man was killed; he was sent to prison, with the rest of the people in the house; and about the same time, a man who had been robbed and cheated by Belestre, near three years before, met him, watched him to his lodgings, and put him into the hands

of the Marechaussee. These two wretches being thus in the hands of justice, for other crimes, underwent an examination relative to the robbery of the Count de Montgomery; they betrayed themselves by inconsistent answers. Their accomplices were apprehended; and the whole affair now appeared so clear, that it was only astonishing how the criminals could have been mistaken.

The guardians of Constantia Guillemot, the daughter of d'Anglade, now desired to be admitted parties in the suit, on behalf of their ward; that the guilt of Belestre and Gagnard might be proved, and the memory of Monsieur d'Anglade and the character of his widow, justified; as well as that she might, by fixing the guilt on those who were really culpable, obtain restitution of her father's effects, and amends from the Count de Montgomery. She became, through her guardian, prosecutrix of the two villains; the principal witness against whom was a man called the Abbe de Fontpierre, who had belonged to the association of thieves of which Belestre was a member. This man said that he had written the anonymous letters which led to the discovery; for that, after the death of d'Anglade, his conscience reproached him with being privy to so enormous a crime. He swore that Belestre had obtained from Gagnard the impressions of the Count's keys in wax, by which means he had others made, that opened the locks. He said, that soon after the condemnation of d'Anglade to the galleys he was in a room adjoining to one where Belestre and Gagnard were drinking and feasting; that he heard the former say to the latter, "come my friend, let us drink and enjoy ourselves, while this fine fellow, this Marquis d'Anglade, is at the galleys." To which Gagnard replied, with a sigh, "Poor man, I cannot help being sorry for him; he was a good kind of a man, and was always very civil and obliging to me." Belestre then exclaimed with a laugh, "Sorry! what, sorry for a man who has secured us from suspicion, and made our fortune." Much other discourse of the same kind he repeated. And De la Comble deposed that Belestre had shown her great sums of money, and a beautiful pearl necklace; and when she asked him where he got all this? he answered, that he had won it at play. These, and many other circumstances related by

this woman, confirmed his guilt beyond a doubt. In his pocket were found a Gazette of Holland, in which he had (it was supposed) caused it to be inserted, that the men who had been guilty of the robbery, for which the Sieur d'Anglade had been condemned, were executed for some other crime at Orleans—hoping by this means to stop any farther inquiry. A letter was also found on him from Gagnard, which advised him of the rumors which were spread from the anonymous letters; and desiring him to find some means to quiet or get rid of the Abbe Fontpierre. The proof of the criminality of these two men being fully established, they were condemned to death; and, being previously made to undergo the question ordinary and extraordinary, they confessed, Gagnard upon the rack, and Belestre at the place of execution, that they had committed the robbery. Gagnard declared, that if the lieutenant of the police had pressed him with questions the day that d'Anglade and his wife were taken up, he was in such confusion, he should have confessed all.

These infamous men having suffered the punishment of their crime, Constantia Guillemot d'Anglade continued to prosecute the suit against the Count de Montgomery, for the unjust accusation he had made; who endeavored, by the chicane which his fortune gave him the power to command, to evade the restitution: at length, after a very long process, the court decided—that the Count de Montgomery should restore to the widow and daughter of d'Anglade, the sum which their effects, and all their property that was seized, had produced—that he should farther pay them a certain sum, as amends for the damages and injuries they had sustained, and that their condemnation should be erased, and their honors restored; which, though it was all the reparation that could now be made them, could not bind up the incurable wounds they had suffered in this unjust and cruel prosecution.

Mademoiselle d'Anglade, whose destiny excited universal commiseration, was taken into the protection of some generous person about the court, who raised for her a subscription, which at length amounted to a hundred thousand livres; which together with the restitution of her father's effects, made a handsome provision for her; and she was

married to Monsieur des Essarts, a counsellor of parliament.—*Causes Celebres.*

EXTRAORDINARY SLEEP-WALKER.

A YOUNG gentleman going down from London to the west of England, to the house of a worthy gentleman to whom he had the honor to be related, it happened that the gentleman's house at that time was full, by reason of a kinswoman's wedding that had been lately kept there; he therefore told the young gentleman that he was very glad to see him, and that he was very welcome to him; "but," said he, "I know not what I shall do for a lodging for you, for my cousin's marriage has not left me a room free but one, and that is haunted; you shall have a very good bed, and all other accommodation." "Sir," replied the young gentleman, "you will very much oblige me in letting me be there, for I have often coveted to be in a place that was haunted." The gentleman very glad that his kinsman was so well pleased with his accommodation, ordered the chamber to be got ready, and a good fire to be made in it, it being winter. When bed time came, the young gentleman was conducted to his chamber, which, besides a good fire, was furnished with all suitable accommodations. After having recommended himself to the divine protection, he went to bed, where, having kept some time awake and finding no disturbance, he fell asleep; out of which he was awoke about 3 o'clock in the morning, by the opening of the chamber-door and the entrance of somebody with the appearance of a young lady, having a night-dress on her head, and only her night-gown on; but he had not a perfect view of her, for his candle was burnt out; and though there was a fire in the room, it gave not light enough to see her distinctly. On entering the room, this unknown visitant went directly to the chimney, and taking hold of the poker, stirred up the fire, by the flaming light of which the young gentleman was enabled distinctly to discern the appearance of a beautiful young lady—but whether she was flesh and blood, or an airy phantom, he knew not. This lovely appearance, having stood some time before the fire, as if to warm herself, at

last walked two or three times about the room, and then went to the bedside, where having stood a little while, she took up the bed-clothes and went into bed, pulling them carefully over her, and lay very quietly. The young gentleman was a little startled at his unknown bed-fellow, and, upon her approach, lay on the further side of the bed, not knowing whether he had best rise or not. At last, lying very still, he perceived his bed-fellow to breathe; by which, guessing her to be flesh and blood, he drew near to her, and taking her by the hand, found it warm, and that it was no airy phantom, but substantial flesh and blood, and finding that she had a ring on her finger, he took it off unperceived. The lady being all this while asleep, he let her lie without disturbing her. She shortly after flung off the bed-clothes again, and getting up, walked several times about the room, as she had done before; and then going to the door, opened it, went out, and shut it after her. The young gentleman perceiving by this in what manner the room was haunted, rose up and locked the door on the inside, and lay down again and slept till morning; at which time the master of the house came to him to know how he did, and whether he had seen any thing or not? He said that an apparition had appeared to him, but begged the favor that he would not urge him to explain any thing further till the whole family were together. The gentleman complied with his request, telling him that as he was well he was perfectly satisfied. The desire the whole family had to know the issue of this affair made them dress with more expedition than usual, so that there was a general assembly of the ladies and gentlemen before eleven o'clock, not one of them being willing to appear in their dishabille. When they were all got together in the great hall, the young gentleman told them he had one favor to desire of the ladies before he could proceed, which was, to know whether any of them had lost a ring? The lady from whose finger it was taken having missed it, and not knowing how she had lost it, was glad to hear of it again, and readily owned she missed a ring, but whether lost or mislaid, she knew not. The young gentleman asked her if that was it, exhibiting the ring, which she acknowledged to be her's, and with the restoration of which she seemed well pleased.

The young gentleman, turning to the master of the house, then said, "Sir, I can assure you," taking the lady by the hand, "this is the lovely spirit by which your chamber is haunted," and repeated what is above related. No words can express the confusion the young lady seemed to be in at his narration, who declared herself perfectly ignorant of all that had happened, but could not deny it because of the ring, which she perfectly well remembered she had on when she went to bed, and knew not how she had lost it. This relation gave the company a great deal of diversion; for, after all, the father declared, that since his daughter had already gone to bed with his kinsman, it should be his fault if he did not go to bed to his daughter; he being willing to bestow her upon him, and give her a good portion. This generous offer was so advantageous to the young gentleman that he could by no means refuse it; and his late bed-fellow, hearing what her father said, was easily prevailed upon to accept him for a husband.

VOLUNTARY STARVATION.

Professor Huffland, in one of his Journals, gives a most extraordinary case of a tradesman, who, impelled by a succession of misfortunes, and absolutely destitute of the means of procuring food, retired to a sequestered spot in a forest, and there resolved to starve himself to death. He put this determination in force, September 15, and was found on the 3d of October (eighteen days) still living, although speechless, insensible, and reduced to the last stage of debility. A small quantity of liquid was given him, after which, he expired. By his side were found a pocket-book and pencil, with which he had contrived to keep a daily journal of his state and sufferings, and in which he had persevered till the 29th of September. He begins by giving an account of himself, and states that he was a respectable tradesman, possessing good property, of which he had been deprived by misfortune and villainy, and that he had come to the determination of starving himself to death, not so much with the view of committing suicide, as

because he was unable to procure work; that he had in vain offered himself as a soldier; and was too proud to apply to unfeeling relations. This note is dated on the 10th, which day he had employed in constructing a little hut of bushes and leaves. On the 17th, he complains of suffering much from cold, and in his journal of the 18th, he mentions having suffered from intolerable thirst, to appease which, he had licked the dew from the surrounding vegetables. On the 20th, he found a small piece of coin, and with great difficulty reached an inn, where he purchased a bottle of beer. The beer failed, however, to quench his thirst, and his strength was so reduced, that he took three hours to accomplish the distance, about two miles. On the 22d, he discovered a spring of water, but, though tormented with thirst, the agony which the cold water produced on his stomach excited vomiting and convulsions. The 23d made ten days since he had taken any food but beer and a little water. During that time he had not slept at all. On the 26th, he complains of his feet being dead, and of being distracted by thirst; he was too weak to crawl to the spring, and yet dreadfully susceptible of suffering. The 29th of September was the last day on which he made any memorandum.

THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.

A JEWELLER, a man of good character and of consider able wealth, in France, having occasion in the way of bu siness, to travel some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had along with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that

neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade in a low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation; and, in the course of a good many years seemed to rise by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration: so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of his industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew in great credit, and married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly as he saw occasion, and joining to all a universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen chief magistrate.

In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as a governor and a judge, till one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before them who was accused of having murdered his master. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly awaited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day,) with great suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and agitation of mind: his color changed often; at length he arose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which this day, after thirty years' concealment, presents to you a true picture of the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly the ingratitude of it to a master who had raised him from the very dust, and reposed a peculiar confidence in him; and told them in what manner he had hitherto screened himself from public justice, and how he had escaped the observations of mankind by the specious mask he had worn.

"But now," added he, "no sooner did this unhappy prisoner appear before us, charged with the same crime I was conscious of myself, than the cruel circumstances of

my guilt beset me in all their horror, the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast withim me, and my own crime appeared so atrocious, that I could not consent to pass sentence against my fellow-criminal, till I had first impanneled and accused myself. Nor can I now feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice may be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner, for so aggravated a parricide; therefore, in the presence of the all-seeing God, the great witness and judge of my crime, and before this assembly, who have been the witness of my hypocrisy, I plead guilty, and require sentence may be passed against me as a most notorious malefactor." We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow judges; however, they proceeded upon his confession to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

THE

MUSEUM

OF

REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING EVENTS.

VOL. II.

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THE MUSEUM.

LAMENTABLE CASE OF WILLIAM SHAW.

William Shaw was an upholsterer in Edinburgh, in the year 1721. He had a daughter named Catharine. She encouraged the addresses of one John Lawson, a jeweller, towards whom William Shaw declared the most insuperable objections, alleging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house; but Catharine continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on discovery, kept her closely confined.

William Shaw had, for some time, pressed his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbor: and one evening, being very urgent with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, declaring she preferred death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged, and the daughter more positive; so that the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, and the words, "*barbarity*, *cruelty*, and *death*," were frequently pronounced by the daughter. At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greatest part of the buildings at Edinburgh are formed on the plan of the chambers in our inns of court; so that many families inhabit rooms on the same floor, having all one common staircase. William Shaw dwelt in one of these, and a single partition only divided his apartment from that of James Morrison, a watch case maker. This man had indistinctly overheard the conversation and quarrel between Catharine Shaw and her father, but was particularly struck with the repetition of the above words, she having pronounced them loudly and emphatically. For some little time after the father was gone out, all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed, he ran to some of his neighbors under the same roof. These entering Morrison's

room, and listening attentively, not only heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catharine Shaw, two or three times, faintly exclaim—"Cruel father, thou art the cause of my *death!*" Struck with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was still repeated—still no answer. Suspicions had before arisen against the father; they were now confirmed—a constable was procured, an entrance forced; Catharine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side! She was alive, but speechless: but on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, was just able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired.

Just at the critical moment, William Shaw returns and enters the room. All eyes are on him! He sees his neighbors and a constable in his apartment, and seems much disordered thereat; but at the sight of his daughter he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise, and the succeeding horror, leave but little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little is done away, on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and upon the depositions of all the parties, committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when, in his defence, he acknowledged the having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying of Robertson; and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed; but he averred, that he left his daughter unarmed, and untouched; and that the blood found upon his shirt was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury, when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions of "barbarity, cruelty, death," and of "cruel father, thou art the cause of my death,"—together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so seemingly providentially discovered on the father's shirt. On these several concurring circumstances, William

Shaw was found guilty, was executed, and hung in chains at Leith Walk, in November, 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not one! notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder." But in August, 1722, as a man who had become the possessor of the late William Shaw's apartments, was rummaging by chance in the chamber where Catharine Shaw died, he accidently perceived a paper fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which, on opening, contained the following:—

"Barbarous father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a burthen to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world; for sure no benevolent being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this! My death I lay to your charge; when you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy

CATHARINE SHAW."

This letter being shown, the hand writing was recognized and avowed to be Catharine Shaw's, by many of her relations and friends. It became the public talk; and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, they ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet, and given to his family for interment; and, as the only reparation to his memory, and the honor of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colors to be waved over his grave, in token of his innocence.

SINGULAR ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

MAHOMET EFFENDI, Dey of Algiers, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was reckoned the most able, and

likewise the most equitable of those princes who have for many years governed the Algerines. His promotion to sovereign power was involuntary; for he, no doubt, dreaded the fate of his predecessors, of whom no less than twenty-three perished by violent deaths. He was compelled, nevertheless, by the Janissaries, to accept of a dignity, which, notwithstanding his justice and sagacity, proved as fatal to himself as to former princes; for he, also, a short time after his advancement, fell by assassination. The following instance of his justice, in which, however, his procedure was somewhat summary, was also, and certainly with as much reason, accounted an instance of his sagacity. Slaves among the Algerines are permitted, either by shop-keeping or otherwise, and on paying their masters a certain sum, to earn a little money for themselves. This they very frequently employ in purchasing their freedom. A slave, named Almoullah, kept an oil shop; and found his gains increase so very fast, that he soon accumulated seventy sequins, amounting to about thirty pounds sterling. Other fifty sequins would have procured him his freedom. Fearing, however, as he was reckoned wealthy, that he might be robbed, and have no redress, he gave his money in trust to a Moor, who lived in his neighborhood; and in whose friendship, as well as integrity, he had the utmost confidence. His profits soon afterwards became so considerable, that he found himself in possession of the fifty sequins he so earnestly wished for. He thus anticipated, with secret rapture, his delivery from bondage and return to his native land. Repairing, therefore, to his Moorish friend, he said to him, "How much beholden am I, worthy Hadgi, to your goodness, in having taken charge of my little earnings! I now intend, as I have wherewithal to procure my liberty, to make the best bargain I can with my master, and return to my friends and kindred. I will, therefore, relieve you of the charge you so kindly undertook." Hadgi beheld him, or pretended to behold him, with a look of astonishment; he affected to believe him mad; and denied his having any knowledge whatever of the transaction he alluded to. Almoullah nevertheless insisted peremptorily on having his money restored to him. After much altercation, the Moor, apprehending that he could not otherwise

secure the possession of what he had so unjustly retained, ran to the palace of Mahomet, whom he found administering justice; and raising his voice, entreated that he would punish a slave for aspersing his "untainted character." But Almoullah, conscious of his integrity, had undauntedly followed him; and obtaining leave of the dey, he told his story, with circumstantial firmness, and then prostrated himself on the carpet at the foot of the throne. Mahomet, having heard him, beckoned to a chiaoux, or minister of justice; "Go," said he, "to the house of Hadgi, search it narrowly, and bring hither all the money you find in it." The chiaoux bowed, obeyed, and soon after returned. The dey having then ordered a new earthen pot with clean water poured into it, and a charcoal fire to be placed before him, he put the pot on the fire, and when the water boiled, he threw in the money. Soon after, having taken it out, and letting the water stand till it cooled, he found on the surface a thick greasy scum. This convincing him that the money belonged to the oil man, he instantly restored it to him: and at the same time, gave a sign to the chiaoux, who, dragging away the self-condemned and convicted Moor, fixed his head, without loss of time, on the wall of the city.

MYSTERIOUS EXECUTION OF A VEILED LADY.

An occurrence of a most remarkable and enigmatical nature, took place in Germany, about the year 1774; the circumstance is related thus:—It is well known that the boureau, or public executioner of the city of Strasburgh, although that place had formed a part of the French monarchy ever since the reign of Louis XIVth, yet was frequently employed, during a great part of the last century, to execute the functions of his office on the other side of the Rhine, in Swabia, in the territories of Baden, and in the Brisgau, all of which countries constitute a portion of Germany. Some persons who arrived at Strasburgh about the period alluded to, having repaired, as it is said, to the house of the executioner during the night demanded that he

should instantly accompany them out of the town, in order to execute a criminal of condition, for which service he should of course receive a liberal remuneration. They particularly enjoined him to bring the sword with which he was accustomed, in the discharge of his ordinary functions, to behead malefactors. Being placed in a carriage, with his conductors, he passed the bridge over the river to Kehl, the first town on the eastern bank of the Rhine, where they acquainted him that he had a considerable journey to perform, the object of which must be carefully concealed, as the person intended to be put to death was an individual of great distinction. They added, that he must not oppose their taking the proper precautions to prevent his knowing the place to which he was to be conveyed. He acquiesced, and allowed them to hoodwink him. On the second day, they arrived at a moated castle, the drawbridge of which being lowered, they drove into the court; after waiting a considerable time, he was then conducted into a spacious hall, where stood a scaffold hung with black cloth, and in the centre was placed a stool or chair. A female shortly made her appearance, habited in deep mourning, her face wholly concealed by a veil. She was led by two persons, who, when she was seated, having first tied her hands, next fastened her legs with cords. As far as he could form any judgment from her general figure, he considered her to have passed the period of youth. Not a word was uttered; neither did she make any complaint, nor attempt any resistance. When all the preparations for her execution were completed, on a signal given, he unsheathed the instrument of punishment, according to the practice adopted in the German empire, where the axe is rarely or never used for decapitation, and her head being forcibly held up by the hair, he severed it at a single stroke from her body. Without allowing him to remain more than a few minutes, he was then handsomely rewarded, conducted back to Kehl by the same persons who had brought him to the place, and set down at the end of the bridge leading to Strasburgh.

A great many opinions have been stated relative to the lady thus put to death. The most general belief is, that it was Augusta Elizabeth, Princess of Tour and Saxis, and daughter of Charles Alexander, Prince of Wirtemburg.

She had been married at a very early age to Charles Anselm, Prince of Tour and Saxis. Whether it proceeded from mutual incompatibility of character, or, as was commonly pretended, from the Princess' untractable and ferocious disposition, the marriage proved eminently unfortunate in its results. She was accused of having repeatedly attempted to take away her husband's life, particularly whilst they were walking together near the castle of Donau Stauff, on the high bank overhanging the Danube, when she endeavored to precipitate him into the river. It is certain that about 1773 or 1774, a final separation took place between them, at the prince's solicitation. The reigning duke of Wirtemburg, her brother, to whose custody she was consigned, caused her to be closely immured in a castle within his own dominions, where she was strictly guarded, no access being allowed to her. However, her decease was not formally announced till many years subsequent to 1778, but this circumstance by no means militates against the probability of her having suffered by a more summary process, if her conduct had exposed her to merit it, and if it was thought proper to inflict upon her capital punishment.

The private annals of the great houses and sovereigns of the German empire, if they were divulged, would furnish numerous instances of similar severity exercised in their own families, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Count Koningsmark fell a victim at Hanover to the resentment of Ernest Augustus, father of George the First, and we know how narrowly the great Frederick, afterwards king of Prussia, escaped falling by the same weapon which beheaded his companion Kaat, arbitrarily sacrificed by Frederick William the First, for only endeavoring to facilitate the prince's evasion from his father's court. But notwithstanding these reasonable conjectures, nothing certain has ever been discovered as to who the lady was, thus secretly punished or sacrificed.

THE ASSASSIN OF SMOLENSKO.

THE following dreadful event lately occurred in the neighborhood of Smolensko, in Russia. The owner of a lonely cottage being out on the chase, a beggar, to all appearance old and weak, entered it at noon-day, and asked alms of the woman who was at home with only her two young children. The kind-hearted woman invites him to rest himself, while she goes out to get something for him to eat and drink. After the beggar had satisfied his hunger, he, to the no small astonishment of the woman, assumed a different language, and with a threatening voice, demanded the money which he knew, he said, her husband had in the house. The wretch rushing on her with a large bread knife, to force her to acknowledge where it was deposited, she declared herself ready to give him what money she had, and for this purpose mounted a ladder to a trap door leading to the loft above. As soon as she had mounted she drew up the ladder after her, so that it was impossible for him to get at her. Finding that she disregarded his menaces, he seized the two children, and swore he would either kill or maim them, if she did not immediately come down and deliver him the money as she had promised. The woman, however, remained in the loft, and endeavored to force a hole through the thatch, and call for help. While she was thus employed, the monster cut off the children's ears and noses; and at last killed the poor maimed innocents, scornfully proclaiming to the mother the murder he had committed. The latter having with great exertions made a hole in the roof, called aloud for help. Her cries were heard by an officer, who was passing by in an open carriage, who sent his servant (while he remained sitting in the carriage,) to inquire what was the matter. The servant hastened to the spot, but on entering the cottage was met by the murderer, who plunged the knife into his heart, so that he fell and expired without a groan. The officer, surprised at his delay, went himself to the cottage, where perceiving the horrid scene, he attempted to stop the flight of the murderer, and with his sabre cut off all the fingers of his right hand, but was not able to hinder him

from embracing the opportunity to escape through the door as it stood open. The woman had, while all this was passing, made her way through the roof, and run to the village, which was at a pretty considerable distance, to fetch assistance. Meantime the husband, on his way home, meets the blood-stained murderer, whom he recognizes as the beggar who frequents that part of the country. The hypocrite concealing his fears under affected lamentation, held up his mutilated hand, saying:—"Make haste! there is in your house a murderer, an officer, who has killed your children, and likewise a man who attempted to defend them, and from whom I have narrowly escaped in the condition you see." The terrified countryman, while the atrocious villain hastens to escape, flies with his loaded gun in his hand, to his cottage, perceives through the open door the officer and the bloody corpses of his children, takes him of course for the murderer, levels his piece, and shoots him dead on the spot! The wife coming up with villagers, hears the shot, sees the officer fall, utters a piercing cry, and exclaims:—"What have you done? You have killed our deliverer—not he, but the beggar is the murderer of our children!" The husband, whose whole frame is shaken by the horror of the scene, and still more by his own rash deed, stands a few moments petrified and motionless, falls back in a fit and expires.

PIOUS FRAUD OF THE DOMINICAN MONKS.

The two orders of Franciscans and Dominicans had been at open enmity with each other ever since the thirteenth century. The latter had lost a great part of their credit with the people, on account of their not paying so much honor to the Virgin Mary, as their antagonists the Franciscans, and their agreeing with St. Thomas d'Aquinas, in denying her the privileges of having been born without sin. The Franciscans, on the other hand, gained ground daily, by preaching upon all occasions the doctrine of immaculate conception, maintained by St. Bonaventure. The mutual hatred between these two orders was so great, that in 1503, a Franciscan

happened to preach in Frankfort, and one Wigand, a Dominican, coming into the church, the Cordelier, seeing him, broke out into exclamations, praising God that he was not of an order that profaned the virgin, or that poisoned princes at the sacrament, (for a Dominican had poisoned the Emperor Henry VII. with the sacrament.) Wigand, being extremely provoked with this severe reproach, gave him the lie: upon this a dispute arose, which ended in a tumult, that had almost cost the Dominican his life; yet he got away.

The whole order resolved to take their revenge; and in a chapter held at Vimpsen, in the year 1504, they contrived a method for supporting the credit of their order, which was much sunk in the opinion of the people, and for bearing down the reputation of the Franciscans. Four of the friars, undertook to manage the design: for they said, that since the people were so much disposed to believe dreams and fables, they must dream on their side, and endeavor to cheat the people, as well as the others had done. They resolved to make Berne, the scene in which the project should be put in execution: for they found the people of Berne, at that time apt to swallow any thing, and not disposed to make severe inquiries into extraordinary matters. When they had formed their design, a fit tool presented itself; for one Jetzer came to take the habit as a lay-brother, who had all the dispositions that were necessary for the execution of the project; for he was extremely simple, and much inclined to austerities. Having observed Jetzer's temper well, they began to execute their project the very night after he took the habit, which was on Layday, 1507, when one of the friars secretly conveyed himself into his cell, and appeared to him as if he had been in purgatory in a strange figure; and he had a box near his mouth, which as he blew, fire seemed to come out of his mouth. He had also some dogs about him, that appeared as his tormentors.

In this posture he came near to Jetzer, while he was in bed, and took up a celebrated story, which they used to tell to all the friars, to beget in them a great dread of laying aside their habit; which was that one of their order, who was superior of their house at Solotourn, had gone to Paris, but laying aside his habit was killed in a lay habit. He told him further, that he was that person, and was condemn-

ed to purgatory for that crime; but that he might be rescued out of it by his means; and he seconded this with the most horrible cries, expressing the miseries which he suffered. The poor friar Jetzer was excessively frightened; but the other advanced, and required a promise of him to do that which he should desire, in order to the delivering him out of his torments. The frightened friar promised whatever he should ask. Then said the other, "I know thou art a great saint, and thy prayers and mortifications will prevail; but they must be very extraordinary. The whole monastery must for a week together discipline themselves with a whip and thou must lie prostrate in the form of a cross, in one of the chapels, while mass is saying, in the sight of all that shall come together to it. If thou doest thus, thou shalt find the good effect thereof in the love that the blessed virgin doth bear thee: but I will appear again unto thee, accompanied with two other spirits; and I assure thee that all that thou shalt suffer for my delivèrance shall be most gloriously rewarded."

Morning was no sooner come, than the friar gave an account of this apparition to the rest of the convent, who all seemed extremely surprised at it, and pressed him to undergo the discipline that was enjoined him, and every one undertook to bear his share: so the deluded friar performed it all exactly in one of the chapels of their church. This drew a vast number of spectators together, who all considered the poor friar as a saint; and in the mean time the four friars that carried on the imposture magnified in their sermons the miracle of the apparition. Friar Jetzer's confessor was in the secret, and by this means they knew all the little passages in the poor friar's life, even to his thoughts, which was no small help to them in this affair. The confessor gave him a host with a piece of wood, which was, as he pretended, a true piece of the cross, and by these he was to fortify himself, if any more apparitions should come to disturb him, since evil spirits would certainly be chained up by them.

The next night the former apparition was renewed, and with him two other friars, whom poor Jetzer thought were devils indeed. According to his confessor's directions, he immediately presented the host to them, which gave them such a check, that he was fully satisfied of the virtue of the preserv

ative: and the friar, who pretended he was suffering in purgatory, said so many things relating to the secrets of Jetzer's life and thoughts, that the poor man had now no reason to doubt of the reality of the apparition.

In two of these visions, that were managed both in the same manner, the friar in the mask talked much of the Dominican order, which he said was excessively dear to the Blessed Virgin, who knew herself to be *conceived in original sin;* and that the doctors who taught the contrary, were in purgatory. That the story of St. Bernard's appearing with a spot on him, for having opposed the feast of the conception, was a forgery; but that it was true that some hideous flies had appeared on St. Bonaventure's tomb, who taught the contrary; that the Blessed Virgin abhorred the Cordeliers for making her equal to her son; that Scotus was damned, whose canonization the Cordeliers were then soliciting hard at Rome: and that the town of Berne would be destroyed for harboring such plagues within their walls.

When the enjoined discipline was fully performed, the spirit appeared again, and said he was now relieved out of purgatory: but before he could be received into heaven, he must receive the sacrament, having died without it; and that he would say mass for those, who had by their great charities rescued him out of his pains. Jetzer fancied the voice resembled the prior's; but he was then so far from suspecting any deceit, that he gave no great heed to this suspicion. Some days after, the same friar appeared as a nun, all in glory, and told the poor friar that she was St. Barbara, for whom he had a particular devotion; and added, that the Blessed Virgin Mary was so pleased with his charity, that she intended to come and visit him. He immediately called the convent together, and gave his brethren an account of this apparition, which was entertained by them all with great joy, and the friar languished with desire for the accomplishment of the promise that St. Barbara had made him.

After some days the longed for delusion appeared to him, clothed as the Virgin used to be on the great festivals, and indeed in the same habit. There were some angels hovering about her, which he afterwards found were the little statues of angels, which they set upon their altars on the great holidays; and by a pulley and cord were made to rise up and fly

about the virgin, which increased the delusion. The virgin, after some endearments to him, extolling the merits of his charity and discipline, told him, that she was conceived in original sin, and that Pope Julius II., who then sat in the chair, was to put an end to the dispute, and was to abolish the feast of the conception, which Sixtus IV. had instituted; and the friar was to be the instrument of persuading the pope of the truth of this matter. She then gave him three drops of her son's blood, which were three tears of blood that he had shed over Jerusalem: and signified that she was three hours in original sin, after which she was by his mercy delivered out of that state. She also gave him five drops of blood in the form of a cross, which were tears of blood that she had shed when her son was on the cross; and to convince him more fully, she presented him with a host that appeared as an ordinary host, but suddenly changed its color into deep red. These visits were often repeated to the abused friar. At last the virgin told him, that she was to give him such marks of her son's love to him, that the matter should be past all doubt. She said, that the five wounds of St. Lucia and St. Catherine were real wounds, and she would also imprint them on him. So she bid him reach out his hand. He had no great mind to receive a favor in which he was to suffer so much; but she forced his hand, and struck a nail through it. This threw him out of a supposed transport into a real agony; but she seemed to touch his hand, and he thought he smelt an ointment with which she anointed him, though his confessor persuaded him that was only his imagination, for that it was healed by miracle without ointment.

The next night the virgin returned again, and brought him some linen cloths, which had the virtue to allay his torments, and the virgin said they were some of the linen in which her son was wrapped. She then gave him a soporiferous draught; and while he was asleep the other four wounds were imprinted on his body in such a manner, that he felt no pain.

When he awoke he felt this wonderful impression on his body, and was transported beyond measure, and fancied himself to be acting all the pains of our Saviour's passion. He was exposed to the people on the great altar, to the great amazement of the whole town, and to the no small

mortification of the Franciscans. The Dominicans gave him some other draughts, which threw him into convulsions; and when he came out of these, a voice was heard proceeding from the image of the virgin with a little Jesus in her arms, and the virgin seemed to shed tears; which a painter had drawn upon her face so lively, that all the people were deceived by it. The voice came through a hole, which yet remains, and runs from one of the cells along a great part of the wall of the church: a friar spoke through a pipe, and at the end of the hole was the image of the virgin. The little Jesus asked his mother why she wept? She answered, because his honor was given unto her, since it was said, that she was born without sin. In conclusion, the friars so over-acted this matter, that at last even the poor deluded *friar* himself came to discover it, and was resolved to quit the order.

It was in vain to delude him with more apparitions, for he almost killed a friar that came to him, personating the virgin in another shape, with a crown on her head. He also overheard the friars once talking among themselves of the contrivance and success of the imposture so plainly, that he discovered the whole affair; upon which, as may easily be imagined, he was filled with all the horror with which such a discovery could inspire him.

The friars fearing that an imposture carried on hitherto with so much success, should be quite spoiled and turned against them, thought the surest way was to own the whole matter to him; and to engage him to carry on the cheat, they told him in what esteem he would be, if he continued to support the reputation he had acquired, and would become the chief person of the order: they therefore persuaded him to go on with the imposture. But afterwards, fearing lest he should discover all, they resolved to poison him: of which he was so apprehensive, that once a loaf being brought to him, prepared with some spices, he kept it some time, and then it growing green, he threw it to some wolf's whelps that were in the monastery, who died immediately. His constitution was so vigorous, that though they gave him poison five several times, he was but little hurt by it. At last they forced him to take a poisoned host, which he vomited up soon after he had swal

lowed it. Then they whipped him with an iron chain, and girded him about so tight with it, that to avoid further torments, he swore, in the most imprecating terms, that he would never discover the secret, but would still carry it on. Thus he deluded them, till he found an opportunity of getting out of the convent, and throwing himself into the hands of the magistrates, to whom he discovered all.

The four friars were seized and put into prison, and an account of the whole affair was sent first to the bishop of Lausanne, and then to Rome; and it may be easily supposed that the Franciscans took all possible care to have it fully examined into. The bishops of Lausanne and Zyon, with the provincial of the Dominicans, were appointed to form the process. The four friars first excepted to Jetzer's credit; but that not availing them, they confessed the imposture. About a year after, a Spanish bishop came, authorized with full powers from Rome; and the whole cheat being particularly examined into, and fully proved, the four friars were solemnly degraded from their priesthood, and on the last day of May, 1509, were burnt in a meadow on the other side of the river, before the gate of Berne, and over against the great church.

The place of their execution was shown me (says bishop Burnet) as well as the hole in the wall through which the voice was conveyed to the image. It was certainly one of the blackest, and yet the best carried on cheats that has ever been known. And no doubt, had the poor friar died before the discovery, it had passed down to posterity as one of the greatest miracles; and it gives a shrewd suspicion, that many of the other miracles of that church were of the same nature, but more successfully finished.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

THE Duchess, in one of her peregrinations, met with a person habited like a pilgrim. He was well made, had a penetrating eye, and the whole of his countenance was

expressive. Though he was much inclined to cultivate an intimacy with the duchess, he chose rather to correspond than converse with her, from a consciousness that he was more capable of shining in the former than in the latter capacity. Flattery was the means by which he resolved to attempt making an impression upon her mind; and in this design he succeeded. Soon after leaving the duchess, his correspondence commenced; and he took care that his letters abounded with professions of admiration of her illustrious character. This was of all language the most agreeable to her disposition. She became enamoured with the pilgrim; and there being something mysterious in his manner and garb, felt a strong desire to obtain an explanation of every circumstance. This gratification, however, was denied, and the only favor she could obtain was, a promise to meet her at another time. Meanwhile, the correspondence continued, and still in the same adulatory strain. At last, when the appointed time arrived, the duchess, instead of a pilgrim, met with an Abbe.

The account the stranger now gave of himself was as follows: that he was by birth an Albanian Prince; had travelled through Europe under different disguises, and had only formed attachments with the most exalted personages. At Berlin, according to his own account, he was honored with the friendship of Prince Henry of Prussia; at Rome he was intimately acquainted with most of the cardinals; their Neapolitan Majesties particularly honored him with their esteem; and with the emperor of Germany he represented himself as on a footing of the most cordial familiarity. This artifice operated upon the vanity of the duchess like a charm. The name of the stranger was now asked, and he announced his travelling appellation to be "Worta." Who Worta was, the duchess never thought of making any inquiry; she took it for granted that he was a very great man. The diamond box, was exhibited to Worta for his admiration, and he praised it in terms the most hyperbolical. A valuable ring was presented to him, and as a prince, it was deemed gracious to receive it. At last he thought proper to make known the object which he had in view. Worta having satisfied himself with the visits he had made to the different courts, proposed returning to his

own country; and could he be honored with such a partner as the duchess, he would consider himself as the happiest man in the world. The infatuated duchess listened to his address with infinite pleasure; and had there not been an insurmountable obstacle to any connubial alliance, it is beyond a doubt that she would have given her hand and fortune to the adventurer. This Worta had in fact, very recently committed several forgeries in Holland, and being apprehended, despatched himself by poison.

The addresses of this impostor were soon succeeded by those of a real prince, who, after an attachment which had subsisted twenty years, made the duchess an offer of his hand. This personage was Prince Radzivil, an illustrious Pole, and who had pretensions to the crown of Poland. The duchess first met him on a visit to the court of Saxony. He lived in a style of splendor, which excited the admiration of those who knew not the amount of his immense revenues. Struck with the grandeur of his state, the duchess practised every ingratiating art which might attract his regard; and she proved so far successful as to engage the heart of the prince in her favor. This was all that she desired; for the consequences of the engagement were magnificent presents, and correspondence maintained during a succession of years. When the duchess was about making a second visit to Petersburg, promising to travel thither by land, she intimated in a letter to Prince Radzivil, her intention of taking his dominions in her route. The prince, whose affection had not been abated by time, received the accounts of her determination with pleasure. The place of meeting was fixed; and the extremely romantic style in which the interview was conducted, deserves a description.

The place of rendezvous was Berge, a village in a duchy within the territories of the prince, and about 40 miles from Riga. On the duchess' arrival, she was waited on by an officer in the retinue of the prince, who was commissioned to inform her grace, that his master proposed to dispense with the ceremonials of rank, and visit her as a friend. Accordingly, next morning the visit took place, and was conducted in the following manner.

Prince Radzivil came with 40 carriages, each drawn by

six horses. In the different vehicles were his nieces, the ladies of his principality, and other illustrious characters. Besides these, there were six hundred horses led in train, one thousand dogs, and several boars. A guard of hussars completed the suite. So extraordinary an assembly, in a country surrounded by wood, gave an air of romance to the interview, which was still more heightened by the manner in which the prince contrived to amuse his female visitor. He made two feasts, and they were ordered in the following style. The prince had previously caused a village to be erected, consisting of forty houses all of wood, and fancifully decorated with leaves and branches. The houses were disposed in the form of a circle, in the middle of which were erected three spacious rooms, one for the prince, a second for his suite, and the third for the repast. Entering the village, in the way to the rooms, all the houses were shut, and the inhabitants appeared to have retired to rest. The entertainment began with splendid fireworks on an adjoining piece of water, and two vessels encountered each other in a mock engagement. This was succeeded by the feast, at which every thing was served on plate, and the dishes were extremely sumptuous. The duchess, delighted with so superb a reception, entered with all her exhilaration of spirits into the festivity of the evening, and amused the company with her enchanting voice.

When the feast was ended, Prince Radzivil conducted the duchess to the village, the houses of which were before shut. On a sudden, they were converted into 40 open shops, brilliantly decorated, and containing the richest commodities of different kinds. From these shops the prince selected a variety of articles, which he presented to his mistress. They consisted of a magnificent topaz, rings, boxes, and trinkets of all descriptions. The company then returned to the rooms, which were thrown into one, and a ball was opened by Prince Radzivil and the Duchess. The dances being concluded, the company quitted the ball-room, and in an instant it was in a blaze; combustible matter having been previously disposed for the purpose, and the people of the village were seen dancing round the fire. This entertaintment is supposed to have cost Prince Radzivil upwards of 5000*l*.

The prince's gallantry, however, did not terminate with this scene. At a country-seat 10 miles from Nicciffuis, his favourite town, he gave the duchess a second feast, followed by a boar-hunt, for which purpose the animals had been brought. The hunt was in a wood at night. A regiment of hussars, with lighted torches in their hands, formed a circle, within which were huntsmen also with torches. The boar, thus surrounded with fire, was frightened, and after the usual sport, he fell a victim to his pursuers. A great number of the Polish nobility attended at this hunt. During 14 days that the duchess remained with Prince Radzivil, she dined and slept in different houses belonging to the prince. As the retinue moved from place to place, they on every third or fourth day, met a camp formed of the prince's own guard. On the journey from Nicciffuis, at night the roads were illuminated, guards accompanied as an escort, and on the arrival of the duchess at the different towns belonging to the prince, the magistrates waited on her with congratulations and cannon were fired.

After such a magnificent profusion of compliments, it may appear astonishing that the heart of the duchess should be insensible to the gallantries of the Polish prince. Yet such, on this occasion, was the natural perverseness of her temper, that at the moment of her being complimented with a *feu de joie*, she only thus expressed her sentiments of the prince's treatment: "He may fire as much as he pleases but he shall not hit the mark!" These are said to have been precisely the words she used.

The duchess, during her residence in Poland, had also the honor to be entertained by Count Oginski, a nobleman who was held in the highest estimation by the late King of Prussia. At a concert which he gave the duchess, he performed on six different instruments. His establishment for musical entertainments cost him every year about 25,000 pounds of our money. He had a theatre in which plays, in the French, German, and Polish languages, were acted. He purchased horses from the remotest countries. One which he showed the duchess, was brought from Jerusalem.

She continued a few days at this nobleman's house, and Prince Radzivil, accompanying her thither, an emulation

seemed to prevail who should show her the greatest attention. But the utmost civilities could make no lasting impression on a mind so destitute of sensibility.

Among the worthless objects that partook of the lady's occasional benefactions, was the notorious Semple, whom she liberated from the prison of Calais, by compounding with his creditors.

Of the qualities of the duchess of Kingston, the most predominant seemed to be a masculine kind of courage. She had always a brace of loaded pistols at the side of her bed, and her female domestics had orders never to enter her chamber unless the bell rang, lest by sudden surprise she might be induced to fire at them. In her travelling carriage there were fire-arms, and once, on her route to Petersburgh, she discharged a case of pistols at a party supposed to have inimical designs. This heroism she is said to have inherited from her mother.

The duchess enjoyed through life a sound state of health. Except an attack at Petersburgh, when an epidemic disorder prevailed, and the fever with which she was seized on her return from Rome to meet her trial, she experienced not a day's illness. The method she took to preserve health, was that of inuring herself to hardiness. The severest cold neither discomposed her feelings, nor prevented her from prosecuting a journey. She admitted fires in her apartments, rather from fashion than inclination. For a slight indication of the gout, she instantly plunged her feet into cold water, and bleeding, whether proper or not, was the universal remedy to which she had recourse in any casual complaint.

In person, she was rather under the middle stature; her limbs were not remarkable for symmetry; her motions were not graceful; nor was she endowed with the sensibility and retiring delicacy of manner, which, of all others, is woman's most captivating quality. Her features were agreeable, her eyes piercing, and her complexion glowed with the indications of health and vivacity. On the whole, her appearance was extremely engaging; and had the virtues and accomplishments of her mind been answerable to her exterior endowments, she must have commanded universal esteem as well as love and admiration. But the vanity, the inconstancy, the caprice, and eccentricity of her conduct prevailed in so

intolerable a degree, that notwithstanding an immense fortune, she lived almost without a friend, and died entirely unregretted.

MATTHEW LOVAT.

MATTHEW LOVAT presents an extraordinary and deplorable instance of religious melancholy. Born at Casale, a hamlet belonging to the parish of Soldo, in the territory of Belluno, of poor parents, employed in the coarsest and most laborious works of husbandry, and fixed to a place remote from almost all society, his imagination was so forcibly smitten with the view of the easy and comfortable lives of the rector and his curate, who were the only persons in the whole parish exempted from the labors of the field, and who engrossed all the power and consequence, which the little world wherein Matthew lived had presented to his eyes, that he made an effort to prepare himself for the priesthood, and placed himself under the tuition of the curate, who taught him to read and to write a little. But the poverty of his family was an effectual bar to his desire; he was obliged to renounce study for ever, and to betake himself to the trade of a shoemaker.

Having become a shoemaker from necessity, he never succeeded either as a neat or expeditious workman. The sedentary life, and the silence to which apprentices are condemned in the shops of the masters abroad, formed in him the habit of meditation, and rendered him gloomy and taciturn. As age increased, he became subject in the spring to giddiness in his head, and eruptions of a leprous appearance showed themselves on his face and hands.

Until the month of July, 1802, Matthew Lovat did nothing extraordinary. His life was regular and uniform; his habits were simple, and nothing distinguished him, but an extreme degree of devotion. He spoke on no other subject than the affairs of the church. Its festivals and fasts, with sermons, saints, &c. constituted the topics of his conversation. It was at this date, that in imitation of the early devotees, he determined to disarm the tempter by mutilating himself. He ef-

fected his purpose without having anticipated the species of celebrity which the operation was to procure for him; and which compelled the poor creature to keep himself shut up in his house, from which he did not dare to stir for some time, not even to go to mass. At length, on the 13th of November, in the same year, he went to Venice, where a younger brother, named Angelo, conducted Matthew to the house of a widow, the relict of Andrew Osgualda, with whom he lodged, until the 21st of September, in the following year, working assiduously at his trade, and without exhibiting any signs of madness. But on the above mentioned day, he made an attempt to crucify himself, in the middle of the street called the Cross of Biri, upon a frame which he had constructed of the timber of his bed; he was prevented from accomplishing his purpose by several people, who came upon him just as he was driving the nail into his left foot. His landlady dismissed him from her house, lest he should perform a like exploit there. Being interrogated repeatedly as to the motive for his self-crucifixion, he maintained an obstinate silence, except, that he once said to his brother, that that day was the festival of St. Matthew, and that he could give no farther explanation. Some days after this affair, he set out for his own country, where he remained a certain time; but afterwards returned to Venice, and in July, 1805, lodged in a room in the third floor of a house, in the street Delle Monache.

Here his old ideas of crucifixion laid hold of him again. He wrought a little every day in forming the instrument of his torture, and provided himself with the necessary articles of nails, ropes, bands, the crown of thorns, &c. As he foresaw that it would be extremely difficult to fasten himself securely upon the cross, he made a net of small cords capable of supporting his weight, in case he should happen to discharge himself from it. This net he secured at the bottom, by fastening it in a knot at the lower extremity of the perpendicular beam, a little below the bracket designed to support his feet, and the other end was stretched to the extremities of the transverse spar, which formed the arms of the cross, so that it had the appearance, in front, of a purse turned upside down. From the middle of the upper extemity of the net, thus placed, proceeded one rope, and from the point at which the two

spars forming the cross intersected each other, a second rope proceeded, both of which were firmly tied to a beam in the inside of the chamber, immediately above the window, of which the parapet was very low, and the length of these ropes was just sufficient to allow the cross to rest horizontally upon the floor of the apartment.

These cruel preparations being ended, Matthew stripped himself naked, and proceeded to crown himself with thorns; of which two or three pierced the skin which covers the forehead. He next bound a white handkerchief round his loins and thighs, leaving the rest of his body bare; then, passing his legs between the net and the cross, seating himself upon it, he took one of the nails destined for his hands, of which the point was smooth and sharp, and introducing it into the palm of the left, he drove it, by striking its head on the floor, until the half had appeared through the back of the hand. He now adjusted his feet to the bracket which had been prepared to receive them, the right over the left; and taking a nail five French inches and a half long, of which the point was also polished and sharp, and placing it on the upper foot with his left hand, he drove it with a mallet which he held in his right, until it not only penetrated both his feet, but entering the hole prepared for it in the bracket, made its way so far through the tree of the cross, as to fasten the victim firmly to it. He planted the third nail in his right hand as he had managed with regard to the left; and having bound himself by the middle to the perpendicular beam of the cross by a cord, which he had previously stretched under him, he set about inflicting the wound in the side with a cobbler's knife, which he had placed by him for this operation, and which he said represented the spear of the passion. It did not occur to him, however, at the moment, that the wound ought to be in the *right* side, and not in the left, and in the cavity of the breast, and not of the hypocondre, where he struck himself transversely two inches below the left hypocondre, towards the internal angle of the abdominal cavity, without, however, injuring the parts which this cavity contains. Whether fear checked his hand, or whether he intended to plunge the instrument to a great depth, it is not easy to determine: but there were ob-

served near the wound several scratches across his body, which scarcely divided the skin.

These extraordinary operations being concluded, it was now necessary, in order to complete the execution of the whole plan which he had conceived, that Matthew should exhibit himself upon the cross to the eyes of the public;—and he realized this part of it in the following way. The cross was laid horizontally on the floor, its lower extremity resting upon the parapet of the window, which was very low, then raising himself up by pressing upon the points of his fingers, (for the nails did not allow him to use his whole hand either opened or closed,) he made several springs forward, until the portion of the cross which was protruded over the parapet, overbalancing what was within the chamber, the whole frame, with Matthew upon it, darted out at the window, and remained suspended outside of the house by the ropes which were secured to the beam in the side. In this predicament the poor fanatic stretched his hands to the extremities of the transverse beam which formed the arms of the cross, to insert the nails into the holes which had been prepared for them; but whether it was out of his power to fix both, or whether he was obliged to use the right on some concluding operation, the fact is, that when he was seen by the people who passed in the street, he was suspended under the window, with only his left hand nailed to the cross, while his right hung parallel to his body, on the outside of the net. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. As soon as he was perceived, some humane people ran up stairs, disengaged him from the cross, and put him to bed. A surgeon of the neighborhood was called, who made them plunge his feet into water, introduced tow by way of caddis into the wound of the hypocondre, which he assured them did not penetrate into the cavity, and after having prescribed some cordial, instantly took his departure.

At this moment, Dr. Ruggieri, professor of clinical surgery, hearing what had taken place, instantly repaired to the lodging of Lovat, to witness with his own eyes a fact which appeared to exceed all belief. When he arrived there, accompanied by the surgeon Pagononi, Matthew's feet, from which there had issued but a small quantity of

blood, were still in the water:—his eyes were shut—he made no reply to the questions which were addressed to him: his pulse was convulsive, and respiration had become difficult. With the permission of the Director of Police, who had come to take cognizance of what had happened, Dr. Ruggieri, caused the patient to be conveyed by water to the Imperial Clinical school, established at the Hospital of St. Luke and St. John. During the passage, the only thing he said was to his brother Angelo, who accompanied him in the boat, and was lamenting his extravagance: which was, "*alas! I am very unfortunate.*" At the hospital, an examination of his wounds took place; and it was ascertained that the nails had entered by the palm of the hands, and gone out at the back, making their way between the bones of the metacarpus, without inflicting any injury upon them; that the nail which wounded the feet had entered first the right, between the second and third bones of the metatarsus towards their posterior extremity; and then the left between the first and second of the same bones, the latter of which it had laid bare and grazed: and lastly, that the wound of the hypocondre penetrated to the point of the cavity. The patient was placed in an easy position. He was tranquil and docile: the wounds in the extremities were treated with emollients and sedatives. On the fifth day they suppurated, with a slight redness in their circumference: and on the eighth, that of the hypocondre was perfectly healed.

The patient never spoke. Always sombre and shut up in himself, his eyes were almost constantly closed. Interrogated several times, relative to the motive which had induced him to crucify himself, he always made this answer: "*The pride of man must be mortified, it must expire on the cross.*" Dr. Ruggieri, thinking that he might be restrained by the presence of his pupils, returned repeatedly to the subject when with him alone, and he always answered in the same terms. He was, in fact, so deeply persuaded that the supreme will had imposed upon him, the obligation of dying upon the cross, that he wished to inform the tribunal of justice of the destiny which it behoved him to fulfil, with the view of preventing all suspicion that his death might have been the work of any other hand

than his own. With this in prospect, and long before his martyrdom, he committed his ideas to paper, in a style and character such as would be expected from his education, and disorder of his mind.

Scarcely was he able to support in his hand the weight of a book, when he took the prayer book, and read it all day long. On the first days of August, all his wounds were completely cured; and as he felt no pain or difficulty in moving his hands and feet, he expressed a wish to go out of the hospital, that he might not, as he said, eat the bread of idleness. This request being denied to him, he passed a whole day without taking any food, and finding that his clothes were kept from him, he set out one afternoon in his shirt, but was soon brought back by the servants. The board of police gave orders that he should be conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum, eatablished at St. Servolo, where he was placed on the 20th of August, 1805. After the first eight days he became taciturn, and refused every species of meat and drink. It was impossible to make him swallow even a drop of water during six successive days. Towards the morning of the 7th day, being importuned by another madman, he consented to take a little nourishment. He continued to eat about fifteen days, and then resumed his fast, which he prolonged during eleven.

These fasts were repeated and of longer or shorter duration, the most protracted, however, not exceeding twelve days.

In January, 1806, there appeared in him symptoms of consumption, and he would remain immovable, exposed to the heat of the sun, until the skin of his face began to peel off, and it was necessary to employ force to drag him into the shade.

In April, exhaustion proceeded rapidly, laboring in his breast was observed, the pulse was very low, and on the morning of the 8th, he expired after a short struggle.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM THE ROYAL SERPENT AT CEYLON.

"THE forests of Ceylon," says a recent Dutch traveller in that country, "have almost always something in them so inexpressibly great and majestic, that instantly fills the soul with astonishment and admiration.

"Trees are there of a prodigious height and thickness, that appear to have outlived several ages, and whose closely interwoven leaves form an impenetrable shade, and afford a pleasant and refreshing coolness.

"How beautiful is nature when she shows herself in all her magnificence, or in all her simplicity, and without the misplaced additions and changes of art! She has then something so attractive, something so perfectly congenial to the original state of our senses and our soul, that I have often felt an irresistible desire to spend my days in these terrestrial paradises—the forests of Ceylon.

"I have travelled," says he, "in many forests, and traversed many woods in various countries, but I have never seen one that can in any degree be compared to those of this island; there, when the sun shoots his burning rays, only a trembling and colored light can be perceived. The loss of my companion," continues he, "who was killed by an alligator, induced me to think of returning to Chilaw. I did not long hesitate about the road I should take; to return through the wilderness by the way we had come, was, in my present forlorn situation, to expose myself to certain destruction: I shuddered at the recollection of the dangers we had encountered in our approach to the Bocaul mountains: I therefore resolved to proceed along the banks of a canal or ditch, upwards of thirty feet deep, in the hope of finding its source, as it was impossible to ford it, in consequence of the immense quantity of weeds, bushes and brambles: following the bed of the river, I continued my solitary way, much depressed in spirits at the unhappy fate of my too venturous companion, until I arived at the foot of a steep rock, about sixty feet high, and smooth as a wall, rising like an insurmountable barrier across my path. I looked anxiously about for some time, but no passage or opening appeared. At this

frightful prospect my strength gave way—I sunk down upon the earth; in this state I remained for some time, almost bereft of reason at my hopeless situation, until I began to reflect that this despair only exhausted my remaining strength, and rendered me incapable of any exertion to clamber over the rock. I then got up to examine the place more closely, and found my situation as dreadful as the mind can form an idea of: on the left was the canal, whose banks, from the elevation of the ground, had become extremely steep and high, and its bed still seemed one solid mass of weeds, thorns and brambles: before me was the rock, which on one side overhung a fearful abyss, and on the other extending far into an impenetrable wood, thus completely shutting in the small space that lay between them: there were, it is true, at distances, clefts or holes in the rock, but the idea of hanging over this gulf, into which the least false step would have plunged me, and dashed me in a moment to atoms! Besides, I should have been obliged to leave my gun and provisions (the only sources of existence at such a distance from any habitation) behind me, had I ventured upon the undertaking.

"There remained, therefore, no other alternative than to follow the direction of the rock into the forest, and get round it if possible, or find a place where it was less steep, or the summit more easily attainable; but the mass of thorns, &c. prevented an easy advance.

"Struggling with disappointment and vexation, I had proceeded about fifty yards along the edge of the wood, when I had the satisfaction to perceive an opening, through which with much difficulty I penetrated into the wood. Scarcely had I entered, when I heard a loud hissing and uncommon motion in a large tree that stood some paces from me; with all the speed terror would permit, I flew towards the rock dropping my gun and provisions in my fright: before I reached the base of the rock, my ears were again assailed with the same hissing, but louder. In dreadful anticipation of the worst, I looked round, when I saw a monstrous serpent, of enormous size, crawling slowly out of the opening I had entered but a few moments before. At this sight the earth seemed to open under my feet: I uttered a horrible yell, and my courage and hope instantly forsaking me, I stood as if

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM THE ROYAL SERPENT OF CEYLON.

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thunderstruck, and could from no resolution. Where could I fly? where conceal myself? I saw the monster ready to dart upon me, his eyes glaring, and his throat swelling with fury: my situation was such as cannot be described; shut in on every side, death in its most horrible form appeared certain; I had no weapon of defence, my fowling-piece being between the serpent and the place where I stood. An unconquerable irresolution still made me hesitate; but seeing the monster open his immense jaws, quicken his pace, and now only a few paces from me, I sprung about five feet from the rock, and an equal height from the ground, to lay hold of a cleft with my hand. It succeeded! I remained for some moments hanging by my hands over the abyss, before I could find any small projection to place my feet on, and relieve my arms from the weight of my body; at last, however, calling forth all my strength and agility, I obtained a foot hold, and seizing every projection, and holding fast by every cleft, I reached the edge of the rock, and drew myself to the top. During this anxious struggle for life, I expected every moment to be devoured by the monster; but, fortunately, it was not of that species that crawl upon their tails, with their heads erect like the Naga. Being now beyond the reach of the serpent, I cast my eyes towards it, and observed it eating greedily my rice; it was what the natives call the Pambon Rajah, or Royal Serpent; it appeared at least fifty feet in length, and its body was considerably thicker than mine, covered all over with yellow and black spotted scales; it sometimes raised its head, and its general motion was slow and regular.

"The thought of the great danger I had escaped from, made me sensible of the mercy of the Creator, to whom I instantly offered up a grateful prayer for my astonishing deliverance."

STRANGE CARNIVAL AT PETERSBURGH.

In 1715, the Czarina of Russia, being brought to bed of a prince, to the unspeakable joy of the Czar, the rejoicing on that occasion lasted eight days, and he was also baptized by

the name of Peter. The solemnities were attended with the most extraordinary pomp, as splendid entertainments, balls, and fireworks; at one of the entertainments, three curious pies were served up; upon opening the first at the table of the grandees, out stepped a female dwarf, having nothing on but a head-dress; she made a speech to the company, and then the pie was carried away; at the table of the ladies, a male dwarf was served up in the same manner; out of the third, at the table of the gentlemen, sprung a covy of twelve partridges, with such a fluttering noise, as greatly surprised the company; in the evening a noble firework was played off, in honor of the new-born Peter, with several curious devices, and on the top of all was this inscription, in large characters:

HOPE WITH PATIENCE.

These rejoicings were followed by a kind of carnival; the Czar having united the patriarchial dignity, and the great revenues belonging to it, to the crown, and to render the character of the Patriarch ridiculous in the eyes of the people, he appointed Sotof, his jester, now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, mock-patriarch, who on this occasion was married to a buxom widow of thirty-four, and the nuptials of this extraordinary couple were celebrated in masquerade by about four hundred persons of both sexes, every four persons having their proper dress and peculiar musical instruments; the persons appointed to invite the company were four of the greatest stammerers in the kingdom; the four running footmen were the most unwieldy, gouty, fat men, that could be found; the bridemen, stewards, and waiters, very old men; and the priest that joined them in marriage was upwards of one hundred years old. The procession, which began at the Czar's palace, and crossed the river upon the ice, proceeding to the great church near the senate-house, was in the following order:—first, a sledge, with the four footmen; secondly, another with the stammerers, the bridemen, stewards, and waiters; then followed Knez Romadanofski, the farcical Czar, who represented King David in his dress, but instead of a harp, had a lyre, covered with a bear-skin, to play upon; and he being the chief character in the show, his sledge was made in imitation of a throne, and he had King David's crown

upon his head, and four bears, one at each corner, tied to his sledge, by way of footmen, and one behind standing and holding the sledge with his two paws; the bears being all the while pricked with goads, which made them roar in a frightful manner; then the bridegroom and bride, on an elevated sledge made on purpose, surrounded with cupids holding each a large horn in his hand; on the fore part of the sledge was placed by way of coachman, a ram with very large horns; and behind, was a he-goat, by way of lackey; behind them followed a number of other sledges, drawn by different kinds of animals, four to each, as rams, goats, deer, bulls, bears, dogs, wolves, swine, and asses; then came a number of sledges, drawn by six horses each, with the company; the sledges were made long, with a bench in the middle, stuffed with hair, and covered with cloth; twenty persons in one sledge, sitting behind each other, as on horseback. The procession no sooner began to move, than all the bells of the city began to ring, and all the drums of the fort, towards which they were advancing, began to beat upon the ramparts; the different animals were forced to make a noise; all the company playing upon, or rattling their different instruments, and altogether made such a confused noise, that it is past description. The Czar, with his three companions, Prince Menzikoff, and the Counts Apraxin and Bruce, were clad like Friesland boors, each with a drum. From church the procession returned to the palace, where all the company were entertained till twelve at night, when the same procession went by the light of the flambeaux to the bride's house, to see the young married couple fairly bedded.

This carnival lasted ten days, the company going every day from one house to another, at each of which were tables spread with all sorts of cold meat, and with such abundance of strong liquors every where, that there scarce was a sober person to be found during that time in Petersburgh. On the tenth day, the Czar gave a grand entertainment at the Senate-house, on the close of which, every one of the guests was presented with a large glass, with a cover, called the Double-Eagle, containing a large bottle of wine, which every body was obliged to drink; to avoid this, "I," says Mr. Bruce, "made my escape, pretending to the officer upon guard, that I was sent on a message from the Czar, which he believing,

let me pass, and I went to the house of a Mr. Kelderman, who had formerly been one of the Czar's tutors, and was still in great favor with him; Mr. Kelderman followed me very soon, but not before he had drank his double-eagle, and coming into his own house, he complained that he was sick with drinking, and sitting down by the table, laid his head on it, and appeared as if fallen asleep; it being a common custom with him, his wife and daughters took no notice of it, till after some time they observed him neither to move or breathe, and coming close up to him, found he was stiff and dead, which threw the family into great confusion. Knowing the esteem in which he stood with the Czar, I went and informed him of the sudden death of Mr. Kelderman. His majesty's concern at the event, brought him immediately to the house, where he condoled with the widow for the loss of her husband, and ordered an honorable burial for the deceased at his own expense, and provided an annuity for her life." Thus ended that noisy carnival, but it was some time before the members could fully recover their senses.

EXECUTION OF CECILE RENAUD.

Amee Cecile Renaud, a girl of nineteen years of age, whose sensibility it appears was singularly affected by the scenes which were passing before her, and whose imagination, perhaps, was somewhat disordered by those terrible impressions, had the courage, while an armed nation bowed before its assassins, to enter alone and unarmed the monster Robespierre's den; and, as it would seem, with the intention, at the expense of life, to point out to her countrymen the tyrant under whom they groaned. Cecile Renaud went one morning to the tyrant's house, and inquired if he was at home. She was answered in the negative; and being asked what she wanted, replied, that she came to see what sort of a thing a tyrant was. Upon this declaration she was instantly led to the committee of general safety, and went through a long examination. She again declared with the same simplicity, that she had come because she

wanted to see a tyrant; and upon being searched, no offensive weapon was found upon her, and all that was contained in a little bundle, which she held under her arm, was a change of linen, with which she said she had provided herself, knowing she should want it in prison.

The father, mother, and aunt of Cecile Renaud, were led with herself to the Gonciergerie, where she was again interrogated, and threatened that her whole family should perish with her, if she did not confess her intention of assassinating Robespierre. She repeated what she had said to the committee; and added, that they might put her to death if they thought proper, but, if she deserved to die, it was not for any intention to assassinate, but for her anti-republican sentiments. Cecile Renaud, who was very young and handsome, was dressed with some care, and perhaps coquetry. Her appearance led her savage judges to invent a new species of torture in order to bring her to confession. By their direction she was stripped of her own clothes, and covered with squalid and disgusting rags, in which condition she was made to appear in the council-chamber, and undergo a new interrogatory, where the same menaces were repeated, and where she answered as she had done before; and with great spirit rallied her judges upon the absurdity of trying to shake her purpose by a mode of punishment so contemptible. Notwithstanding no proof of any intention to assassinate Robespierre, could be brought against her, she, together with her whole family, was put to death. Her two brothers, who were fighting the battles of the republic on the frontiers, were ordered to be conducted to Paris, that they might share her fate; but the tyrants were too impatient for blood to wait their arrival, and owing to this circumstance they escaped.

With Cecile Renaud perished not only her own family, but *sixty-nine persons were brought from different parts and different prisons of Paris, who had never seen nor heard of each other till they met at the Conciergerie, and were together dragged before the tribunal, and declared guilty of one common conspiracy.* Their trial lasted only a sufficient length of time to call over their names: none of them were permitted to make any defence: the jury declared themselves satisfied in their souls

and consciences; and the devoted victims, covered with red cloaks worn by assassins on their way to execution, were led to death.

ARREST OF A FRENCH OFFICER BY THE INQUISITION.

THE Chevalier de St. Gervais, in his Travels in Spain, gives the following account of his arrest and examination by the Inquisition of Barcelona.

"After dinner, I went to take a walk on that beautiful terrace which extends along the port, in that part called Barcellonette. I was tranquilly enjoying this delightful place and the serene evening of a fine day, wrapped in dreams of my projects, of my future destiny, and of the beautiful Seraphine. The sweetly pensive shades of evening had begun to veil the face of the sky, when, on a sudden, six men surrounded and commanded me to follow them. I replied by a firm refusal; whereupon one of them seized me by the collar; I instantly assailed him with a violent blow upon the face, which caused him to bellow with pain; in an instant the whole band pressed on me so closely that I was obliged to draw my sword. I fought as long as I was able, but not being possessed of the strength of Antæus or Hercules, I was at last compelled to yield. The ruffians endeavored to inspire me with respect and dread of them, by saying that they were familiars of the Holy Office, and advised me to surrender, that I might escape disgrace and harsh treatment. I submitted to force, and I was taken to the prison of the Inquisition.

"As soon as I found myself within the talons of these vultures, I began to ask myself what was my crime, and what I had done to incur the censure of this hateful tribunal. Have these jacobin monks, said I, succeeded to the Druids, who called themselves the agents of the Deity, and arrogated to themselves the right of excommunicating and putting to death their fellow citizens? My complaints were lost in empty air.

"On the following day, Dominican, shrouded in hypo

crisy, and with the tongue of deceit, came to conjure me, by the bowels of Jesus Christ, to confess my faults, in order to the attainment of my liberty. 'Confess your own faults,' said I to him, 'ask pardon of God for your hypocrisy and injustice. By what right do you arrest a gentleman, a native of France, who is exempted from the jurisdiction of your infernal tribunal, and who has done nothing in violation of the laws of this country?'—'Oh, Holy Virgin,' said he, 'you make me tremble! I will go and pray to God in your behalf, and I hope he will open your eyes and turn your heart.' 'Go and pray to the devil,' said I to myself, 'he is your only divinity.'

"However, on that same day, Mr. Aubert, having in vain waited for me at the dinner hour, sent to the hotel to inquire about me. The landlord informed him that I had disappeared on the preceding evening, that my luggage still remained in his custody, but that he was entirely ignorant what was become of me. This obliging gentleman, uneasy for my fate, made inquiries concerning me over the whole city, but without being able to gain the smallest intelligence. Astonished at this circumstance, he began to suspect that some indiscretion on my part might have drawn upon me the vengeance of the Holy Office, with whose spirit and conduct he was well acquainted. He begged of the captain-general to demand my enlargement. The inquisitors denied the fact of my detention, with the utmost effrontery of falsehood; but Mr. Aubert, not being able to discover any probable cause for my disappearance, persisted in believing me to be a prisoner in the Holy Office.

"Next day the familiars came to conduct me before the three inquisitors: they presented me with a yellow mantle to put on, but I disdainfully rejected this satanic livery. However, they persuaded me that submission was the only means by which I could hope to recover my liberty. I appeared, therefore, clad in yellow, with a wax taper in my hand, before these priests of Pluto. In the chamber was displayed the banner of the Holy Office, on which were represented a gridiron, a pair of pincers, and a pile of wood, with these words, 'Justice, Charity, Mercy.' What an atrocious piece of irony! I was tempted, more than once,

to singe, with my blazing taper, the hideous visage of one of these jacobins, but my good genius prevented me. One of them advised me, with an air of mildness, to confess my sin. 'My great sin,' replied I, 'is to have entered a country where the priests trample humanity under foot, and assume the cloak of religion to persecute virtue and innocence.'

"'Is that all you have to say?' 'Yes, my conscience is free from alarm and from remorse. Tremble, if the regiment to which I belong should hear of my imprisonment: they would trample over ten regiments of Spaniards to rescue me from your barbarity.' 'God alone is master; our duty is to watch over his flock as faithful shepherds; our hearts are afflicted; but you must return to your prison, until you think proper to make a confession of your fault.' I then retired, casting upon my judges a look of contempt and indignation.

"As soon as I returned to my prison, I most anxiously considered what could be the cause of this severe treatment. I was far from suspecting that it could be owing to my answer to the mendicant friar concerning the Virgin and her lights.* However, Mr. Aubert being persuaded that the Inquisition alone had been the cause of my disappearance, placed spies upon all their steps. One of them informed him that three monks of the Dominican order, were about to set out for Rome, being deputed to the conventual assembly which was to be held there. He immediately wrote M. de Cholet, commandant at Perpignan, to inform him how I had disappeared, of his suspicions as to the cause, and of the passage of the three jacobins through Perpignan, desiring him to arrest them, and not to set them at liberty till I should be released.

"M. de Cholet embraced, with alacrity, this opportunity of vengeance, and issued orders, at the gates of the town, to seize three reverend personages. They arrived about noon, in high spirits and with keen appetites, and demanded of the sentinel, which was the best hotel. The officer

* A mendicant having come to his chamber, with a purse, begging him to contribute something for the lights or tapers to be lighted in honor of the Virgin, he replied, "My good father, the Virgin has no need of lights, she need only to go to bed at an early hour."

of the guard presented himself, and informed them that he was commissioned to conduct them to the Commandant of the place, who would provide for their lodging and entertainment. 'Come, good fathers, M. de Cholet is determined to do you the honors of the city.' In the mean time, he provided them an escort of four soldiers and a sergeant. The fathers marched along with joy, congratulating one another, and delighted with the politeness of the French.

Good fathers,' said M. de Cholet, 'I am delighted to have you in this city, I expected you impatiently. I have provided you a lodging.' 'Ah, Mr. Commandant, you are too good, we are undeserving.' 'Pardon me, have you not, in your prison at Barcelona, a French officer, the Chevalier de St. Gervais?' 'No, Mr. Commandant, we have never heard of any such person.' 'I am sorry for that, for you are to be imprisoned, and to live upon bread and water, until this officer be forthcoming.' The reverend fathers, exceedingly irritated, exclaimed against this violation of the law of nations, and then said that they resigned themselves to the will of Heaven, and that the Commandant should answer before God and the pope, for the persecution he was about to commence against members of the church. 'Yes,' said the Commandant, 'I take the responsibility upon myself, meanwhile you will repair to the citadel.'

"Now behold the three hypocrites, in a narrow prison, condemned to the regimen of the Pauls and the Hilaries, uttering the loudest exclamations against the system of fasting and the Commandant. Every day, the purveyor, when he brought them their pitcher of water and portion of bread, demanded whether they had any thing to declare to the French officer. For three days they persisted in returning a negative, but at length, the cries, not of their consciences, but of their stomachs, and their weariness of this mode of life, overcame their obstinacy. They begged an interview with M. de Cholet, who instantly waited upon them.

"They confessed that a young French officer was confined in the prison of the Holy Office, on account of the impious language he had held respecting the Virgin. 'Undoubtedly he has acted wrong,' said M. de Cholet, 'but allow the Virgin to avenge herself. Write word to Barce-

lona to set this gentleman at liberty. In the interim I will keep you as hostages, but I will mitigate your sufferings, and your table shall be less frugally supplied.' The Monks immediately wrote word to give liberty to the accused Frenchman.

"During this interval, vexations, impatience, and weariness took possession of my soul, and made me weary of life. At length the inquisition, reading their brethren's letter, perceived themselves under the necessity of releasing their prey. One of them came to inform me that, in consideration of my youth, and of my being a native of France, the Holy Office had come to a determination to set me free, but that they required me, for the future, to have more respect for La Madonna, the mother of Jesus Christ. 'Most reverend father,' replied I, 'the French have always the highest respect for the ladies.' Uttering these words, I rushed towards the door, and, when I got into the street, I felt as if I were raised from the tomb once more to life."

INQUISITORIAL TORTURE OF A FREE MASON.

Mr. Custos, a native of Switzerland, but at the time of his arrest residing at Lisbon, says, "I was apprehended at night as I was leaving a hotel, where I had supped with two gentlemen, who, upon beholding the officers seize me, instantly forsook me and fled. I was then dragged to the prison of the Inquisition, stripped and searched; and, after being plundered of every article which I had about me, was plunged into one of the dungeons which are prepared for the prisoners. After I had remained for a whole day and two nights in this dreadful abode, where my ears were every moment assailed by the cries and groans of the miserable inhabitants, I was summoned to attend the Inquisitors Being conducted to their presence, they commanded me to kneel down, and, placing my right hand upon the Bible, to swear that I would speak truly with regard to such things as they should ask me.

"Their first questions were, my christian and surnames, those of my parents, the place of my birth, my profession

religion, and how long I had resided in Lisbon? After I had satisfied them upon these heads, they told me that they knew, by the best authority, that I had spoken disrespectfully of the Holy Office, and accordingly exhorted me to make a confession of all the crimes I had ever committed since I was capable of distinguishing good from evil. I replied that I had never spoken any thing against the Inquisition, or against the religion of Rome, and that I had never been accustomed to confess my sins to any one but to God alone. Upon which they told me they would allow me time to examine my conscience, and in the mean time remanded me to my dungeon, intimating, that, should I continue obstinate, they should know how to employ such means as were placed in their hands to compel me to a confession.

"Upon my next examination, which took place three days after, they questioned me very particularly about the society of free masons, its origin, constitution, and design. I replied to all these particulars as accurately as my knowledge permitted me, to which they listened with some degree of attention; but when I mentioned that charity was the foundation and soul of this society, which linked all the members together in the bonds of fraternal love, and made it an indispensable duty, to assist, in the most generous manner, without distinction of religion, all such persons as were found to be true objects of compassion, they exclaimed that I was a liar, and that it was impossible a society should profess such good maxims, and yet be so jealous of its secrets as to exclude women. They then ordered me to withdraw from their presence, and to be immured in another dungeon still more dreadful.

"During my confinement in this place I was frequently summoned into the presence of the Inquisitors. They did every thing which lay in their power, by means of entreaties and threats, to force me to reveal the secret of the society, which they accused of assembling for the most abominable purposes, and loudly exclaimed against my audacity for daring to practice the mysteries of my profession in Lisbon, after it had been so strictly forbidden. They said that, not only had his Portuguese Majesty forbidden any of his subjects to become free masons, but that there had been fixed

up, five years before, upon the doors of all the churches of Lisbon, an order from his holiness, strictly enjoining the Portuguese in general not to enter into this society; and even excommunicating all such as then were, or should afterwards become members of it. I answered, that if I had been guilty of any offence by practising masonry at Lisbon, it was entirely through ignorance, as I had resided in that city but two years; to which they seemed not inclined to make any reply. I was examined many times after this, in which examinations I had several disputes with my judges upon those points upon which they thought proper to charge me with heresy, in addition to the crime of being a free mason. At first, they endeavored to allure me, by promises of favor, to abjure my errors, as they called them; and finding these means ineffectual, they next denounced the entire weight of their vengeance against me, should I continue obstinate. At length, perceiving that my constancy was not to be shaken by any means that they could devise, they informed me that my trial must proceed, but let me know, as they dismissed me to my dungeon, that if I turned a Roman Catholic, it would be of great advantage to my cause, otherwise I might repent of my obstinacy when it was too late. Accordingly, in a few days more, I was ordered to an audience, when the fiscal proctor read my charges, which contained the following heads.

"That I had infringed the Pope's orders, by belonging to the sect of free masons; this sect being a horrid compound of sacrilege, sodomy, and many other abominable crimes; of which the inviolable secrecy observed therein, and the exclusion of women, were but too manifest indications; a circumstance which gave the highest offence to the whole kingdom: and the said Custos having refused to discover, to the Inquisitors, the true tendency and design of the meetings of the free masons, had persisted on the contrary, in asserting, that free masonry was a good thing in itself; that, for these reasons, the proctor insisted, that the prisoner may be prosecuted with the utmost rigor; and for that purpose, begged the court to exert its whole authority, even to the tortures, to extort from him a confession, that the several articles here mentioned are true. The Inquisitors then gave me the above heads, which they ordered me to sign, but this I absolutely refused

to do. They therefore commanded me to be taken back to my dungeon, without permitting me to say a single word in my justification. It was not until six weeks after, that I was again summoned to make my defence, with a detail of which I shall not trouble the reader. It consisted almost entirely, in a recapitulation of the answers which I had made upon my former examinations, and refutation of the charges urged against me, all of which were utterly and absolutely false.

"After making my defence I was ordered to withdraw, doubtful of the effect which it had made upon my judges. But my doubts, were, in a few days after, removed, when the president again sent for me, and ordered a paper to be read which contained a part of my sentence. I was thereby doomed to suffer the tortures employed by the Holy Office, for refusing to tell the truth; for my not discovering the secrets of masonry, with the true tendency and purpose of the meeting of the brethren. Upon this I was instantly conveyed to the torture room, built in the form of a square tower, where no light appeared, but what was given by two lamps; and, to prevent the dreadful cries and groans of the unhappy victims from reaching the ears of the other prisoners, the doors were lined with a kind of quilt. The reader may conceive the horror with which I was filled, when, upon entering the door I was instantly surrounded by six executioners, who, after preparing the tortures, stripped me almost naked, and laid me on my back upon the floor. When I was in this posture, they first put round my neck an iron collar, which was fastened to the scaffold; then they fixed a ring to each foot; and, this being done, they stretched my limbs with all their might. They next wound two ropes round each arm, and two round each thigh, which ropes passed under the scaffold, through holes made for that purpose, and were all drawn tight, at the same time, by four men, upon a signal made for that purpose.

"The reader will believe that my pain must have been intolerable, when I solemnly declare, that these ropes, which were of the size of one's little finger, pierced through my flesh quite to the bone; making the blood gush out at the eight places which were thus bound. As I persisted in refusing to disclose any thing more than I had before decla-

red, the ropes were drawn together four different times. At my side stood a physician and a surgeon, who often felt my temples, to judge of the danger, I might be in, by which means my tortures were suspended at intervals, that I might have an opportunity of recovering myself a little.

"While I thus suffered, they were so barbarous as to insult me by declaring, that were I to die under the torture, I should be guilty, by my obstinacy, of self murder. In fine, the last time the ropes were drawn tight, I grew so exceedingly weak, occasioned by the circulation of my blood being stopped, and the torments I endured, that I fainted quite away; so that I was carried back to my dungeon, in a state of utter insensibility.

"These barbarians, finding that the tortures above described could not extort any further confession from me, were so inhuman, six weeks after, as to expose me to another kind of torture, more grievous if possible than the former. They made me stretch my hands in such a manner, that the palms of my hands were turned outwards: when, by the help of a rope, which fastened them together at the wrist, and which they turned by an engine, they drew them gently nearer to one another behind, in such a manner that the back of each hand touched, and they stood exactly parallel one to the other; whereby my shoulders were both dislocated, and a considerable quantity of blood issued from my mouth. This torture was repeated thrice; after which I was again taken to my dungeon, and put into the hands of the physician and surgeon, who, in setting my bones, put me to exquisite pain.

"Two months after, being a little recovered, I was again conveyed to the torture-room; and there forced to undergo, two different times, another kind of punishment. The reader may judge of its horror, from the following description. The torturers turned, twice round my body, a thick iron chain, which crossing my stomach, terminated at my wrists. They next set my back against a thick board, at each extremity of which was a pulley; through which a rope ran, that was fastened to the end of the chain at my wrist. The tormentors then, stretching these ropes by means of a roller, pressed and bruised my stomach, in proportion as the ropes were drawn tighter. They tortured me upon this occasion in so

horrid a manner that both my wrists and shoulders were put out of joint.

"The surgeons, however, set them presently after; but the barbarians, having not yet satiated their cruelty, made me undergo this torture a second time; which I did with great pain, though with equal constancy and resolution. I was then remanded to my dungeon, attended by the surgeons who dressed my bruises: and here I remained until the celebration of the next auto da fe.

"The reader may judge, from this faint description, of the dreadful anguish which I must have endured, the nine different times they put me to the torture. Most of my limbs were put out of joint, and bruised in so schocking a manner, that I was unable, for many weeks, to move my hand to my mouth; my whole body being also dreadfully swelled by the inflammations caused by such frequent dislocations.

"The day of the auto da fe being come, I was made to walk in the procession, with the other victims of the tribunal. Being come to the church of Saint Dominic, my sentence was read, by which I was condemned to the galley, as it is called, during four years."

MAGNANIMOUS FULFILMENT OF A PROMISE.

A Spanish cavalier having killed a Moorish gentleman at Grenada, in a duel, instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued, but, availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was also a Moor, happened to be, at that time, walking in the garden, and the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and in the most pathetic manner, implored concealment. The Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him in a summer-house, and left him, with an assurance, that when night approached, he would provide for his escape. A few hours afterwards, the dead body of his son was brought to him, and the description of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard whom he had then in custody. He con-

cealed the horror and suspicion which he felt; and retiring to his chamber, remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer-house, and thus accosted the cavalier:—"Christian! the youth whom you have murdered was my only son. Your crime merits the severest punishment. But I have solemnly pledged my word for your security: and I disdain to violate even a rash engagement with a cruel enemy." He conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnished him with one of his swiftest mules. "Fly," said he, "whilst the darkness of the night conceals you—your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just, and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment unto him."

ARTS PRACTISED BY MADAME VOISIN, A CELEBRATED FORTUNE TELLER.

PARIS was disgraced by a woman, named Voisin, who occasioned many a wife to be freed of her husband. This public pest never refused her assistance to those who came to ask it. Like Mede and Circe of old, she understood the effects of poison, and under the pretence of diabolical influence, contrived to infuse the deadly venom into her victim's veins. When any lady desired her to consult the devil, in order to ascertain whether she was likely to become a widow or not, if much anxiety were manifested on the occasion, this sorceress, after making a variety of magical pretensions, would appoint a time when the husband should die, and which she said would be indicated by some particular sign or mark that could not be mistaken. Sometimes, before the husband was sacrificed, certain valuable mirrors, or china vases, &c. were to be broken. These losses were looked upon with much delight by women who had so unhappily sought their husband's deaths. It seldom happened, from the skill of this hateful sorceress in slow and subtle poisons, that her schemes were frustrated. She had many agents, and often contrived poisonous drugs to be given by the wife's own hand. Frequently would she bribe the domes-

tics of the family where her agency was sought, to break a mirror or a vase, for the purpose of strenghtening the confidence reposed in her, and bringing about a tragical end.

Philibert, the famous flute-player, was then in the height of his fame. He had fallen in love with the daughter of a rich tradesman, named Brunet, who had no other children. She was exceedingly beautiful, but very young; her mother, who was about forty years of age, always did the honors of the table when Philibert visited the house. The good man, M. Brunet, was delighted with the prospect of his daughter's approaching marriage, and frequently entertained Philibert at his table; he also often invited him to a tavern, and was so much delighted with his company, that he could not forbear speaking in high terms of praise of his delightful vivacity and amusing anecdotes. His wife, hearing these favorable things said of Philibert so repeatedly, raised in her heart an envious wish at her daughter's approaching happiness, and a determination to possess the object of it herself. She had immediate recourse to the wretch Voisin, who gave her some drug, which being administered to M. Brunet, despatched him to another world. His death was represented at the time as being the effect of apoplexy. The nuptials were consequently put off, and Madame Brunet became mistress of the wealth and fate of her daughter. When the last duties were paid the deceased, and Philibert was anxious to prosecute his wishes, he was told that as circumstances were changed, his views ought likewise to undergo a transmutation. It was whispered to him, that it would be the height of incivility to ask the hand of the daughter when the mother was unmarried: in short, there was little difficulty in persuading him which union would be the most advantageous. Madame Brunet, in a marriage contract which was drawn up as soon as decency would permit, assigned a considerable portion of money to Philibert, and they were married. The young daughter was placed in a convent, and Philibert was as happy as riches and an agreeable wife, whose beauty was not entirely faded, could make him, until an incident occurred which occasioned the union to lose its charms. It pleased Providence to overtake Voisin in her wicked career, after the commission of so many crimes, which she expiated by for-

feiting her life to offended human justice. I do not pretend to know whether she escaped divine justice, but I am willing to believe charitably on that head, as it was confidently asserted that she died very repentant.

It was this unhappy woman's custom to keep a register of the names of those individuals who had recourse to her guilty practices, and in that list was found the name of Madame Brunet. No sooner was this discovered, than she was taken into custody, convicted, and executed almost immediately. Philibert was suspected of being a partner in the crime, and was enjoined by all his friends to escape; even the king himself advised him to do so, inasmuch as if he was proved to be the least concerned in the affair, no pardon could be granted him. Philibert thanked his majesty for his lenient interference, but affirmed as his conscience did not accuse him, he would not give his enemies cause for triumph by flight; that he was fully prepared to have his conduct investigated, and that he anticipated a complete justification from his judges. He offered to go to prison, but before he went, his friend Coteaux exhorted him on the uncertainty of human tribunals in an affair so peculiar, and with a generosity worthy of Pelades or Prestes, offered to partake his fortunes with him in any place he should select for an asylum. "With our talents," said he, "my dear Philibert, what need we fear? there is no sovereign who will not joyfully receive us into his court. Let us seek another country; we cannot long remain strangers; and let us traverse the whole world together, rather than be separated." Philibert expressed his warmest acknowledgments for his friend's disinterested suggestions, but remained firm in his first determination, and gave himself up to the course of justice, which acquitted him of the slightest participation in the untimely end of the wealthy citizen. His friends congratulated him on the happy termination of the affair, and the king permitted him to take the forfeited property of Madame Brunet.

The register kept by Voisin might funish a number of examples to prove the truth of women engaging in wretched affairs of guilt. I am unable to assign a reason why this unhappy woman placed the names of all her applicants on a list. It is pretended that it was done in order to

compel all those people, many of whom were of the first description, (in case she should be accused of crime,) to come forward and defend her, because their own safety would depend upon her acquittal. Notwithstanding, this method availed her nothing, and caused others to be involved in her ruin.

Poor Madame Talon was exceedingly alarmed when told by her husband that her name was on the fatal list. Although her intentions had not been criminal, yet she was agitated, and in great fear, when the following advenure transpired. She was informed by one of her domestics, that a man was below, and wished to see her. "Go and inquire his name," said she. How much surprised she was when the servant returned, saying, "that he had directed him to tell Madame Talon it was Grecs who was waiting." There was a person of that name, a well-known police-officer, the terror of all evil doers, and of the poor Hugonots.

Madame Talon, on hearing the name of Grecs pronounced, gave herself up for lost. She directed the avenues of the apartments to be blockaded, and ran weeping to the study of her husband, crying, "Save me, save me!" Then throwing herself upon her knees, she added, "True it is I went once, and only once, to Voisin's house, but that was to consult her on a thing wholly confined to myself." She afterwards endeavored to throw herself from a window, but was prevented. When it was ascertained who the man was below, it occasioned considerable merriment, he being an upholsterer named Grecs, to whom she had sent a few days before, but who was not then at home. In a comedy called *Madam Jobin, or the Fortune Teller*, there is a scene representing the above fact; and in the play a good idea is given of the manner in which Voisin duped people with her diabolical arts.

It has been my lot to be acquainted with some who were at this woman's house, and as she pretended to know many hidden things, several persons visited her without any criminal intention—at least so far as that can be done by one who has recourse to either magical arts or what is believed to be so. When any one consulted Voisin upon these hidden matters, and wished to explain something respecting them, she would say, "Be silent, I am not anxious to know

your affairs; it is to the spirit that you must relate them; for the spirit is jealous and will not suffer any body to know his secrets. It is my duty to request you to obey him." After this, she would produce writing-paper, which she represented as being charmed, upon which she wrote the names, titles, and qualities of the spirit; and then she commenced a letter, which the person seeking her aid had to finish, by asking questions respecting what was wanted. During this time she mentioned a variety of reasons for this process.

When all the questions were committed to writing, Voisin brought a vessel full of burning charcoal in one of her hands, and a piece of bees' wax in the other; she then directed the wax to be enclosed and folded up in the letter, and said they would both be destroyed by the fire, for the spirit already knew what had been written, and would give his reply in three days. When this was over, she took the paper from the person, and threw it—or rather one like it, into the fire, where it was immediately consumed. She always contrived to have a piece of wax at hand of the same size, folded in a similar piece of paper to the one written upon, and the only difficulty was, to substitute, without being perceived, the fictitious packet, and throw the other into the fire. The questions then written to the spirit became known to her, and during the three days given for the answers she gathered all the particulars of the temper and affairs of the individual she could. The intrigues she had formed often made her reply—which was done, in the spirit's name, correct. By these tricks she obtained the name of a sorceress from the simple; but skillful people considered her as an impostor. The late Marquis de Luxumbourg, put to terrible fear the devil—or rather, the person whom she employed to represent him, when in her presence, notwithstanding her assumed powers; and if things of this nature were always thoroughly examined, their falsehood would certainly be ascertained. It is very extraordinary to me, why any one should be so ambitious to acquire reputation of so disgraceful a nature. Since the time of Madame de Brainvillier, France has not contained so skillful a woman in administering poison as Voisin. She left several scholars in Paris, but through the

vigilance of our Sovereign, they were soon extirminated,—a thing deserving the praises of his people. The day that Voisin was condemed, that famous painter, M. le Brun obtained permission to take her likeness, a short time before she was conducted to the scaffold, for the purpose of observing the impressions which the certainty of immediate death produces in a guilty mind. This picture is now placed in the Gallery of the Louvre, called "The Horrors of Death," and is considered the finest of all M. le Brun's portraits.

(*From Madame du Noyer's Letters.*)

PROVIDENTIAL DETECTION OF MURDER.

At Riga, in 1716, Mr. Bruce saw twelve men broke alive upon the wheel; their crime was as follows:—a man who kept a tavern, or inn, without one of the gates of the city, and had also a windmill on his ground, having detected one of his men servants in several frauds, turned him away, and retained his wages for some little indemnification; the fellow, at his going away, threatened his master he would make him repent detaining his wages; whereupon he went and associated himself with eleven more as bad as himself. Soon after this they went to the house in the middle of the night, and meeting one of the maid servants going for water, they murdered her, and put her body under the ice; they then entered the house and stables, and murdered three other women, and five men servants; at last they entered the landlord's apartments, and murdered his wife and three of his children before his face; the fourth, a boy of five years old, had hid himself in the confusion, below a bed, unperceived; they then forced the landlord to open all his chests and drawers, and carried away what was portable and valuable out of the house; they then tied the landlord neck and heels to the foot of a large table, at which they set down and regaled themselves with the best things the house afforded: here they concluded, putting hay and straw in all the apartments, and then set the house on fire, that the villain of a landlord, as they called him, might be burnt alive, and which would also consume the murdered bodies,

and prevent any possibility of discovery; and to make all sure, they brought the maid servant's body from under the ice, and laid it down by her living master: after this well laid plot, they set the house on fire, and fled with their booty. The little boy, who was hid under the bed, was forced from thence by the smoke, and the father perceiving the child, called to him, and desired him to take a knife out of his pocket, and cut the cord from off his hands, which the child did. The father being thus cleared, took his little son in his arms, and made his way through the flames, and immediately retired into the covered way of the town, for fear of being discovered by any of the villains who might be still lurking near the place. The house and out-houses being all in flames, the governor ordered the gates to be opened, and sent out a party of men to try to save what they could from the fire; but before they could get to the place all was burnt to the ground; so that the plot of those villains was so well laid, that if it had not been owing to the miraculous preservation of the child and his father, it might have remained a secret to this day. The landlord discovering himself to the officer that was at the head of the detachment, entreated that he might be privately carried to the governor, to whom he discovered the whole of this dreadful scene, who gave orders to secure and examine all persons who should enter the town that morning; by which caution, the villains, apprehending themselves secure from every possibility of discovery, as all evidence had perished in the fire, were, on their entering the town, every one taken.

DISCOVERY OF MURDER BY THE SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A FAVORITE dog, belonging to an English nobleman, had fallen into disgrace, from an incorrigible habit of annoying the flocks of the neighboring farmers. One of these having in vain driven the depredator from his premises, came at length to the offender's master, with a dead lamb under his arm, the victim of last night's plunder. The nobleman being extremely angry at the dog's trans-

gression, rang the bell for his servant, and ordered him to be immediately hanged, or some other way disposed of, so that, on his return from a journey he was about to undertake, he might never see him again. He then left the apartment, and the fate of the dog was for a few hours suspended. The interval, though short, was not thrown away. The condemned animal was sufficiently an adept in the tones of his master's voice, to believe there was any hope left for a reversion of his sentence. He therefore adopted the only alternative between life and death, by making his escape. In the course of the evening, while the same servant was waiting at table, his lordship demanded if his order had been obeyed respecting the dog. "After an hour's search he is no where to be found, my lord," replied the servant. The rest of the domestics were questioned, and their answers similar. The general conclusion for some days was, that the dog, conscious of being in disgrace, had hid himself in the house of a tenant, or some other person who knew him. A month, however, passed without any thing being heard respecting him, it was therefore thought he had fallen into the hands of his late accuser, the farmer, and hanged for his transgressions.

About a year after, while his lordship was journeying into Scotland, attended only by one servant, a severe storm forced him to take shelter under a hovel belonging to a public house, situated at some distance from the road, upon a heath. The tempest continuing, threatening rather to increase than abate, the night coming on, and no house suitable to the accommodation of such a guest, his lordship was at length induced to dismount, and go into the little inn adjoining the the shed. On his entrance, an air of surprise and consternation marked the features and conduct of both the inn-holder and his wife. Confused and incoherent answers were made to common questions; and soon after a whispering took place between the two forementioned persons. At length, however, the guest was shown into a small parlor, a faggot was thrown on the fire, and such refreshments as the house afforded, were preparing, there being no appear ance whatever of more favorable weather allowing them to depart.

As the servant maid was spreading the cloth, a visible

tremor shook her frame, so that it was not without difficulty she performed her office. His lordship noticed a certain strangeness of the whole group, but remembering to have heard his servant mention the words, "my lord," as he alighted from his horse, he naturally imputed this to their having unexpectedly a guest in their house above the rank of those whom they were accustomed to entertain. The awkwardness of intended respect in such cases, and from such persons, will often produce these embarrassments. His lordship having now made up his mind to remain that night, supper was served; when a most unexpected visitor made his appearance. "Good heavens!" exclaimed his lordship, "Is it possible I should find my poor dog alive, and in this place?—how welcome!" He stretched out his hand to caress his long lost favorite; but the dog after looking earnestly at his ancient master, shrunk from him, and kept aloof, and took the first opportunity of the door being opened to leave the room; but still took his station on the other side of the door, as if watching some expected event.

Of the dog's history, from the time of his elopement, little more resulted from inquiry, than that he had one day followed some drovers who came to refresh themselves and their cattle: and that, appearing to be foot-sore with travel, and unable to proceed with his companions, he staid in the house, and had remained there ever since. This account was obtained from the ostler, who added, he was as harmless a creature as any betwixt Scotland and Ireland. His lordship, intending to rise early in the morning, to make up the time thus sacrificed to the night, which was still stormy, ordered the servant to show him to his chamber. As he passed the common room which communicated with the parlor, he noticed the inn-keeper and his wife in earnest discourse with three men, muffled up in horsemen's coats, who seemed to have just come from buffeting the tempest and not a little anxious to counteract its effects; for both the landlord and his wife were filling their glasses with spirits. His lordship, on going to his chamber, after the maid and his own servant, heard a fierce growl, as from the top of the stairs. "Here is the dog again, my lord," exclaimed the servant. "He is often cross and churlish to strangers," observed the maid, "yet he never bites." As they came nearer the door, his growl in-

creased to a furious bark; but upon the maid's speaking to him sharply, he suffered her to enter the chamber, and the servant stepped back to hold the light to his lord. On his old master's advancing towards the chamber, the dog drew back, and stood with a determined air of opposition, as if to guard the entrance. His lordship then called the dog by his name, and on repeating some terms of fondness, which in past times he had familiarly been accustomed to, he licked the hand from whose endearments he had been so long estranged.

But he still held firm to his purpose, and endeavored to oppose his master's passing to the chamber. Yet the servant was suffered, without further disputing the point, to go out; not, however, without another growl, though one rather of anger than of resistance, and which accompanied her with increased fierceness all the way down stairs, which she descended with the same strange kind of hurry and confusion that had marked her behavior ever since his lordship's arrival. His lordship was prevented from dwelling long on this circumstance, by an attention to the dog, who, without being solicited farther, went a few paces from the threshhold of the door, at which he kept guard; and, after caressing his lordship, and using every gentle art of affectionate persuasion, (speech alone left out,) went down one of the stairs, as if to persuade his master to accompany him. His lordship had his foot upon the threshhold, when the dog caught the skirt of his coat between his teeth, and tugged it with great violence, yet with every token of love and terror; for he now appeared to partake of the general confusion of the family. The poor animal again renewed his fondling, rubbed his face softly along his master's side, sought the patting hand, raised his soliciting feet, and during these endearing ways he whined and trembled to a degree, that could not escape the attention both of the master and the servant.

"I should suspect," said his lordship, "were I apt to credit omens, from a connexion betwixt the deportment of the people of this inn, and the unaccountable solicitude of the dog, that there is something wrong about this house." "I have long been of the same opinion," observed the servant,

"and wish, your honor, we had been wet to the skin in proceeding, rather than to have stopped here."

"It is too late to talk of wishes," rejoined his lordship, "neither can we set off now, were I disposed; for the hurricane is more furious than ever. Let us, therefore, make the best of it. In what part of the house do you sleep?"—"Close at the head of your lordship's bed," answered the domestic, "in a little closet, slipside of a room by the stairs—there, my lord," added the servant, pointing to a small door on the right.

"Then go to bed—we are not wholly without means of defence, you know; and which ever of us shall be first alarmed, may apprise the other. At the same time, all this may be nothing more than the work of our own fancies."

The anxiety of the dog, during this conversation, cannot be expressed. On the servant's leaving the room, the dog ran hastily to the door, as if in hopes his lordship would follow; and looked as if to entice him so to do. Upon his lordship's advancing a few steps, the vigilant creature leaped with every sign of satisfaction; but when he found those steps were directed only to close the door, his dejection was depicted in a manner no less lively than had been his joy.

It was scarcely possible not to be impressed by these unaccountable circumstances, yet his lordship was ashamed of yielding to them, and finding all quiet both above and below, except the noise of the wind and rain; and finding that no caresses could draw the dog from the part of the room he had chosen, his lordship made a bed for the poor fellow with one of the mats, and then sought repose himself. Neither the dog, however, nor the master, could rest. The former rose often, and paced the room; sometimes he came close to the bed curtains and whined piteously, although the hand of reconciliation was put forth to sooth him. In the course of an hour after this, his lordship, wearied with conjectures, fell asleep; but he was soon aroused by his dog, whom he heard scratching violently at the closet door, an action which was accompanied by the gnashing of the dog's teeth, intermixed with the most furious growlings. His lordship, who had laid himself down in his clothes, and literally resting on his arms—his brace of pistols being under his pillow—now sprung from the bed. The rain

had ceased, and the wind abated, from which circumstances he hoped to hear better what was passing. But nothing for an instant appeased the rage of the dog, who, finding his paws unable to force a passage into the closet, put his teeth to a small aperture at the bottom, and attempted to gnaw away the obstruction. There could be no longer a doubt that the cause of the mischief, or danger, whatsoever it might be, lay in that closet. Yet there appeared some risk in opening it; more particularly when, on trying to force the lock, it was found secured by some fastening on the inside. A knocking was now heard at the chamber door, through the key-hole of which a voice exclaimed—"For God's sake, my lord, let me in." His lordship, knowing it to proceed from his servant, advanced armed, and admitted him. "All seems quiet, my lord, below stairs and above," said the man, "for I have never closed my eyes For heaven's sake! what can be the matter with the dog, to occasion such a dismal barking?" "That I am resolved to know," answered his lordship, furiously pushing the closet door. No sooner was it burst open, than the dog, with inconceivable rapidity, rushed in, and was followed both by the master and man. The candle had gone out in the bustle, and the extreme darkness of the night prevented them from seeing any object whatever. But a hustling sort of a noise was heard at the farther end of the closet. His lordship then fired one of his pistols at random, by way of alarm. A piercing cry, ending in a loud groan, immediately came from the dog. "Great God!" exclaimed his lordship, "I have surely destroyed my defender." He ran out for a light, and snatched a candle from the innholder, who came in apparent consternation, to inquire into the alarm of the family. Others of the house now entered the room; but, without paying attention to their questions, his lordship ran towards the closet to look for his dog. "The door is open!—the door is open!" ejaculated the publican; —"then all is over!" As his lordship was re-entering the closet, he was met by his servant, who, with almost every mark of speechless consternation in his voice and countenance, exclaimed, "O, my lord!—I have seen such shocking sights;" and, without being able to finish his sentence, he sunk on the floor. Before his master could ex-

plore the cause of this, or succeed in raising up his fallen domestic, the poor dog came limping from the closet, while a blood track marked his path. He gained, with great difficulty the place where his lordship stood aghast and fell at his master's feet. Every demonstration of grief ensued: but the dog unmindful of his wounds, kept his eyes still intent upon the closet door; and denoted, that the whole of the mystery was not yet developed.

Seizing the other pistol from the servant, who had fallen into a swoon, his lordship now re-entered the closet. The wounded dog crawled after him; when, on examining every part, he perceived, in one corner, an opening into the inn yard, by a kind of trap door, to which some broken steps descended. The dog seated himself on the steps; but there was nothing to be seen but a common sack. Nor was any thing visible upon the floor, except some drops of blood, part of which were evidently those which had issued from the wound of the dog himself, and part must have been of long standing, as they were dried into the boards. His lordship went back into the bed chamber, but the dog remained in the closet. On his return the dog met him breathing hard, as if from violent exercise, and he followed his master into the chamber.

The state of the man servant, upon whom fear had operated so as to continue him in a succession of swoons, now claimed his lordship's attentions, and while those were administered, the dog again left the chamber. A short time after this, he was heard to bark aloud, then cry, accompanied by a noise, as if something heavy was drawn along the floor. On going once more into the closet, his lordship found the dog trying to bring forward the sack which had been seen lying on the steps near the trap door. The animal renewed his exertions at the sight of his master; but, again exhausted both by labor and loss of blood, he rested his head and his feet on the mouth of the sack.

Excited by this new mystery, his lordship now assisted the poor dog in his labor, and, though that labor was not light, curiosity, and the apprehension of discovering some thing extraordinary, on the part of his lordship, and unabating perseverance on that of the dog, to accomplish his

purpose, gave them strength to bring at length the sack from the closet to the chamber. The servant was somewhat restored to himself, as the sack was dragged into the room, but every person, who in the beginning of the alarm had rushed into the apartment, had now disappeared.

The opening of the sack surpassed all that human language can convey of human horror.

As his lordship loosened the cord which fastened the sack's mouth, the dog fixed his eyes on it, stood over it with wild and trembling eagerness, as if ready to seize and devour the contents.

The contents appeared, and the extreme of horror was displayed. A human body, as if murdered in bed, being covered only with a bloody shirt, and that clotted, and still damp as if recently shed; the head severed from the shoulders, and the other members mangled and separated, so as to make the trunk and extremities lie in the sack, was now exposed to view.

The dog smelled the blood, and after surveying the corpse, looked piteously at his master, and licked his hand, as if grateful the mysterious murder was discovered.

It was proved, that a traveller had really been murdered two nights before his lordship's arrival at that haunt of infamy; and that the offence was committed in the very chamber, and probably in the very bed, wherein his lordship had slept; and which, but for the warnings of his faithful friend, might have been fatal to himself.

The maid servant was an accomplice in the guilt: and the ruffian travellers, who were confederating with the inn-holder and his wife, were the murderers of the bloody remains that had just been emptied from the sack, whose intent it was to have buried them that night in a pit, which their guilty hands had dug in an adjacent field belonging to the inn-holder; whose intention it likewise was to have murdered the nobleman, which was providentially prevented by the wonderful sagacity of the dog. The inn-keeper and his wife were taken up, and punished according to their deserts; and the nobleman was so affected at his miraculous escape, that he bound up the wounds of the faithful dog with the greatest care, and the balms of love and friendship were infused. The master's hour of con-

trition was now come; he was sorry he had ever neglected so invaluable a friend; and, as the only peace-offering in his power, departed with this faithful companion from the house of blood, to that mansion he had formerly left in disgrace; where the caresses of a grateful family, and an uninterrupted state of tranquillity, meliorated with every indulgence they could bestow, was regularly continued as long as he lived.

FATAL EXPEDITION OF PRINCE BECKEWITZ.

In 1717, the Czar being informed that great quantities of gold sand came down the river Daria, on the east side of the Caspian Sea, toward Usbeck Tartary, sent Prince Alexander Beckewitz, at the head of 3,000 men, to land at the mouth of that river, and build a fort there: and then to proceed further up the country, to discover the mines from which this gold sand came. The prince accordingly built a fort without the smallest opposition, although the Usbeck Tartars were upon the very spot; but, instead of hindering, they gave him every assistance in their power, providing the troops with all kinds of provisions, and maintaining a most friendly intercourse with each other. The fort being finished, the prince wanted to proceed up the river to discover the mines, which the Tartars observing, told him, if he proposed to follow the course of the river, he would find it insurmountable, by its many turnings and windings; and if he wanted only to come to the mines, there was a much nearer way by land, which they could march in three days, and they were ready to conduct them. The prince, trusting to their seeming friendship, and having no reason to fear their inconsiderable number, left a captain with 200 men to garrison the fort and secure the ships, set out through a desert with the Tartarian guides, and having marched seven days instead of three, they were in the utmost distress for water; and at length, after abundance of fatigue, they arrived at the mines, but found there, before them, the Cham of Usbeck, with 50,000 of his Tartars, who now with every appearance of friendship, offered Prince

Beckewitz all the assistance in his power; assuring him, since he understood that the Prince was to erect a fort there, he would give orders to his people to provide materials for the building; and offered to canton the army in the kibbits or tents with his own men, as they had suffered so much on their march through the desert for want of water, and might now be distressed for provisions, with which he also offered to supply them until they could be otherwise provided: the Cham all the while entertaining the prince, and all his officers, with so much seeming friendly familiarity, that they thought themselves extremely happy. When the prince proposed cantoning the men among the Tartars, all his officers to a man protested against it, alleging the Tartars ought not to be trusted: for so long as they kept themselves together in a body, they had nothing to fear from the Tartars, notwithstanding their number; but as soon as they separated themselves, they would run the risk of being every one massacred.

The Tartar Cham observing that they were not inclined to trust to him, said to the prince and his officers, that they had no reason to mistrust his kindness, as it entirely proceeded from his regard to the Czar, their master, whom he knew to be engaged in great wars in Europe, which could not be carried on without gold; and for that reason he freely gave them liberty to take as much of it as they pleased; for his own part, he neither valued gold nor silver, as it was of no use in their country, for they lived without that, or even bread, consequently had no use for either; their whole riches consisting in herds of cattle, which, with their tents, they could remove at pleasure; and consequently, could not fear having either castles, towns or villages, rifled or taken from them; for they lived here one day, and elsewhere the next. As to his offer to quarter their men amongst his people, it was made with a kind intention, and to provide for them till the arrival of their own stores from their ships, which could not be long, as he had sent a party of his men with camels to hasten them forward.

The general, at length, by these insinuations, against the advice of all his officers, was prevailed upon to quarter his army among the Tartars; whilst this was doing, the

Cham was entertaining the prince, and his principal officers, in his own tent, till late in the night, when, in the height of their merriment, a Tartar entered and told the Cham his orders were executed; on which the Cham put on a stern countenance, ordered all the officers to be disarmed and bound, which was instantly done; he then told the prince that all his troops were massacred, and that since he had presumed to enter into his territories, and taken possession without his leave, he and his officers were to be put to death; the officers were at that instant despatched before his face, and Prince Beckewitz was ordered to kneel down on a piece of red cloth, spread on the ground for that purpose, to meet his fate; but the prince began to upbraid the Cham with his treachery, and assured him, that the Czar would resent it in the most ample manner; he was immediately cut on the legs with their scimitars till he fell, and then they inhumanly cut him in pieces. At the same time, the party that had been sent to the fort for provisions, surprised and massacred the whole garrison that was left there, and then destroyed the fort and burnt the ships, leaving not the least appearance that any thing of that kind had ever been there.

This disaster occasioned various conjectures and speculations all over Russia, as not the least accounts had been received either of the men or ships, till at last it was concluded they must have perished in the Caspian Sea. The whole of this affair was discovered to the Czar by an officer, a German by birth, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Pultowa, in the Swedish service, and went on this expedition as a captain and aid-de-camp to the general, and was an eye-witness to the whole transaction, from first to last; he was preserved in the general massacre by his host, in order to sell him; but as he had not been used to hard work, he was often sold from one master to another, till at last he fell into the hands of an Armenian merchant, who had a correspondence with other Armenians at Astrachan: he discovered himself to this merchant, who, on having security for the money he cost, gave him his liberty; by which means he got this information, otherwise it might have remained a secret for ever.

EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL FOR ROBBERY.

A GENTLEMAN, followed by a servant in livery, rode up to an inn in the west of England, one evening a little before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of the time. The landlord replied, "that it was their race and assize week, and that therefore he would be at no loss to pass away the time." On the gentleman's making answer, "that this was lucky, for, that he was fond of seeing trials;" the other said, "that a very interesting trial, for a robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner: but he himself persisting resolutely in declaring, that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed." His guest manifested considerable curiosity to hear the trial; but, as the court would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place. The landlord told him, "that there could be no difficulty in a gentleman of his appearance getting a place: but that, to prevent any accident, he would himself go with him, and speak to one of the beadles. Accordingly they went into court the next morning, and the gentleman was shown a seat on the bench. Presently after, the trial began. While the evidence was being given against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed; till being called on for his defence, he looked up, and, seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted away. This excited some surprise, and it seemed at first like a trick to gain time. As soon as he came to himself, on being asked by the Judge the cause of his behavior, he said, "Oh! my lord, I see a person that can save my life; that gentleman (pointing to the stranger) can prove I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him." The eyes of the whole court were now turned on the gentleman; who said, "he felt himself in a very awkward situation to be so called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any question that was asked him." "Well

then," said the man, "don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?" To this the gentleman answered, "that he had landed at Dover, not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not." "Well," said he, "but don't you recollect that a person in a blue jacket and trowsers, carried your trunk to the inn?" To this he answered, "that of course some person had carried his trunk for him; but that he did not know what dress he wore." "But," said the prisoner, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the boat, told you a story of his being in the service, that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of his forehead?" During this last question, the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change; he said, "he certainly did recollect such a circumstance;" and, on the man's putting his hair aside, and showing the scar, he became quite sure that he was the same person. A buzz of satisfaction now ran through the court, for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, this gentleman had met with him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a remote county. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said, that he sometimes made memorandums of dates in his pocket book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On opening his pocket book, he found a memorandum of the time he landed from Calais, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the alibi, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst the applause and congratulations of the whole court. Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who recognized the prisoner, the servant in livery, who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together to the same jail, for robbing the mail.

OUTRAGED NATURE AVENGED.

In Queen Anne's reign, a soldier belonging to a marching regiment, that was quartered in the city of W—— was

taken up for desertion, and being tried by a court martial, was sentenced to be shot. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel being both in London, the command of the regiment had devolved in course on the major, who was accounted a very cruel and obdurate man. The day of execution being come, the regiment, as usual upon these occasions, was drawn up to witness it; but when every one present who knew the custom at these executions, expected to see the corporals cast lots for the ungracious office, they were surprised to find it fixed by the major on the prisoner's own brother, who was a soldier in the same regiment, and was at the moment taking his last leave of the unfortunate culprit.

On this inhuman order being announced to the brothers, they both fell down upon their knees; the one supplicated in the most affecting terms that he might be spared the horror of shedding a brother's blood, and the other brother, that he might receive his doom from any other hand than his. But all their tears and supplications were in vain; the major was not to be moved. He swore that the brother, and the brother only, should be the man, that the example might be the stronger, and the execution the more horrible. Several of the officers attempted to remonstrate with him, but to no purpose. The brother prepared to obey. The prisoner having gone through the usual service with the minister, kneeled down at the place appointed to receive the fatal shot. The major stood by, saw the afflicted brother load his instrument of death, and this being done ordered him to observe the third signal with his cane, and at the instant to do his office and despatch the prisoner. But, behold, the justice of Providence! When the major was dealing his fatal signals for the prisoner's death, at the motion of his cane, the soldier, inspired by some superior power, suddenly turned about his piece, and shot the tyrant through the heart. Then throwing down his piece, he exclaimed, "He that can show no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now I submit; I had rather die this hour for his death, than live a hundred years, and give my brother his." At the unexpected event no body seemed to be sorry; and some of the chief citizens, who came to see the execution, and were witnesses of all that passed, prevailed with the

next commanding officer to carry both the brothers back to prison, and not to execute the first prisoner until further orders, promising to indemnify him for the consequences, as far as their whole interest could possibly go with the queen. This request being complied with, the city corporation, that very night, drew up a most pathetic and moving address to their sovereign, humbly setting forth the cruelty of the deceased, and praying her majesty's clemency towards the prisoners. The queen, upon the perusal of this petition, which was presented to her majesty by one of the city representatives, was pleased to promise that she would inquire into the matter. On doing so, she found the truth of the petition confirmed, and was graciously pleased to pardon both the offending brothers, and discharge them from her service. "For which good mercy in the queen," says a chronicle of that period, "she received a very grateful and most dutiful address of thanks from the loyal city."

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A GRAZIER'S DOG.

THE Cur Dog is a trusty and useful servant to the farmer or grazier; and, although it is not taken notice of by naturalists as a distinct race, yet it is now so generally used, that we consider it as a permanent kind. They are principally employed in driving cattle, in which they are extremely useful. They are mostly of a black and white color; their ears are half-pricked, and many of them are whelped with short tails, which seem as if they had been cut. Their sagacity is uncommonly great: they know their master's fields, and are singularly attentive to the cattle that are in them. A good dog watches, goes his rounds, and if any strange cattle happen to appear amongst the herd, although unbidden, he flies at them, and with keen bites obliges them to depart.

The following instance of sagacity and attachment in this valuable quadruped, was the means of preserving the life of its master, and deserves to be recorded in the pages of this work. Donald Archer, a grazier, near Paisley in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog for the purpose of attend

ing his cattle on the mountains, a service which he performed with the greatest vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it; but whenever the puppy was caressed, the old cur dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house, and notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he was never able to discover his abode.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighboring fair, where he disposed of them, received money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence, as to cause him to look for a place of shelter; but not being able to perceive any house at hand, he struck out of the main road, and ran towards a wood that appeared at some distance, where he escaped the storm by crouching under the trees. It was thus he insensibly departed from the proper way he had to go, until he had actually lost himself, and knew not where he was. He travelled, however, according to the best of his judgment, though not without the fear of meeting danger from the attack of robbers, whose depredations had lately been the terror of the neighboring country. A smoke that came from some bushes, convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it prudent to go, in order that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path and came to the door, knocked, and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated, in a room that wore but an indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly seated before the fire, when he was saluted with equal surprise and kindness, by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at thus unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home; he did not, however, think proper to inquire of his host, at that time, how he came into his possession, as the appearance of every thing about him

rendered his situation unpleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather still continued rainy, and no opportunity presented itself to the unfortunate grazier, by which he might pursue his journey; he remembered, however, to learn of the landlord where he was, who informed him that he was fourteen miles from Paisley, and that if he ventured out again before day-light, it was almost impossible for him to find his way, as the night was so bad; but if he chose to remain where he was, every thing should be done to render his situation comfortable. The grazier was at a loss how to act; he did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family—but to go out in the wood during the dark, and to encounter the violence of the conflicting elements, might, in all probability, turn out more fatal than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the morning, let the event be what it would. After a short conversation with the landlord, he was conducted to a room and left to take his repose.

It is necesary to observe, that from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him an instant, but had even followed him into his chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller began to revolve in his mind the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those about the house; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of his dog, who came fawning from under the bed, and, by several extraordinary gestures, endeavored to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded, and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror: the floor was stained with blood, which seemed to flow from a closet, that was secured by a lock which he endeavored to explore, but could not open it. No longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches into whose society he had fallen, he resolved to sell his life, as dear as possible, and to perish in the attempt, or effect his deliverance. With this determination, he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair, erect like the bristles of a boar bent on destruction. He reached the

ROBBERS, AND THE GRAZIER'S DOG.

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bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation that was held by several persons whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left no room to doubt of their intention. The villainous landlord was informing them, in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him for that purpose. Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost, in doing his best endeavors to save his life: he therefore, without hesitation, burst in amongst them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat: the rest of the gang were struck with astonishment at so sudden an attack, while the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do him any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran until day light enabled him to perceive a house, and the main road at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party that were quartered upon him, the sergeant of which accompanied the grazier in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog were now more than ever rendered conspicuous, for, by running before his company, and his singular behavior, he led them to the desired spot. On entering the house, not a living creature was to be seen, all had deserted it: they therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closest (the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape) the murdered remains of a traveller, who was afterwards advertised throughout all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire-place with his feet, in such a manner as to raise the curiosity of all present. The sergeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many who had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches, in their quick retreat, had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, suppos-

ing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds, and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus was the life of a man preserved by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped.

ERRONEOUS CONVICTION UPON STRONG CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the year 1723, a young man, who was serving his apprenticeship in London to a master sail-maker, got leave to visit his mother, to spend the Christmas holidays. She lived a few miles beyond Deal, in Kent. He walked the journey, and on his arrival at Deal, in the evening, being much fatigued, and also troubled with a bowel complaint, he applied to the landlady of a public-house who was acquainted with his mother, for a night's lodging. Her house was full, and every bed occupied; but she told him, that if he would sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was a boatswain of an Indiaman, he should be welcome. He was glad to accept the offer; and after spending the evening with his new comrade, they retired to rest. In the middle of the night he was attacked with his complaint, and wakening his bed-fellow, he asked him the way to the necessary. The boatswain told him to go through the kitchen; but as he would find it difficult to open the door into the yard, the latch being out of order, he desired him to take a knife out of his pocket with which he could raise the latch. The young man did as he was directed, and after staying half an hour in the yard, he returned to bed, but was much surprised to find his companion had risen and gone. Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he also arose before day, and pursued his journey, and arrived at home at noon. The landlady, who had been told of his intention to depart early, was not surprised; but not seeing her uncle in the morning, she went to call him. She was dreadfully shocked to find the bed stained with blood, and every inquiry after her uncle was in vain. The alarm now became general, and on further examination, marks of blood were traced from the bed-room into the street, and at intervals down to the pier

head. Rumor was immediately busy, and suspicion fell of course on the young man who slept with him, that he had committed the murder, and thrown the body into the sea. A warrant was issued and he was taken that evening at his mother's house. On his being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trowsers, and in his pocket were a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession on the evening he retired to rest with the young man. On these strong circumstances the unfortunate youth was found guilty. He related all the above circumstances in his defence; but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless that he got them when he returned to the bed, nor could he account for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited. The certainty of the boatswain's disappearance;—the blood at the pier, traced from his bed-room, were too evident signs of his being murdered; and even the judge was so convinced of his guilt, that he ordered the execution to take place in three days. At the fatal tree, the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such affecting asseverations that many pitied him, though none doubted the justness of his sentence.

The executioners of those days were not so expert at their trade as modern ones, nor were drops and platforms invented. The young man was very tall; his feet sometimes touched the ground, and some of his friends who surrounded the gallows contrived to give the body some support as it was suspended. After being cut down, those friends bore it speedily away in a coffin, and in the course of a few hours animation was restored, and the innocent saved. When he was able to move, his friends insisted on his leaving the country, and never returning. He accordingly travelled by night to Portsmouth, where he entered on board a man of war on the point of sailing for a distant part of the world; as he changed his name and disguised his person, his melancholy story was never discovered. After a few years of service, during which his exemplary conduct was the cause of his promotion through the lower grades, he was at last made a master's mate, and his ship being paid off in the West Indies, he, with a few more of the crew, were trans-

ferred to another man of war, which had just arrived, short of hands, from a different station. What were his feelings of astonishment, and then of delight and ecstacy, when almost the first person he saw on board of his new ship was the identical boatswain for whose murder he had been tried, condemned, and executed, five years before. Nor was the surprise of the old boatswain much less when he heard the story. An explanation of all the mysterious circumstances then took place. It appeared, the boastwain had been bled for a pain in his side by the barber, unknown to his niece, on the day of the young man's arrival at Deal; that when the young man awakened him and retired to the yard, he found the bandage had come off his arm during the night, and that the blood was flowing afresh. Being alarmed, he rose to go to the barber, who lived across the street; but a press gang laid hold of him just as he left the public house. They hurried him to the pier, where their boat was waiting; a few minutes brought them on board a frigate, then under way for the East Indies, and he omitted ever writing home to account for his sudden disappearance. Thus were the chief circumstances explained by the friends thus strangely met. The silver coin being found in the possession of the young man, could only be explained by *conjecture*—that when the boatswain gave him the knife in the dark, it is *probable*, as the coin was in the same pocket, it stuck between the blades of the knife, and in this manner became unconsciously the strongest proof against him.

On their return to England, this wonderful explanation was told to the judge and jury who tried the cause, and it is probable they never after convicted a man on *circumstantial* evidence. It also made a great noise in Kent at that time.

STUKELEY, THE RECLUSE.

Mr. Stukeley, a gentleman of very ancient family, and of an estate of a thousand pounds a year, was bred to the law. During this time he appeared to have more of that principle in his soul which the Newtonians call the *vis in*

ertiæ in matter, than is to be found in almost any man; when put into motion he was extremely apt to continue so, and being at rest he hated moving.

On leaving London he retired into the country, filled with the project of perfecting the perpetual motion; this study naturally secluded him, and his habit of persisting in one way kept him at home entirely. During thirty years, he never went abroad but once, which was, when he was obliged to take the oath of allegiance to king George the first; this was the only time he changed his shirt, or garments, or shaved himself, for the whole time of his retirement. He was a very little man, and at once the most nasty and cleanliest person alive, washing his hands twenty times a day, and neglecting every other part. His family consisted of two female servants; one kept in the house, the other not. He never had his bed made. After he had given over pursuing the perpetual motion, he took pleasure in observing the works and policy of ants, and stocked the town so plenteously with that insect, that the fruits in the garden were devoured by them.

During the reign of Queen Anne, whenever the duke of Marlborough opened the trenches against a city in Flanders, he broke ground at the extremity of a floor in his house, made with lime and sand, according to the custom of that country, and advanced in his approaches regularly with his pick axe, gaining work after work, chalked out the ground according to the intelligence in the gazette; by which he took the town in the middle of the floor at Bideford, the same day the duke was master of it in Flanders; thus every city cost him a new floor.* He never sat on a chair, and when he chose to warm himself, he made a pit before the fire, into which he leaped, and thus sat on the floor. He suffered no one to see him, but the heir of his estate, his brother and sister; the first never but when he sent for him, and that very rarely; the other sometimes once a year, and sometimes seldomer, when he was cheerful, talkative, and a lover of the tittle tattle of the town. Notwithstanding his apparent avarice, he was by no means

* There can be little doubt that Sterne had the eccentricity of Mr. Stukeley in his eye, when he drew the charac ter of my uncle Toby.

a lover of money; for, during his seclusion, he never received nor asked for any rent from many of his tenants; those who brought him money, he would often keep at an inn more than a week, and pay all their expenses, and dismiss them without receiving a shilling. He lived well in his house, frequently gave to the poor, always ate from large joints of meat; never saw any thing twice at table; and at Christmas divided a certain sum of money among the necessitous of the town. He seemed to be afraid of two things only; one, being killed for his riches; the other, being infected with disease; for which reasons he would send his maid sometimes to borrow a half crown from his neighbors, to hint he was poor; and always received the money which was paid him, in a bason of water, to prevent taking infection from those who paid him. He did not keep his money locked up, but piled it on the shelves before the plates in in his kitchen. In his chamber, into which no servant had entered during the time of his tarrying at home, he had two thousand guineas on the top of a low chest of drawers, covered with dust, and five hundred on the floor, where it lay five and twenty years; this last sum a child had thrown down, which he was fond of playing with, by oversetting a table that stood upon one foot; the table continued in the same situation also; through this money he had made two paths, by kicking the pieces on one side, one of which led from the door to the window, the other from the window tc the bed. When he quitted the temple in London, he left an old portmanteau over the portal of the ante-chamber, where it had continued many years, during which time the chambers had passed through several hands; at length, a gentleman who had possessed them, ordered his servant to pull it down, it broke, being rotten, and out fell four or five hundred pieces of gold, which were found to belong to him from the papers inclosed. It was generally supposed at his death that he had put large sums into the hands of a banker, or lent it to some tradesmen in London, without taking any memorandum; all which was lost to his heirs, as he would never say to whom he lent it, through fear perhaps lest he should hear it was lost, which some minds can bear to suspect though not to know positively. After more than thirty years living a recluse, he was at last found

dead in his bed, covered with vermin. Thus ended the life of this whimsical being, at the age of seventy.

The gentleman who accompanied him to the town-hall, when he went to take the oath of allegiance, talked with him on every subject he could recollect without discovering in him the least tincture of madness. He rallied himself on the perpetual motion, laughed at the folly of confining himself in-doors, and he said he believed he should come abroad again like other men. He was always esteemed a person of good understanding before shutting himself up. At the time of his death he was building a house, the walls of which were seven feet thick. Probably his fears of being murdered increasing with age, induced him to build this castle-like dwelling to defend him from the attacks of thieves. If he was a lunatic, which none of his friends ever supposed him, he seems to have been so by putting all the reveries and whimsies of his brain into action.—*Dr. Shebbeare.*

KING RICHARD AND THE MINSTREL.

THE singular manner of discovering the situation of king Richard the First, when a prisoner to Leopold, Duke of Austria, which Fauchet relates from an ancient chronicle, is thus related in Mrs. Dobson's Literary History of the Troubadours.

A minstrel called Blondel, who owed his fortune to Richard, animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master, was resolved to go over the world till he had discovered the destiny of this Prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany, when, talking one day at Lintz, in Austria, with the innkeeper, in order to make this discovery, he learnt that there was near the city, at the entrance of a forest, a strong and ancient castle, in which there was a prisoner who was guarded with great care. A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard; he went immediately to the castle, the sight of which made him tremble; he got acquainted with a peasant, who went often there to carry

provisions; questioned, and offered him a considerable sum to declare who it was that was shut up there; but the good man, though he readily told all he knew, was ignorant both of the name and quality of the prisoner. He could only inform him, that he was watched with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one but the keeper of the castle and his servants. He added, that the prisoner had no other amusement than looking over the country through a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into his apartment.

He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the stair-case and the apartments were black with age, and so dark, that at noon-day it was necessary to have a lighted flambeau to find the way along them. Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several ways of coming at the prison, but all in vain. At last, when he found that, from the height and narrowness of the window, he could not get a sight of his dear master, for he firmly believed it was him, he bethought himself of a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung, with a loud and harmonious voice, the first part, he suddenly stopped, and heard a voice, which came from the castle window, continue and finish the song. Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the king, his master, who was confined in the dismal castle.

The chronicle adds, that, one of the keeper's servants falling sick, he hired himself to him, and thus made himself known to Richard: and informing his nobles, with all possible expedition, of the situation of their monarch, he was released from his confinement on paying a large ransom.

TRAGICAL FATE OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY.

William Beadle was born in a little village near London. In the year 1755, he went out to Barbadoes, with Governor Penfold, where he stayed six years, and then

returned to England. In 1762, he purchased a small quantity of goods, and brought them to New York, and thence to Stratford in Connecticut, where he lived two years. Hence he removed to Derby, where he continued a year or two, and thence to Fairfield. Here he married Miss Lathrop, a lady of a respectable family, belonging to Massachusetts. In 1772, he removed to Wethersfield, and continued in this town about ten years, sustaining the character of a worthy, honest man, and a fair dealer.

In the great controversy which produced the American revolution, he adopted American principles, and characteristically adhered with rigid exactness to whatever he had once adopted. After the continental paper currency began to depreciate, almost every trader sold his goods at an enhanced price. Beadle, however, continued to sell his at original prices, and to receive the depreciated currency in payment. This he kept by him until it had lost its value. The decay of his property rendered him melancholy, as appeared by several letters which he left behind him, addressed to different persons of his acquaintance.

By the same letters and other writings, it appears that he began even to entertain designs of the most desperate nature three years before his death, but was induced to postpone them by a hope that Providence would, in some way or other, change his circumstances for the better, so far as to make it advisable for him to wait for death in the ordinary course of events. But every thing which took place, whether of great or little importance, tended, he says, to convince him that it was his duty to adopt the contrary determination. During all this time he managed his ordinary concerns just as he had heretofore done. His deportment exhibited no appearance of any change in his sentiments, and not one of his acquaintance seems to have suspected that he was melancholy. The very evening before the catastrophe to which I have alluded took place, he was in company with several of his friends, and conversed on grave and interesting subjects, but without the least appearance of any peculiar emotion.

On the morning of the 11th Dec. 1782, he called up a female servant, who slept in the same room with his children, and was the only domestic in his family, and directed

her to arise so softly as not to disturb the children. When she came down, he gave her a note which he had written to Dr. Farnsworth, the family physician, and told her to carry it, and wait until the physician was ready to come with her, informing her at the same time, that Mrs. Beadle had been ill through the night. After the servant had gone, as appeared by the deplorable scene presented to the eye of those who first entered the house, he took an axe, struck each of his children once, and his wife twice, on the head, cut their throats quite across with a carving knife, which he had prepared for the purpose, and then shot himself through the head with a pistol.

Dr. Farnsworth upon opening the note, found that it announced the diabolical purpose of the writer; but supposing it impossible that a sober man should adopt so horrible a design, concluded that he had been suddenly seized by a delirium. Dr. Farnsworth, however, hastened with the note to the Hon. Stephen Mitchell, then chief justice of the state. This gentleman realized the tragedy at once: the house was immediately opened, and all the family was found dead in the manner which has been specified.

I knew this family intimately. Mrs. Beadle possessed a very pleasing person, a fine mind, and delightful conversation. The children were unusually lovely and promising. Beadle, in his writings, which were numerous, professed himself a Deist; and declared that man was, in his opinion, a mere machine, unaccountable for his actions, and incapable of either virtue or vice. The idea of a revelation he rejected with contempt. At the same time he reprobated the the vices of others in the strongest terms, and spoke of duty in the very same writings, in language decisively expressive of his belief in the existence of both duty and sin. The jury of the inquest pronounced him to be of sound mind, and brought in a verdict of murder and suicide.

The inhabitants of Wethersfield, frantic with indignation and horror at a crime so unnatural and monstrous, and at the sight of a lady and her children, for whom they had the highest regard, thus butchered by one who ought to have protected them at the hazard of his life: took his

body, as they found it, and dragged it on a small sledge to the bank of the river, without any coffin, with the bloody knife laid upon it, and buried it as they would have buried the carcass of a beast, between high and low water mark.

The corpses of the unhappy family were the next day carried, with every mark of respect, to the church, where a sermon was preached to a very numerous concourse of sincere mourners. They were then interred in the common burying-ground, and in one grave. Mrs. Beadle was thirty-two years of age, and the eldest child about fifteen. Beadle was fifty-two years of age, of small stature, and of an ordinary appearance. He was contemplative, possessed good sense, loved reading, and delighted in intelligent conversation. His manners were gentlemanly, and his disposition hospitable; his countenance exhibited a strong appearance of determination, yet he rarely looked the person with whom he was conversing in the face, but turned his eye aside, the only suspicious circumstance which I observed in his conduct; unless a degree of reserve and mystery, which always attended him, might merit the name of suspicion. Such as he was, he was cheerfully admitted to the best society this town afforded.—*Dwight.*

RETURN TO SAVAGE LIFE.

Peter Orsaquette was the son of a man of consideration among the Oneida Indians, and was classed among a division of them designated by the appellation of the Wolf tribe. At the close of the revolutionary war, he was noticed by the Marquis de la Fayette, a nobleman, who, to martial prowess and a noble zeal for liberty, united the most philanthropic feelings. After the successful struggle for independence had terminated, it appeared as if the Marquis still aimed at the extension of further benefits to that country, towards the emancipation of which he had so materially contributed. Viewing, therefore, this young savage with peculiar interest, and anticipating the happy results to be derived from

his moral regeneration, he determined, though he was scarcely twelve years old, to take him to France. He arrived at that period when Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette were still in the zenith of their glory. He was there taught every accomplishment of a gentleman; no care was spared in giving him every necessary instruction; and to this was added the study of music, drawing, and fencing, and he danced with a grace that a Vestris could not but admire. At about eighteen, the period of his separation from a country where he had spent his time so agreeably and so profitably, became necessary; and laden with favors from the Marquis and the miniatures of those friends he left behind, he departed for America. He was buoyed up, perhaps, with the idea that the deep ignorance in which the nation to which he belonged was buried, as well as the Indians of the whole continent, might be dispelled by his efforts, and that he might thus become the proud instrument of civilization to thousands. He came, soon after his arrival to the city of Albany—not the uncivilized savage, not with any of those marks which bespoke a birth in the forest—or years spent toiling through the wilds of an uncultivated country—but possessing a fine commanding figure, an expressive countenance, and an intelligent eye, with a face scarcely indicative of the race from which he was descended. He presented at this period an interesting spectacle; a child of the wilderness was beheld about to proceed to the home of his forefathers, having received the brilliant advantages of a cultivated mind, and on his way to impart the benefits which civilization had given him, to the nation that owned him. It was an opportunity for the philosopher to contemplate, and to reflect on the anticipations of the future good this young Indian might be the means of producing. Shortly after he arrived in Albany, where he visited among the first families, he took advantage of Governor Clinton's journey to Fort Stanwix, to make a treaty with the Indians, to return to his tribe. On the route, Orsaquette amused the company, (among whom were the French minister, Count Monistrers, and several gentlemen of respectability,) by his powers on various instruments of music. At Fort Stanwix, after a long absence of several years, he found himself again with

the companions of his early days, who saw and recognized him; his friends and relations had not forgotten him, and he was welcomed to his house and to his blanket. But what occurred soon after his reception, led but to a too fearful anticipation of an unsuccessful project, for the Oneidas, as if they could not acknowledge Orsaquette, attired in the dress he appeared in before them, and thinking he had assumed it out of shame for the garb and habiliments of his ancestors, tore it from him with a fiend-like ferociousness; daubed on the very paint to which he had been so long unused, and clothed him with the uncouth garments which the tribe held sacred. Their fiery impetuosity, in the performance of the act, showed but too well the bold stand they were about to make against the innovations they supposed Orsaquette was to be the means of introducing into their customs and manners, which, from the venerable antiquity of their structure, it would be sacrilege to destroy: the reformed savage was taken back again to his native barbarity, and, as if to complete its own powers, was married.

From that day he was no longer the accomplished Indian, by whom every wish of philanthropy was expected to be realized; he was no longer the instrument by whose power the emancipation of his countrymen from the thraldom of ignorance and superstition was to be effected. From this day Orsaquette was again an inmate of the forest; he was once more buried in his original obscurity; his nation only viewed him as an equal: even the liberal grant of the State, failed of giving him that superior consideration among them, which his civilization had procured for him with the rest of mankind. The superiority acquired from instruction, which it was expected would have excited the emulation of all around him, became of no effect, either from the natural inferiority of the savage mind, or the predetermination of his countrymen, and in a little time, was wholly destroyed. Orsaquette was lost! His moral perdition began from the hour he left Fort Stanwix. Scarcely three months had transpired, before intemperance had marked him for its own, and soon hurried him to the grave; and as if the very transition had deadened all the finer feelings of his nature, the picture the Marquis gave him—the very picture

of his affectionate friend, he parted with. Poor youth! we cannot refrain from letting a tear fall to thy memory. In the downfall of our high raised expectations, you stand before us, as a melancholy though forcible illustration, that "our thoughts, our morals, and our most fixed belief, are consequences of our place of birth." How short was the period of thy return! Scarcely had we, in suffering our imaginations the fullest freedom, looked into futurity, and unveiled a picture in the contemplation of which our hearts had expanded; scarcely had we, at the sight, enjoyed a noble feast,—before the picture itself is destroyed, leaving behind only a few recollections of its vivid colors. To him the short lived pleasures of the world "passed like fleeting dreams." One day, a civilized Indian, proud of the awakening faculties of his mind,—the next, an unrecognized wreck of his former self!

THE INDIANS AND THE HIGHLANDER.

THE following narrative is translated from the French, of the Abbe Resnal's History of the European settlements in the two Indies.

The Spanish settlement of St. Augustine, was attacked in the year 1747, by the English, who were obliged to raise the seige: at which time a party of Highlanders, who attempted to cover their retreat, were routed and great numbers of them cut to pieces. A sergeant, being taken prisoner by the Spanish Indians, was reserved for that lingering death (of roasting by a slow fire) to which those savages devoted their prisoners. This unfortunate soldier, when he beheld the preparations for the horrid tortures that attended him, being well acquainted with the Indian language from some years residence in Georgia, with equal plausibility and resolution, addressed the unrelenting barbarians in a speech to the following purport:—

"Heroes and patriarchs of the new world, you were not the enemies I sought to meet; you have, however, gained the victory. Make what use of it you think fit. The fate of war hath delivered me into your hands; and I dispute not your right. But, since it is the custom of my fellow

citizens to offer a ransom for their lives, listen to a proposi tion which is not to be rejected. Know then, brave Americans! that, in the country which gave me birth, there are certain men endowed with supernatural knowledge. One of these sages, who was allied to me by blood, gave me, when I became a soldier, a charm which was to render me invulnerable. You saw how I escaped all your darts; without that enchantment was it possible I should have survived the many hard blows with which you assailed me? I appeal to your valor. Did I either seek for ease or fly from danger? It is not so much my life that I now beg of you, as the glory of revealing a secret of importance to your preservation, and of rendering the most valiant nation in the world immortal. Only leave one of my hands at liberty, for the ceremonies of the enchantment, I will give a proof of its power upon myself in your presence."

The Indians hearkened with avidity to a speech that equally suited their warlike disposition and their inclination towards the marvellous. After a short deliberation, they unloosed one of the prisoner's arms. The Scotchman requested that his broad sword should be given to the most alert and most vigorous person in the assembly; and laying bare his neck, after he had rubbed it over with magic signs, and muttered a few inarticulate words, he called out, with a loud voice and a cheerful air:

"Behold ye now, sage Indians! an incontestible evidence of my sincerity. You warrior, who grasp the instrument of death, strike with your whole force; you are not only unable to sever my head from my body, but even to pierce the skin of my neck!" He had scarcely pronounced these words when the Indian, fetching a most dreadful blow, made the head of the sergeant fly to the distance of twenty paces.

The astonished savages stood immovable. They looked at the bloody carcass, and then cast their eyes upon themselves, as if to reproach one another for their stupid credulity. Admiring, however, the stratagem employed by the stranger to shorten his death, and to avoid the torments that were prepared for him, they granted to his corpse the funeral honors of their country.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A SWISS SOLDIER.

At the dreadful epoch of the affair of Nanci, during the French Revolution, twenty-two soldiers of the regiment of Chateau Vieux were condemned to condign punishment. As the fatal procession was passing through a narrow street, one of the soldiers condemned, contrived, amidst the press, to slip unobserved into a passage, the door of which was open. It was the house of his mistress. Conceive her transport to find her lover in her arms, at the moment she was bewailing his death. One victim at the place of execution was found wanting. Search was every where made for the fugitive, but in vain. It was renewed with all the keenness and sagacity of blood-hounds; but the destined object of vengeance eluded the utmost penetration and diligence of his pursuers. He was all this time confined in a corn loft, where he had been secreted by his mistress, and where she had found means to nourish him for three months, unknown to her parents. A rich farmer of Basle, who had heard nothing of his son since the carnage of Nanci, and the horrible execution of the Swiss, could no longer resist his uneasiness, and the anxiety he felt to be certain of his fate. For this purpose he undertook a journey to Nanci: but though his concern excited pity, and his inquiries interested all to whom they were addressed, there were none who could afford him the desired intelligence. At last he learned with transport, that his son had escaped the fate of his companions, and was directed by a soldier to the house of his mistress, as a place where it was probable he might get further information. He repaired immediately to the house, but the girl pretended entire ignorance, and notwithstanding the particulars of his family, which he mentioned in their conversation, she preserved the most cautious silence. She promised, however, to make inquiry, and desired him to return in an hour. The soldier immediately recognized his father in the stranger, from the description given by his Antoinette. The farmer returned to a minute, and son and father flew into each other's arms with all the ardor which such a meeting might be supposed to produce. As soon as the first transports were over,

the father joined the hands of the young couple, pronouncing over them a paternal benediction: "You have preserved his life," said he to her, "the only recompense I can offer you, is himself."

HEROIC RESOLUTION OF LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND had accompanied her husband to Canada, in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign, she traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of the season, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend in a poor hut in Chambly upon his sick bed. In the opening of the campaign, in 1777, she was restrained from offering herself to a share of the fatigue and hazard expected before Ticonderoga, by the positive injunctions of her husband. The day after the conquest of that place, he was badly wounded, and she crossed Lake Champlain to join him.

As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign, and at Fort Edward, or at the next camp, she acquired a two-wheel tumbril, which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar to the carriage used for the mail on the great roads in England. Major Ackland commanded the British grenadiers, which were attached to Frazer's corps; and consequently were always the most advanced post of the army. Their situations were often so alert, that no person slept out of their clothes. In one of these situations, a tent, in which the Major and Lady Harriet were asleep, suddenly took fire. An orderly sergeant of grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of. It proved to be the Major. It happened, at the same instant, she had, unknowing what she did, and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape, by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent. The first object she saw on the recovery of her senses, was the Major on the other side, and in the same instant again in the fire in search of her. The sergeant again saved him, but not

without the Major being severely burned in the face, and in different parts of the body. Every thing they had with them in the tent was consumed.

This accident happened a little before the army passed Hudson river. It neither altered the resolution, nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet; and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps. The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressful, as of longer suspense. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers being liable to action at every step, she had been directed by the Major to follow the route of the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed. At the time the action began, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded. Thus was this lady, in hearing of one continual fire of cannon and musketry, for four hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband with the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, the baroness of Reidesel, and the wives of two British officers, Major Harnage, and Lieut. Reynell; but in the event their presence served but little for comfort, Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons very badly wounded; and a little after came intelligence that Lieut. Reynell was shot dead. Imagination will want no helps to figure the state of the whole group.

From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials; and it was her lot, that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and at last received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the general calamity, that the troops were defeated, and that Major Ackland, desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

The day of the 8th was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in inexpressible anxiety; not a tent, not a shed was standing, except what belonged to the hospital; their refuge was among the wounded and dying.

The night of the 8th the army retreated, and at day break

on the 9th reached very advantageous ground. A halt was necessary to refresh the troops, and to give time to the batteaux, loaded with provisions, to come abreast.

When the army was on the point of moving after the halt, I received a message from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal, of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gates' permission to attend her husband. Lady Harriet expressed an earnest solicitude to execute her intention, if not interfering with my designs.

Though I was ready to believe, for I had experienced that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at the proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but the absolute want of food, drenched in rain for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night; and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed; I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some kind and unfortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish her, was an open boat and a few lines written upon dirty and wet paper to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain to the artillery, the same gentlemen that had officiated so signally at General Frazer's funeral, readily undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant, and the Major's valet de chambre, who had a ball which he had received in the late action then in his shoulder, she rowed down the river to meet the enemy. But her distresses were not yet at an end. The night was advanced before the boat reached the enemy's out-posts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious to his orders, threatened to fire into the boat if it stirred before day-light. Her anxiety and suffering were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas

of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice at the close of this adventure to say, that she was received and accommodated by General Gates, with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved.

Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship and danger, recollect, that the subject of them was a woman, of the most tender and delicate frame; of the gentlest manners; habituated to all the soft elegances, and refined enjoyments, that attend high birth and fortune; and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares, always due to the sex, becomes indispensably necessary. Her mind alone was formed for such trials.—*General Burgoyne's Narrative.*

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF BLOOD-MONEY.

The reward of forty pounds on conviction of felony, though originally intended to promote vigilance in the officers of justice, has been frequently perverted to the most diabolical purposes. Individuals have not only been seduced to commit crimes, in order that the informer might obtain the price of blood, but the criminal records of this country afford many melancholy instances in which innocent men have been convicted on the perjured evidence of conspirators.

Blood-money and its perversions, are not, however, of modern date; they seem to have been well understood as long ago as the reign of Edward the Third, when an appeal of murder was made a source of profit. The preamble of a statute enacted in the reign of that monarch, states, in substance, that it was the acknowledged practice of officers of justice, to compel their prisoners, by cruel treatment, to challenge innocent persons with the perpetration of heavy crimes, with a view to the extortion of ransom money from them, under the dread of punishment; and that the statute was framed for the correction of so enormous an evil.

The following tragic and horrible crime affords a most

impressive lesson on this subject, and exhibits, perhaps, the most dreadful instance upon record, of the facility with which determined villainy may pervert measures intended to benefit and protect mankind, into bitter and scourging oppression. A few years ago, the green of a rich bleacher in the north of Ireland, had been frequently robbed at night to a very considerable amount, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the proprietor and his servants to protect it; and without the slightest clue being furnished for the detection of the robber.

Effectually and repeatedly baffled by the ingenuity of the thief or thieves, the proprietor at length offered a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any person or persons detected in the act of robbing the green.

A few days after this proclamation, the master was at midnight roused from his bed by the alarm of a faithful servant, who in the tones of alarm and agitation informed him "there was some person with a lantern now crossing the green." The master started from his bed, flew to the window and found his information correct, it was so in fact; he hurried on his clothes, and armed himself with a loaded pistol, the servant flew for his own loaded musket, and thus prepared they cautiously followed the light. The person with a lantern (a man) was, as they approached on "tiptoe," distinctly seen stooping, and earnestly employed feeling about on the ground; he was seen lifting and tumbling the linen; the master's conclusion was, as may be imagined, quickly made; the servant fired, the robber fell. The man and master now proceeded to examine the spot. The robber was shot dead: and he was now, to their astonishment, recognized to be a youth of about nineteen, who resided but a few fields off. The linen was cut across; large bundles of it were tied up, as if in readiness for removal; and upon searching and examining further, the servant, in the presence of his master, picked up a penknife, with the name of the unhappy youth engraved upon the handle. This mass of circumstantial evidence was conclusive, for in the morning the lantern was acknowledged by the afflicted and heart-broken father of the boy, to be his son's lantern. The unhappy man would have asserted his son's innocence, and with a pure conscience,

but defence was dumb, astonishment sealed his lips, the evidence before him overpowered his belief and his parental feelings.

The faithful servant received the hundred pounds reward, and was, besides, promoted to be the confidential overseer of the establishment. The blood curdles in the veins, when we learn the remaining acts of this tragedy. This faithful servant, this confidential overseer, was shortly after proved *to have been himself the thief!* and was hanged at Dundalk for the murder of the youth he had so cruelly betrayed.

It appeared, upon the clearest evidence, and by the dying confession and description of the wretch himself, that all the overpowering mass of circumstantial evidence we have related, was preconcerted by him, not only to screen himself from the imputation of former robberies, but to obtain the proffered reward of one hundred pounds. The unhappy dupe, the innocent victim he chose for this diabolical sacrifice, was an industrious lad of the neigborhood, on whom an aged father wholly depended for support: he was artless, affectionate, and obliging. The boy had a favorite knife, a penknife, which had his name engraved upon its handle, the keepsake of some loving friend. The first act of this fiend was, to coax him to transfer to *him* that knife as a pledge of their friendship, and this, as may be imagined, was not easy to effect, but it was done. On the evening of the fatal day, the miscreant prepared the bleaching green, the theatre of this melancholy murder, for his dreadful performance. He tore the linen from the pegs in some places, and cut it across in others; he turned it up in heaps, and tied it up in the large bundles in which it was found, as if ready to be moved, and placed the favorite knife, the keepsake, in one of the cuts he had *himself* made.

Matters being thus prepared, he invited the devoted youth to supper, and as the nights were dark, he recommended him to provide himself with a lantern to light him home. At supper, or shortly after, he artfully turned the conversation on the favorite knife, which he affected with great concern, to have lately missed, and pretended that the last recollection he had of it, was his using it on a particular spot of the bleaching green, described that spot to

the obliging and unsuspecting youth, and begged him to see if it was there. The lantern he had been desired to bring with him to light him home, was prepared, and he proceeded with the alacrity of good nature on his fatal errand. As soon as the monster saw his victim completely in the snare, he gave the alarm to his master, and the melancholy and horrible crime described was committed, under the approving eye and hand of the deceived master himself.

Could there have been possibly a stronger case of circumstantial evidence than this? The young man seemed actually caught in the act. The knife with his name on it was found upon the spot; the linen cut and tied up in bundles for removal; the lantern acknowledged by his father to be his own; the night chosen for its darkness; the midnight; the master himself present, a man of the fairest character; the unsuspected servant, a faithful creature of unblemished reputation!!

PROPHECY THE CAUSE OF ITS OWN COMPLETION.

An English gentleman residing at Berlin, gives the following account of the execution of a man who was told that he should be hanged. "I went a few days since," says he, "to see a man executed for the murder of a child." His motives for this horrid deed were much more extraordinary than the action itself. He had accompanied some of his companions to the house of a fellow, who assumed the character of a fortune-teller, and having disobliged him, by expressing a contempt of his art, the fellow, out of revenge, prophesied that this man should die on the scaffold. This seemed to make little impression at the time, but afterwards recurred often to this unhappy creature's memory, and became every day more troublesome to his imagination. At length the idea haunted his mind so incessantly, that he was rendered perfectly miserable, and could no longer endure life. He would have put himself to death with his own hands, but he had been deterred by the notion, that God Almighty never forgave suicide; though upon repent-

ance, he is very ready to pardon every other crime. He resolved, therefore, to commit murder, that he might be deprived of life by the hands of justice; and, mingling a sentiment of benevolence with the cruelty of his intention, he reflected that if he murdered a grown person, he might possibly send a soul to hell. To avoid this, he determined to murder a child, who could not have committed any sin, which deserved damnation, but, dying in innocence, would go immediately to heaven. In consequence of these ideas, he actually murdered an infant of his master's, for whom he had always shown an uncommon degree of fondness. Such was the strange account which this infatuated creature gave on his trial, and thus the random *prophecy proved*, as in many other cases, *the cause of its own completion.* He was executed about two miles from Berlin. As soon as he ascended the scaffold, he took off his coat and waistcoat; his shirt was rolled down below his shoulders; his night-cap was pulled over his eyes: he was placed on his knees, and the executioner, with a single stroke of the broad-sword, severed his head from his body. It was the first time this executioner had performed: there were two others of the same trade on the scaffold, who exhibited an instance of insensibility, more shocking than the execution. While the man's head rolled on the scaffold, and the arteries of the trunk poured out their blood, these men, with the gayest air you can imagine, shook their brother by the hand, wished him joy, clapped him on the back, congratulating him on the dexterous and effectual manner in which he had performed his office.

ACCOUNT OF TOPHAM, THE FAMOUS STRONG MAN.

We learn from private accounts, well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength; as breaking a broom-stick of the first magnitude, by striking it against his bare arm, lifting two hogsheads of water, heaving his horse over the turnpike gate, carrying the beam of a house as a soldier his firelock, &c. But however belief might

stagger, she soon recovered herself, when this second Sampson appeared at Derby as a performer in public at a shilling each. Upon application to Alderman Cooper for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed, and as his appearance was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was made like them; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared near five feet ten, turned of thirty, well made but nothing singular; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post which he should clasp with his feet; but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, were rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart at arm's length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell; lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation. He also broke a rope fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight; lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, Vicar of All Saints, who weighted 27 stone, and raised him with one hand. His head laid on one chair and his feet on another, four people (14 stone each) sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch in diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Warburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human. Though

of a pacific temper and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The ostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantel-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the Bear garden, Johnson and Mendoza.

At the time of his death, which happened 10th of August, 1769, he kept a public house in Hog-lane, Shoreditch. Having two days before a quarrel with his wife, he stabbed her in the breast, and immediately gave himself several wounds which proved fatal to him. His wife, however, recovered.

European Magazine.

PATRIOTIC FANATICISM.

Fatigued and exhausted by forced marches, a regiment of the infantry of the guard of Jerome, the ex-king of Westphalia, arrived before the monastery of Figueiras in Spain. The colonel of the regiment, a Frenchman, sent in an officer, to demand of the prior the necessary refreshment for the men, as well as for the staff, consisting of about twenty officers. The prior, with some of the monks, came out to meet the general, assured him that the inhabitants of Figueiras, would provide for the soldiers, but that he himself would prepare a frugal meal for the staff. The prior's offer was accepted. Captain Korff received from the general some commissions for the regiment, and about an hour afterwards it was announced to the prior, that the dinner was served up in the refectory of the monastery. The general, who was aware that the French in Spain, had reason to be on their guard in eating and drinking what was offered by the natives, invited the prior to dine with them: he and two other

monks accepted the invitation, in such a manner, as to leave no doubt that he felt himself much flattered by it. After the officers had taken their seats, the prior said grace, carved, eat of every dish first, and with his two brethren, who poured out the wine, drank plentifully with his guests. The general expressed his satisfaction to the prior, whose kind reception had surpassed all expectation. Suddenly, however the cheerfulness of the prior was changed into profound seriousness; he rose from his seat, thanked the company for the honor they had done him, and concluded by asking if any of them had affairs to settle in this world? adding with emphasis, "this, gentlemen, is the last meal you and I shall take on earth: in an hour we shall all be before the judgment seat of God!" Cold and trembling horror seized the amazed guests; for the prior and his two monks had poisoned the wine in which they had pledged the French officers. All the antidotes given by the French physicians were in vain; in less than an hour every man of them had ceased to live.

SINGULAR ESTABLISHMENT OF AN AMERICAN COLONY.

At a fine settlement, called Nuthush, from a creek of that name, I fell into company, says Mr. Smith, with one of the most singular persons, and eccentric geniuses in America, and perhaps in the world.

His name is Nathaniel Henderson: his father, who was then alive, resided in this settlement, where the son was at this time on a visit.

The latter had grown up to maturity, without having been taught to read or write; but he acquired the rudiments of education, and arithmetic also, by his own indefatigable industry.

He then obtained the inferior office of constable. From that he was promoted to the office of under sheriff. After this, he procured a license to plead as a lawyer, in the inferior or county courts, and soon after in the superior or highest courts of judicature.

Even there, where oratory is brilliant as in Westminster

Hall, he soon became eminent: his superior genius shone forth with great splendor and universal applause.

He was, at the same time, a man of pleasure, gay, facetious and pliant; nor did his amazing talents, and general praise, excite against him a single enemy.

In short, while yet a very young man, he was promoted from the bar to the bench, and appointed Associate Chief Justice of the province of North Carolina.

Even in this elevated station his reputation continued to increase.

But having made several large purchases, and having fallen into a train of expense, that his finances could not support, his extensive genius struck out a bolder track to fortune and fame, than any one had ever attempted before him.

Under pretence of viewing some back lands, he privately went out to the Cherokee nation of Indians, and for an insignificant consideration, (only ten wagons, loaded with cheap goods, such as coarse woollens, trinkets, some fire-arms, and spirituous liquors,) made a purchase from the chiefs of that nation, of a vast tract of territory, equal in extent to a kingdom; and, in the excellence of climate and soil, extent of its rivers, and beauty of its situations, inferior to none in the world. A domain of no less than 100 miles square, situated on the back or interior part of Virginia, and of North and South Carolina; comprehending the rivers Kentucky, Cherokee, and Ohio, with a variety of inferior rivulets.

This transaction he kept a profound secret, till he had obtained the final ratification of the whole nation in form. He then immediately invited settlers from all the provinces, offering them land on the most advantageous terms, and proposing to them likewise to form a legislature and government of their own; such as might be most convenient to their particular circumstances of settlement. And he instantly vacated his seat on the bench.

Mr. Henderson by this means established a new colony, numerous and respectable, of which he himself was actually proprietor as well as governor, and indeed legislator also; having formed a code of laws, particularly adapted to their singular situation and local circumstances.

In vain did the different governors fulminate their proclamations of outlawry against him and his people: in vain did they offer rewards for apprehending him, and forbid every person from joining or repairing to his settlements; under the authority of a general law, that renders the formal assent of the governors and assemblies of the different provinces absolutely necessary to validate the purchase of any lands from the Indian nations. For this instance being the act of the Indians themselves, they defended him and his colony, being in fact as a barrier between Virginia, as well as North and South Carolina, and him; his territories lying to the westward of their nations.—*Smith's Tour in the United States.*

CATHOLIC SYSTEM OF DRAGOONING.

THE following account is well authenticated, as the method of dragooning the French protestants, practised after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, under Louis XIV.: the account is here given without exaggeration, and is taken from the most unquestionable historians of the day, and may be relied on for its fidelity.

The troopers, soldiers, and dragoons, went into the protestant's houses, where they marred and defaced their household stuff, broke their looking-glasses, and other ornaments and utensils, let their wine run about their cellars, and threw about their corn and spoiled it. And as to those things which they could not destroy in this manner, such as furniture of beds, linen, wearing apparel, plate, &c., they carried them to the market place, and sold them to the jesuits, and other Roman catholics; by these means, the protestants in one city alone, were, in four or five days, stripped of above a million of money. But this was not the worst. They turned the dining rooms of gentlemen into stables for their horses, and treated the owners of the houses where they were quartered with the highest indignity and cruelty, lashing them about from one to another, day and night, without intermission, not suffering them to eat or drink: and when they began to sink under the fatigue and pains

they had undergone, they laid them on a bed, and when they thought them somewhat recovered, made them rise, and repeated the same tortures, and when they saw the blood and sweat run down the faces and bodies of the victims, they sluiced them with water, and putting over their heads kettle drums, turned upside down, they made a continual din upon them, till these unhappy creatures lost their senses. When one party of these tormentors were weary, they were relieved by another, who practised the same cruelties with fresh vigor. At Negreplipe, a town near Montauban, they hung up Isaac Turin, a protestant citizen of that place, by his arm-pits, and tormented him a whole night by pinching and tearing off his flesh with pincers. They made a large fire round a boy of about twelve years old, who with hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, cried out to God for succor, and when the youth resolved to die, rather than renounce his religion, they snatched him from the fire just as he was on the point of being burned to death. In several places the soldiers applied red hot irons to the hands and feet of men and the breasts of women. At Nantes, they hung up several women and maids by their feet, and by their arm-pits, and thus exposed them without clothing to public view. They bound mothers that gave suck, to posts, and let their infants lie languishing in their sight for several days and nights, crying, mourning, and gasping for life. Some they bound before a great fire, and being half roasted, let them go, a punishment worse than death. Amidst a thousand cries of the most hideous description, and a thousand blasphemies, they hung up men and women by the hair: and some by their feet on hooks in chimneys, and smoked them with wisps of wet hay till they were suffocated. They tied some under the arms with ropes, and plunged them again and again into wells; they bound others like criminals, put them to the torture, and with a funnel filled them with wine till the fumes of it took away their reason, when they made them say they consented to be catholics. They stripped them naked, and stuck them with pins and needles from head to foot. They cut and slashed them with knives; and sometimes with red hot pincers took hold of them by the nose, and other parts of the body, and dragged them about the rooms till

they promised, or till the cries of these miserable wretches, calling upon God for help, forced them to let them go. They beat them with staves, and thus bruised, and with broken bones, dragged them to church, where their forced presence was taken for abjuration. In some places, they tied fathers and husbands to their bed posts, and violated their wives and daughters before their eyes. They blew up men and women with bellows till they burst them. If any, to escape these barbarities, endeavored to save themselves by flight, they pursued them into the fields, where they shot at them like wild beasts, and prohibited them from departing the kingdom, upon pain of confiscation of effects, the galleys, the lash, and perpetual imprisonment, insomuch that the prisons of the sea-ports were crammed with men, women and children, who endeavored to save themselves by flight from their dreadful persecution; with these scenes of desolation and horror, the popish clergy feasted their eyes, and made only a matter of laughter and sport of them.

A young woman being brought before the council, upon refusing to abjure her religion, was ordered to prison. There they shaved her head, singed off the hair from other parts of her body, and having stripped her of her clothes, led her naked through the city, whence many a blow was given her, and stones flung at her; then they set her up to the neck in a tub of water, where, after she had been for a while, they took her out, and put on her shift soaked in wine, which, as it dried, and stuck to her sore and bruised body, they snatched off again, and then had another ready, dipped in wine, to clap on her. This they repeated six times, hereby making her body exceedingly raw and sore; when all these cruelties could not shake her constancy, they fastened her by the feet to a kind of gibbet, and let her hang in that posture, with her head downwards, till she expired.

Some of these missionary dragoons being quartered in the house of a protestant, one day, having drank plentifully of his wine, and broken their glasses at every health, they filled the floor with the fragments, and by often walking over them, reduced them to very small pieces. This done, in the insolence of their mirth, they resolved on a dance,

and told their protestant host, that he must be one of their company, but as he would not be of their religion, he must dance quite barefoot; and thus, insisting upon it, they drove him about the room, treading on the sharp points of the broken glasses. When he was no longer able to stand, they laid him on a bed, and in a short time, stripped him naked, and rolled him from one end of the room to the other, till every part of his body was full of the fragments of glass. After this, they dragged him to his bed, and having sent for a surgeon, obliged him to cut out the pieces of glass from his body with his instruments, and thereby putting him to the most exquisite and horrible pains that can possibly be conceived. These were the methods used by the most Christian king's apostolic dragoons, to convert his heretical subjects to the Roman Catholic faith!

JOHN GUNN, THE FREEBOOTER.

TOWARDS the beginning of the last century, the county of Inverness was infected with a band of Catharans, or robbers, commanded by one John Gunn, who levied contributions in every quarter, and came under the walls of the city, to bid defiance to an English garrison which defended the castle. An officer who went to Inverness, bearing the pay of the troop, and escorted by a feeble detachment, was obliged to pass the night at an inn, thirty miles from the city. In the evening, he saw a man of good figure enter, wearing the Scottish costume, and as there was only one room in the inn, the Englishman invited the stranger to partake of his supper, which the latter reluctantly accepted. The officer judging by his conversation that the stranger was perfectly acquained with the defiles and by-paths throughout the country, begged him to accompany him the next morning, made him acquainted with the purport of his journey, and his fears of falling, together with the depot which was confided to him, into the hands of the celebrated John Gunn. The Highlander, after a little hesitation, promised to be his guide: they departed on the following day, and in crossing a solitary and barren glen,

the conversation again turned on the robberies of John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide, and immediately gave a whistle, which was re-echoed by the rocks; in a few moments the officer and his detachment were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, armed from head to foot, and sufficiently numerous to render every effort of resistance fruitless. "Stranger," said the guide, "I am that same John Gunn whom you are afraid of, and not without reason, for I came yesterday evening into your inn to discover the route you meant to take, in order to carry away your military chest; but I am incapable of betraying the confidence which you have put in me, and having now proved to you that you are in my power, I shall send you on your way without loss or damage." After giving him the necessary directions for the journey, John Gunn disappeared with his troops as suddenly as they had arrived.

THE MURDEROUS BARBER.

In the Rue de la Parpe, at Paris, which is a long dismal ancient street in the Fauxbourg of St. Marcell, is a space or gap in the line of buildings, upon which formerly stood two *dwelling-houses*, instead of which now stands a melancholy *memorial*, signifying, that upon this spot *no human habitation shall ever be erected, no human being ever must reside!*

Curiosity will of course be greatly excited to ascertain what it was that rendered this devoted spot so obnoxious to humanity, and yet so interesting to history.

Two attached and opulent neighbors, residing in some province, not remote from the French capital, having occasion to go to town on certain money transactions, agreed to travel thence and to return together, which was to be done with as much expedition as possible. They were, I believe, on foot, a very common way even at present, for persons of much respectability to travel in France, and were attended, as most pedestrians are, by a *faithful* dog.

Upon their arrival at the *Rue de la Harpe*, they stepped

into a shop of the peruquier to be shaved, before they would proceed on their business, or enter into the most fashionable streets. So limited was their time, and so peremptory was their return, that the *first* man who was shaved, proposed to his companion that while he was undergoing the operation of the razor, he who was already shorn would run to execute a small commission in the neighborhood, promising that he would be back before the other was ready to move. For this purpose he left the shop of the barber.

On returning, to his great surprise and vexation, he was informed that his friend *was gone*, but as the dog, which was the dog of the absentee, was sitting outside the door, the other presumed he was only gone out for a moment, perhaps in pursuit of him; so expecting him back every moment, he chatted to the barber whilst he watched his return.

Such a considerable time elapsed, that the stranger now became quite impatient; he went in and out, up and down the street; still the dog remained at the door. "Did he leave no message;" "No;" all the barber knew was, "that when he was shaved he went away." "It was very odd."

The dog remaining stationed at the door, was to the traveller conclusive evidence that his master was not far off; he went in and out, and up and down the street again. Still no sign of him whatever.

Impatience now became *alarm;* alarm became *sympathetic.* The poor animal exhibited marks of restlessness in yelps and in howlings, which so affected the sensibility of the stranger, that he threw out some insinuations not much to the credit of "*Monsieur;*" an altercation ensued, and the traveller was indignantly ordered by the peruquier to quit his boutique.

Upon quitting the shop he found it impossible to remove the dog from the door. No whistling, no calling, no patting would do; stir he would not.

In his agony, this afflicted man raised a crowd about the door, to whom he told his lamentable story. The dog became an object of universal interest, and of close attention. He shivered and he howled, but no seduction, no caressing, no experiment, could make him desert his post.

By some of the populace, it was proposed to send for the

police, by others was proposed a remedy more summary, namely, to force in and search the house, which was immediately done. The crowd burst in, every apartment was searched; was *searched in vain.* There was no trace whatever of the countryman.

During this investigation, the dog still remained sentinel at the shop door, which was bolted within to keep out the crowd which was immense on the outside.

After fruitless search and much altercation, the barber, who had prevailed upon those who had forced in to quit his house, came to the door, and was haranguing the populace, declaring most solemnly his *innocence*, when the *dog* suddenly sprang upon him, and flew at his throat with such terrific exasperation, that his victim fainted, and was with the greatest difficulty rescued from being torn to pieces The dog seemed in a state of *intellectual* agony and fury.

It was now proposed to give the animal his way, to see what course he would pursue. The moment he was let loose he flew through the shop, darted down stairs into a dark cellar, where he set up the most dismal lamentation.

Lights being procured, an aperture was discovered in the wall communicating to the *next* house which was immediately surrounded, and in the cellar whereof was found the body of the unfortunate man who had been missing. The person who kept this shop was a *pattissiere* or pastry-cook.

It is unnecessary to say those miscreants were brought to trial and executed. The facts that appeared upon the trial, and afterwards upon confession, were these:

Those incautious travellers, whilst in the shop of this fiend, unhappily talked of the money they had about them, and the wretch who was a robber and murderer by profession, as soon as the one turned his back, drew his razor across the throat of the other and plundered him.

The remainder of the story is almost too horrible for human ears, but it is not upon that account the less credible.

The pastry cook, whose shop was so remarkable for savory patties that they were sent for to the "*Rue de la Harpe*," from the most distant parts of Paris, was the partner of this peruquier, and those murdered by the razor of the one, were concealed by the knife of the other, *in*

those identical patties; by which, independently of his partnership in those frequent robberies, he had made a fortune.

The case was of so terrific a nature, that it was made part of the sentence of the law, that, besides the execution of these monsters on the rack, the house in which they perpetrated their infernal deeds, should be pulled down, and that the spot on which they stood should be *marked out to posterity with horror and execration.*

THE INEXORABLE JUDGE.

Cosmo, first Grand Duke of Tuscany, had three sons, besides Francisco de Medici, who succeeded him. Giovanni, the second, was Archbishop of Pisa, and a cardinal, when he was still a child, Pius the Fourth, having resigned to him his own hat. The youth of this prince, who was his father's favorite, promised the most dazzling talents, but a premature and tragical death, in the nineteenth year of his age, destroyed at once the flattering illusion. In a tour on the coasts of Tuscany, the grand duke had been attended also by his third son Garzia, and the two brothers on a hunting party had been led by accident, or by their sport, to a distance from their attendants, when a dispute arose between them. From words they proceeded to blows, and Garzia, who was of a cruel and ferocious disposition, gave Giovanni a wound with his dagger, of which he died instantly upon the place.

The dreadful fray had passed in secret without a single witness, and Garzia, with the greatest indifference and composure, returned to his companions. When the amusement of the day was over, Giovanni did not make his appearance, and his domestics spread themselves through the forest in search of him. His horse was at first found, and afterwards the cardinal's dead body, stiff and cold, within the bushes. The melancholy news was immediately conveyed to Cosmo, who was then at Grosseto, and though wrung with anguish at the fatal accident, he had the prudence to order it to be kept secret, and the body to

be brought in the night into the town, and conveyed to the room adjoining to his own. By his orders also a report was industriously circulated that Garzia had overheated himself in the chase, and had been seized with a violent fever. Having taken these precautions, he directed his attendants to retire, and Garzia to follow him to the room, in which the dead body of his brother had been ordered to be laid. He then strictly examined Garzia, who, it is said, with great audacity, positively denied the fact, on which the grand duke led him to the dead body and uncovered it. Many writers have related the circumstances of the blood bubbling out of Giovanni's wounds on his murderer's approach, and others have given several instances of a supposed similar appearance.

Whether the blood appeared to flow from Giovanni's wounds, or was only visible on his dress, which had been naturally stained with it, "behold," said the grand duke, to his surviving son, fixing with tranquil fury his eyes upon him, "behold thy brother's blood, which cries for vengeance against thee, and expects it from Divine justice by my hand." A mortal paleness spread over Garzia's countenance—he trembled—his whole frame shook—he acknowledged his guilt, but endeavored to exculpate himself by saying the cardinal occasioned the dispute, and that he had only deprived him of his life in defence of his own. "How," replied Cosmo, who perfectly knew Giovanni's sweet and amiable temper: "how darest thou in excuse of thy own detestable passions pretend to blacken the innocence of the victim thou hast already slaughtered!" Taking the fatal dagger, which was then hanging at Garzia's side, and holding him by the arm, "I am determined," he added, "to put to death such a domestic monster." He then fell upon his knees, prayed for the approbation of heaven upon the action, and for its pardon to a criminal son, which the most unfortunate of fathers implored for him—rose up—embraced Garzia in his paternal arms—thrust him to a little distance—turned his face, and plunged the dagger in his bosom! Severity, perhaps sage and prudent, if the grand duke was led to it by the mere sense of justice, but still frightful, horrible and unexampled.

From an apprehension that such a tragical event might

shake the foundations of a recent sovereignty, the wretched father, as an able and judicious prince, buried in silence a history which was known only to a few persons. The deaths of the two brothers were concealed for some days, and afterward it was publicly announced that they had been cut off by a contagious disorder. The intemperance of the air had occasioned many epidemical complaints, which had proved fatal during the summer, to great numbers of people, and it served to strengthen the account that Cosmo propagated; but the grand duchess did not long survive the horrible catastrophe, and died of grief. The most magnificent obsequies were bestowed on both the brothers at Florence, and to conceal more effectually what was wished to be buried in everlasting oblivion, a funeral oration was also pronounced on Garzia, and extraordinary praises were purposely lavished on his memory.—*Mem. of the House of Medici.*

MOURAT BEY.

A PEASANT, near Damascus, in year that locusts covered the plains of Syria, to supply the urgent necessities of his family, was daily obliged to sell a part of his cattle. This resource was very soon exhausted; and the unhappy father, borne by the present calamity, went to the town to sell his implements of labor. Whilst he was cheapening some corn, newly arrived from Damietta, he heard of the successes of Mourat Bey, who, after vanquishing his enemies, had entered Grand Cairo in triumph. They painted the size, the character, the origin of this warrior. They related the manner in which he had arisen from a state of slavery to his present greatness. The astonished countryman immediately knew him to be one of his sons, carried off from him at eleven years old. He lost no time in conveying to his family the provisions he had purchased, recounted what he had learnt, and determined to set out for Egypt. His wife and children bathed him with their tears, offering up their vows for his safe return. He went to the port of Alexandretta, where he embarked, and landed at Damietta. But, a son

who had quitted the religion of his forefathers, to embrace Mahometanism, and who saw himself encircled with all the splendor of the most brilliant fortune, was it likely that he would acknowledge him? This idea hung heavy on his heart. On the other hand, the desire of rescuing his family from the horrors of famine, the hopes of recovering a child, whose loss he had long bewailed, supported his courage, and animated him to continue his journey. He entered the capital, and repaired to the palace of Mourat Bey. He presented himself to the prince's attendants, and desired permission to speak with him. He urged, he ardently solicited, an audience: his dress, and his whole appearance, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were not calculated to obtain him what he sought for: but his great age, that age so respected in the East, pleaded in his favor. One of the officers informed Mourat Bey, that a wretched old man desired to speak with him. "Let him enter," said he. The peasant advanced with trembling steps on the rich carpet which covered the hall of the divan, and approached the Bey, who was reposing on a sofa embroidered with silk and gold The various feelings which oppressed his mind, deprived him of utterance. Recollecting at length the child that had been stolen from him, and the voice of nature getting the better of his fears, he threw himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, he cried out: "You are my child." The Bey raised him up, endeavored to recollect him, and on a further explanation finding him to be his father, he seated him by his side, and loaded him with caresses. After the tenderest effusions of the heart, the old man painted to him the deplorable situation in which he had left his mother and his brethren. The prince proposed to him to send for them to Egypt, and to make them partake of his riches and his power, provided they would embrace Mahometanism. The generous Christian had foreseen this proposal, and fearing lest young people might have been dazzled with it, had not suffered one of his children to accompany him. He steadfastly rejected, therefore, this offer of his son, and had even the courage to remonstrate with him on *his* change of religion. Mourat Bey, seeing that his father remained inflexible, and that the distress his family was in, demanded immediate succor, ordered him a large sum of money, and sent him back into Syria with

a small vessel laden with corn. The happy countryman returned as soon as possible to the plains of Damascus. His arrival banished misery and tears from his rural dwelling, and restored joy, comfort and happiness.

WAT TYLER'S REBELLION.

IN the year 1381, in the reign of Richard II., the imposition of *three groats a head*, had been farmed out to tax-gatherers in each county, who levied the money with rigor on the English people. The first disorder arose from a blacksmith in a village in Essex. The tax-gatherers came to this man's shop, while he was at work, and demanded payment for his daughter, whom he asserted to be below the age assigned by the statute. One of these fellows, offering to produce a very indecent proof to the contrary, laid hold of the maid, which the father resenting, immediately, with his hammer, knocked out the ruffian's brains. The by-standers, applauding the action, exclaimed, that it was full time for the people to take vengeance of their tyrants, and to vindicate their native liberty. They immediately flew to arms; the whole neighborhood joined in the sedition: the flame spread in an instant over the whole country, and soon propagated itself into that of Kent, Hertford, Surry, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Lincoln. Before the government had the least warning of the danger, the disorder had risen beyond control or opposition. The populace threw off all regard to their former masters; and being headed by the most audacious of their associates, (who assumed the feigned names of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, Hob Carter, and Tom Millar,) they committed, every where, the most outrageous violence on such of the nobility and gentry as had the misfortune to fall into their hands.

The insurgents, amounting to 100,000 men, assembled at Blackheath, under their leaders, Tyler and Straw. They sent a message to the king, who had taken shelter in the Tower, and desired a conference with him. Richard sailed down the river in his barge; but on approaching the shore, he saw such symptoms of tumult, that he put back and re-

WAT TYLER'S REBELLION.

See page 111, vol. II.

turned to his fortress. Favored by the city rabble, they had now broke into London, had burned the duke of Lancaster's palace of the Savoy, cut off the heads of such gentlemen as they laid hold of, and pillaged the merchants. The king, finding no defence in the Tower, was obliged to go out to them, and ask their demands. They made various requisitions, which were complied with, and they immediately dispersed.

During this transaction, however, another body of the rebels had broke into the Tower, murdered several persons of distinction, and continued their ravages in the city. The king, passing along Smithfield, very slightly guarded, met with Wat Tyler, at the head of the rioters, and entered into conference with him. Tyler ordered his companions to retire till he should give them a signal, and afterwards to murder all the company, except the king himself, whom they were to detain prisoner. Tyler's demands were made with such insolence and extravagance, that Walworth, the mayor of London, who attended the king, not able longer to bear with him, drew his sword, and struck him so violent a blow as brought him to the ground, where he was instantly despatched by others of the king's train. The mutineers prepared for revenge, when the king himself, with his party, had undoubtedly perished on the spot, had it not been for an extraordinary presence of mind, which Richard, though not sixteen years of age, discovered on this occasion. He advanced alone towards the enraged multitude, and cried out, "What, my people, are you angry that you have lost your leader? I am your king, and I will be your leader." The populace, overawed, implicitly followed him. He led them into the fields, and peaceably dismissed them. Soon after, Richard took the field at the head of 40,000 men; all the other rebels soon submitted, and the ringleaders were severely punished for the late disorders.

AMERICAN HERMITESS.

The following account of a singular character, residing in the neighborhood of Salem, in Duchess County, in the

State of New York, in 1804, is from the *Political Barometer*, printed at Poughkeepsie:

Sarah Bishop is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago, she was a lady of considerable beauty, with a competent share of mental endowments and education; she was possessed of a handsome fortune, but was of a tender and delicate constitution; she enjoyed but a low degree of health, and could be hardly comfortable without constant recourse to medicine and careful attendance; and was often heard to say, that she dreaded no animal on earth but man. Disgusted with men, and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago she withdrew herself from all human society, and in the bloom of life, resorted to the mountains which divide Salem from North Salem, near New York, where she spent her days in a cave, or rather cleft of the rock.

Yesterday I went in the company of two captain Smiths of this town (New York) to the mountain, to visit the hermitage. As you pass the southern and elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern steep, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock, in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending half a mile to the pond called Long Pond. In the front of the rock, on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears a large frustum of the rock, of a double fathom in size, thrown out by some unknown convulsion of nature, and lying in the front of the cavity from which it was rent, partly enclosing the mouth, and forming a room: the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion. This cavity is the habitation of the hermitess, in which she has passed the best of her years, excluded from all society; she keeps no domestic animal, not even fowl, cat, or dog. Her little plantation, consisting of half an acre, is cleared of its wood, and reduced to grass, where she has raised a few peach trees, and yearly plants a few hills of beans, cucumbers, and potatoes; the whole is surrounded with a luxuriant grape vine, which overspreads the surrounding wood, and is very productive. On the opposite side of this little tenement, is a fine fountain of excellent water;

at this fountain we found the wonderful woman, whose appearance it is a little difficult to describe: indeed, like nature in its first state, she was without form. Her dress appeared little else than one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured all human shape, excepting her head, which was clothed with a luxuriancy of lank gray hair depending on every side, as time had formed it, without any covering or ornament. When she discovered our approach, she exhibited the appearance of a wild and timid animal; she started and hastened to her cave, which she entered, and barricaded the entrance with old shells, pulled from the decayed trees. We approached this humble habitation, and after some conversation with its inmate, obtained liberty to remove the palisadoes and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate one person. We saw no utensil either for labor or cookery, save an old pewter basin and a gourd shell; no bed but the solid rock, unless it was a few old rags, scattered here and there; no bed clothes of any kind, nor the least appearance of food or fire. She had, indeed, a place in one corner of the cell, where a fire had at some time been kindled, but it did not appear that there had been one for some months. To confirm this a gentleman says he passed her cell five or six days after the great fall of snow in the beginning of March, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe season, is yet a mystery; she says she eats but little flesh of any kind; in the summer she lives on berries, nuts, and roots. We conversed with her some time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and entirely happy in her situation; of this she has given repeated proofs by refusing to quit this dreary abode. She keeps a bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time in reading it.

TRIAL BY BATTLE IN THE EARLY AGES.

Gunhilda, sister to Hardicanute, king of England, was celebrated for beauty and sanctity of manners; she had been courted in her father's life time by the Emperor Henry III. The lustre of this match gilded all the woes which others easily foresaw must arise in matrimony with a person of this prince's disposition. The humbler crowds of admirers, because subjects, though they were of the first rank, were disdained; and the friends of Gunhilda thought she could not be miserable if she was great. The match, therefore, was concluded between her and the Emperor; while Hardicanute, conceiving he could not have a fairer opportunity of displaying his magnificence, ransacked all nature and art to celebrate the nuptials. This was done with such exquisite luxury, with such memorable profusion, that it got even into the songs of the bards of those days; and was transmitted, by the rude minstrels of the times, in lays which survived to the age of Westminster the historian. At last, the effusion of pomp and luxury being over, the fair bride was sent to her consort. But Henry took in such draughts of love as intoxicated his brain; while jealousy, prompted by conscious demerits, whispered him, that so many charms were not made for him alone. Suspicion was strengthened by the adulation of those who found it more easy to sooth, than to combat, the prepossessions of princes; and, at last, imagination forming circumstances, Gunhilda was accused of adultery. Such accusations in those days were too arbitrary and too delicate to be handled in the common way of evidence and defence; to be suspected was to be guilty; and nothing could wipe off that guilt, but the precarious success of single combat between two champions, one for the accuser, and one for the accused. The fair Gunhilda had, in all her numerous train, only one Englishman; his name, from his diminutive size, was Mimecan; he had been bred about her own person, and was an ocular witness to her purity of conversation.

The day of combat being come, a gigantic champion for the accusation stepped into the lists, and swaggering about

like another Goliah, threw out his defiances against the power of living beauty. The wretched Gunhilda in vain cast round her fair eyes, and unable to read, in the countenance of any person present, one sentiment of manly compassion for her fate, was just fixing them upon the prospect of death and infamy, when the generous Englishman stepped forth, as the champion of her honor. He was her own page; his years too tender to make it suspicious that he had any motive for danger, besides the vindication of injured innocence; and his person too diminutive for Gunhilda ever to entertain a thought of him for a champion. However, supplying weakness with courage, and aiding courage by cool dexterity, the beardless champion, with sword in hand, advanced against his enormous antagonist. The security of the latter proved his destruction; for, endeavoring, rather to tread out his adversary's life, than to fight with him, Mimecan was tall enough to reach the giant's hams, with his sword, and to cut them so, that his bulk came thundering to the ground; the gallant boy gave him his death wound; then dividing his head from his body he laid it at the feet of his lovely mistress.

While Gunhilda, with a soul truly royal, looked upon the event of this combat as her deliverance, her narrow-hearted lord considered it as her vindication: with open arms he invited her to her former place in his heart; but she, at once abhorring the fury of his jealousy, and disdaining the easiness of his reconciliation, sought peace where it can best be found, in retirement from worldly grandeur, with virtuous affections. In vain were menaces and blandishments applied to shake this purpose of her soul; she obtained a divorce from his bed and person, and died an illustrious example of innocence triumphing over malice, and wisdom adorning innocence, by a seasonable retreat from farther temptations, and therefore from farther dangers. My readers will not imagine that I have embellished the above narrative, when I inform them, that, with the variation of but a very few phrases, I have kept strictly to the facts, as I find them unanimously recorded in all our oldest, gravest, and most creditable historians.— *Guthrie's History of England.*

RUSSIAN AMUSEMENTS.

The swing is the amusement of all ranks and conditions, and Easter witnesses it in its greatest perfection, swings being then set up in all the public squares. Another kind of holiday diversion is the ice-hills. A scaffold about thirty feet high, is erected on the Neva: on one side of it are steps, or a ladder, to ascend to the platform on the top; on the opposite side, a steep inclined plane, about four yards broad and thirty long, descends to the river; this is supported by strong poles, and its sides are protected by a parapet of planks. Large square blocks of ice, about four inches thick, are laid upon the inclined plane, close to one another, and smoothed with the axe; they are then consolidated by water thrown over them. The snow is cleared away at the bottom of the plane for the length of two hundred yards and the breadth of four; and the sides of this course, as well as those of the scaffoldings, are ornamented and protected with firs and pines. Each person, provided with a little low sledge, something like a butcher's tray, mounts the ladder, and glides with inconceivable rapidity down the inclined plane, poising his sledge as he goes down. The momentum thus acquired, carries him to a second hill, at the foot of which he alights, mounts again, and in the same manner glides down the other inclined plane of ice. The boys also amuse themselves in skating down these hills. Summer-hills, constructed in imitation of the ice-hills, also afford a favorite amusement to the inhabitants of St. Petersburgh, especially during their carnivals. These consist of a scaffold between thirty and forty feet high, with an inclined plane in front, flowers and boughs of trees sheltering the person in the descent; a small, narrow cart on four wheels is used instead of the sledge: below, there is a level stage of some hundred feet in length, along which he is carried by the impulse of his descent. This amusement has been introduced at Paris, under the name of the Russian mountains.

CHASTISEMENT OF THE INQUISITORS OF SARRAGOSSA.

THE following incident affords an instance, unfortunately of rare occurrence, in which the rulers and agents of that all powerful and oppressive body, the Inquisition, have sometimes been checked in their infamy.

In 1706, after the battle of Almanza, the Spanish army being divided into two bodies, one of them advanced through Valencia, towards the confines of Catalonia, under the command of the Duke of Berwick, and the other composed of fourteen thousand French auxiliaries, commanded by the Duke of Orleans, proceeded to the conquest of Arragon, whose inhabitants had declared themselves for king Charles III. Before the duke arrived at the city of Sarragossa, the magistrates went to meet him, and to offer him the keys of the town, but he refused them, and preferred rather to enter through a breach, according to the customs of war, which he did, treating the people as rebels to their lawful king. After regulating the affairs of the city he departed for Catalonia, and in a short time, Monsieur de Legal was sent to command in his place.

The city was ordered to pay a thousand crowns a month for the duke's table, and every house a pistole : and besides this, the convents were to pay a donatrice proportioned to their rents. The college of Jesuits was charged with two thousand pistoles : the Dominicans with one thousand, the Augustins with one thousand, and so the rest.

M. de Legal sent first to the Jesuits, who refused to pay, alleging their ecclesiastical immunity, but Legal, not acquainted with this sort of excuse, sent four companies of grenadiers to be quartered on the convent at discretion, so that the fathers, fearful for their treasure, were soon glad to pay the donatrice required.

He next sent to the Dominicans. The friars of this order are all familiars of the holy office and dependent on it; they declined paying, under the pretence that they had no money, and said it was impossible to satisfy his demands, unless they should send the silver bodies of the saints. They did this in order to terrify Legal with the apprehension of popular violence upon this insult to the sacred

images; but he, equally politic with themselves, immediately commanded four companies more of his grenadiers to line the streets, holding out his musket in one hand, and a lighted candle in the other, to receive with all possible devotion, the procession of the priests, who advanced bearing the images. Having received the saints, he sent them to the mint, promising the father prior to send him what remained above the thousand pistoles. The friars, being disappointed in their design of raising the people, went to the inquisitors to desire them to release their saints out of the mint, by excommunicating M. Legal, which the inquisitors did upon the spot; and as soon as the excommunication was drawn up, they sent it by the hands of their secretary to be read to him. The governor mildly replied that he would reply to the inquisitors the next morning, and so dismissed the secretary perfectly satisfied. At the same moment, without reflecting upon any consequence, he called his own secretary, and bid him draw up a copy of the excommunication, putting out the name of Legal, and inserting that of *the holy inquisitors.*

The next morning he gave orders for four regiments to be ready, and sent them, along with his secretary, to the inquisition, with commands to read the excommunication to the inquisitors themselves, and if they made the least remonstrance, to turn them forth, open all the prisons, and quarter two regiments there. The inquisitors, as was natural, exclaimed violently against such treatment, and denouncing the most terrible threats against its author, the secretary placed them under a strong guard and conveyed them to a house prepared for the purpose, from which they shortly set off for Madrid to complain to the king; but, although he affected to be very sorry for what had happened, he told them that, as his crown was in the greatest danger, and as the affront was offered by the troops of his grandfather, who defended it, they must wait with patience, until his affairs should take a more prosperous turn.

The secretary of Monsieur Legal, according to his order, next opened the doors of all the prisons, and then the profligate wickedness of these inquisitors was detected. Four hundred prisoners obtained their liberty on that day, among them were found *one hundred and fifty young women,*

who belonged to the seraglio of the *three inquisitors*, as some of them afterwards confessed! This discovery, so dangerous to the holy tribunal, was in some measure prevented by the archbishop, who went to M. Legal, to request him to send these young women to *his* palace, that he might take care of them; and in the mean time, he proclaimed an ecclesiastical censure against such as should venture to defame the sacred inquisition by groundless reports upon the subject; *thus confirming the universal belief of its iniquity!* The governor answered, that he should be happy to oblige his grace in any thing within his power, but for these young women, the French officers had succeeded in hurrying them away.

"As I travelled in France some time after," says the narrator, "I met with one of these women at the inn at which I lodged, who had been brought there by the son of the innkeeper, formerly a lieutenant in the French service in Spain, and whom he afterwards married for her great merit and beauty. She was daughter of the counsellor Balabriga; I had known her before she had been seized by the inquisitors' orders; *her father died of grief*, without the consolation of revealing the cause of his distress, even to his confessor, so extreme was the terror of the inquisition in every mind."

ASTROLOGIGAL PREDICTIONS.

Dryden married the lady Elizabeth Howard, sister to the Earl of Berkshire, who survived him eight years; though for the last four of them she was a lunatic, having been deprived of her senses by a nervous fever. By this lady he had three sons: Charles, John, and Henry. Of the eldest of these, there is a circumstance related by Charles Wilson, Esq. in his life of Congreve, which seems so well attested, and is itself of so very extraordinary a nature, that we cannot avoid giving it a place.

Dryden, with all his understanding, was weak enough to be fond of judicial astrology, and used to calculate the nativity of his children. When his lady was in labor with his

son Charles, he being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies then present, in a most solemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute that the child was born; which she did, and acquainted him with it. About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr. Dryden took occasion to tell her, that he had been calculating the child's nativity; and observed, with grief, that he was born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun, were all under the earth, and the lord of his ascendant afflicted with a hateful square of Mars and Saturn. "If he lives to arrive at the eighth year," says he, "he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth-day: but if he should escape, as I see but small hopes, he will, in the twenty-third year, be under the very same evil direction; and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year is, I fear——." Here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of his lady, who could no longer hear calamity prophesied to befall her son.

The time at last came, and August was the inauspicious month in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The court being in progress, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country-seat of the Earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him at Charleton, in Wilts; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to pass the remainder of the summer. When they came to divide the children, lady Elizabeth would have him take John, and suffer her to take Charles; but Mr. Dryden was too absolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him, and she was obliged to be contented with John. When the fatal day came, the anxiety of the lady's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of blood, as threw her into so violent a fever, that her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womanish credulity, and assuring her that her child was well: this recovered her spirits, and in six weeks after she received an eclaircissement of the whole affair.

Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being reckoned superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a

dealer in astrology; therefore could not excuse his absence, on his son's anniversary, from a general hunting match which lord Berkshire had made, to which all the neighboring gentlemen were invited. When he went out, he took care to set the boy a double exercise in the Latin tongue, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return; well knowing the task he had set him would take up longer time. Charles was performing his duty in obedience to his father; but, as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house; and the noise alarming the servants, they hastened out to see the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also; when, just as they came to the gate, the stag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push, and leaped over the court wall, which was very low and very old; and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out; and after six weeks languishing in a dangerous way, he recovered. So far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled. In the twenty third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occasioned by a swimming in his head with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languishing sickly state. In the thirty third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windsor. He had, with another gentleman, swam twice over the Thames, but returning a third time, it was supposed he was taken with the cramp, because he called out for help, though too late. Thus the father's calculation proved but too prophetical.

CONFLICT WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

THE ship Prosperity, from London, reached one of the West India islands in May, 1806.

One of the men named Jervas, having left the ship, wandered about the island on a sultry day, such as are frequent in that country. Being oppressed with the heat of the day

and fatigued with previous exertions, he laid himself down to sleep, reclining his head on a small hillock, opposite a rock about ten feet high. He lay on his back, and his eyes, after he had slept a little, were directed, as the first object that met them to the perpendicular height before him. What was his horror to discover on the top of it a rattlesnake, with part of its body coiled up, and the other projecting considerably over the precipice, with its keen and beautiful, yet malignant eyes, steadily fixed upon him! he felt as if charmed to the spot. The witchery of the serpent's eyes so irresistibly rooted him to the spot, that, for the moment, he did not *wish* to remove from his formidable opponent. The rattlesnake gradually and slowly uncoiled its body, all the while steadily keeping its eyes on those of its intended victim.

Jervas now began to cry out, without being able to move, "he'll bite me! take him away."

The snake now began to writhe its body down a fissure in the rock, keeping its head elevated a little more than a foot from the ground. Its rattle made a very little noise. It every moment darted out its forked tongue, its eyes be came reddish or inflamed, and it moved rather quicker than at first. It was now within two yards of its victim, who by some means had dissipated the charm, and roused by a sense of awful danger, determined to stand on the defensive. To run away from it, he knew would be impracticable, as the snake would instantly dart its whole body after him. He therefore resolutely stood up, and put a strong glove on his right hand, which he happened fortunately to have with him. He stretched out his arm: the snake approached slowly and cautiously to him, darting out its tongue still more frequently. Jervas recommended himself fervently to the protection of Heaven. The snake, when about a yard distant, made a violent spring. Jervas caught it in his right hand, directly under its head. He squeezed it with all his power. Its eyes almost started out of its head. It lashed its body on the ground, at the same time rattling loudly. He watched an opportunity, and suddenly holding the animal's head, while for a moment it drew in its forked tongue, with his left hand, he by a violent contraction of all the mucles in his hand, contrived to close effectually its jaws.

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Much was *now* done, but much more was *to be done.* He had avoided much danger, but he was still in very perilous circumstances. If he moved his right hand from its neck for a moment, the snake, by avoiding suffocation, could easily muster sufficient power to force its head out of his hand; and if he withdrew his hand from its jaws he would be fatally in the power of its most dreaded fangs. He retained, therefore, his hold, with both hands. He drew its body between his thighs in order to aid the compression, and hasten suffocation. Suddenly, the snake, which had remained quiescent for a few moments, brought up its tail hit him violently on the side of the head, and then darted its body several times very tightly round his waist. Now was the very acme of his danger. Thinking, therefore, that he had sufficient power over its body, he withdrew his right hand from its neck, and took (the work of a moment) his large sailor's knife out of his hat. He bent its head on his knee, and, recommending himself again fervently to Heaven, cut its head from its body, throwing the head to a great distance. The blood spouted violently in his face: the snake compressed his body still tighter; and Jervas, growing black in the face, thought he should be suffocated on the spot, and laid himself down. The snake again rattled its tail, and lashed his feet with it. Gradually, however, he found it relaxing its hold; it soon fell slack around him, and untwisting it, be threw it from him as far as he was able. He sunk and swooned on the bank. Some natives coming by, and seeing the snake, but not noticing its head was cut off, and Jervas motionless, concluded he was killed. However, they saw at last the condition of the snake, and that Jervas was recovering a little: they gave him a little rum, unbuttoned his shirt, and, by friendly aid, in a very short time he recovered.

SINGULAR DISCOVERIES OF MURDER.

It is believed that few murderers escape without meeting with the awful punishment due to their crimes. Many strange stories, indeed, have been told of this kind, some of

which, however, it must be confessed, stand on too good authority to be rejected. The following is translated from a respectable publication at Basle.

A person who worked in a brewery, quarreled with one of his fellow-workmen, and struck him in such a manner that he died upon the spot. No other person was witness to the deed. He then took the dead body, and threw it into a large fire under the boiling-vat, where it was in a short time so completely consumed, that no traces of its existence remained. On the following day, when the man was missed, the murderer observed very coolly, that he had perceived his fellow-servant to have been intoxicated; and that he had probably fallen from a bridge which he had to cross in his way home, and been drowned. For the space of seven years after, no one entertained any suspicions of the real state of the fact. At the end of this period, the murderer was again employed in the same brewery. He was then induced to reflect on the singularity of the circumstance that his crime remained so long concealed. Having retired one evening to rest, one of the other workmen, who slept with him, hearing him say in his sleep, "It is now full seven years ago," asked him, "what was it you did seven years ago?" "I put him," he replied, still speaking in his sleep, "under the boiling-vat." As the affair was not entirely forgotten, it immediately occurred to the man that his bedfellow must allude to the person who was missing about that time, and he accordingly gave information of what he had heard to a magistrate. The murderer was apprehended; and though at first he denied that he knew any thing of the matter, a confession of his crime was at length obtained from him, for which he suffered condign punishment.

The following event lately happened in the neighborhood of Frankfort-upon-the-Oder:—A woman, conceiving that her husband who was a soldier in the Prussian service, had been killed in the battle of Jena, 1806, married another man. It turned out that her husband had been only wounded, and taken prisoner by the French. A cure was soon effected; and he joined one of the Prussian regiments which entered into the pay of France. After serving three years in Spain, he was discharged; returned suddenly to

his native country, and appeared greatly rejoiced to find his wife alive. She received him with every mark of affection, but did not avow the new matrimonial connection she had formed. After partaking of some refreshment, he complained of being quite overcome with fatigue, and retired to rest. She immediately joined with her new husband to despatch the unwelcome visitor in his sleep; which they accomplished by strangling him, and putting his body into a sack. About midnight, in conveying it to the Oder, the weight of the corpse burst the sack, and one of the legs hung out. The woman set about sewing up the rent, and in her hurry and confusion, sewed in at the same time the skirts of her accomplice's coat. Having reached the bank of the river, and making a great effort to precipitate his load as far into the stream as possible, he was dragged from the elevated ground he had chosen into the river, but contrived to keep his head above water for several minutes. The woman not considering how important it was to keep silent, filled the air with her cries, and brought to the spot several peasants, who, at the hazard of their own lives, extricated the drowning man from his perilous situation, at the same time discovering the cause. The man and woman were charged with the crime, made a full confession, and were consigned to the officers of justice.

THE HINDOO DEVOTEE.

THE Hindoo enthusiast marches as a warrior to conquest: by his horrible penances and sufferings, Heaven is assailed, and the alarmed deities occasionally tremble for their thrones. The poem of the Curse of Kehama, by Mr. Southey, is constructed on this singular mythology, the story being that of a performer of these awful doings, who is only defeated in an attack upon Heaven, and upon Hell, by the efficacy of one of his own charms against himself. Thus the pious suffering of the Indian Yogee is not accompanied with the same prostration of spirit as that of the Christian devotee of former times, although at the bottom a passion for earthly homage and posthumous honors have

operated upon the one, and still continue to actuate the other. That this inference is correct, appears from the fact, that when admiration and reverence are excited by these miseries, they continue; and they cease when they are regarded with contempt. Contempt itself is one of the finest penances for sinful man that can be imagined; yet no devotee seems disposed to incur it, though many profess to regard the follies which now excite it, as the godly deeds of saints and intercessors, each of whom enjoys an eternal crown of glory for his reward.

Pranporee, having been adopted by a Hindoo devotee, and educated by him in the rigid tenets of his religion, was yet young when he commenced the course of his extraordinary mortifications. The first vow which the plan of life he had chosen to himself induced him to make, was to continue perpetually upon his legs, and neither to sit down upon the ground nor lay down to rest, for the space of twelve years. All this time, he told me, he had employed in wandering through different countries. When I inquired how he took the indispensable refreshment of sleep when wearied with fatigue, he said, that at first, to prevent his falling, he used to be tied with ropes to some tree or post, but that this precaution, after some time, became unnecessary, and he was able to sleep standing, without such support.

The complete term of this first penance being expired, the next he undertook was to hold his hands, locked in each other, over his head, the fingers of one hand dividing those of the other, for the same space of twelve years. He was still determined not to dwell in any fixed abode; so that, before the term of this last vow could be accomplished, he had travelled over the greater part of the continent of Asia. He first set out by crossing the peninsula of India, through Guzerat: he then passed by Surat to Bassora, and thence to Constantinople: from Turkey he went to Ispahan, and sojourned so long among the different Persian tribes as to obtain a considerable knowledge of their language, in which he conversed with tolerable ease. In his passage from thence towards Russia, he fell in with the Kussauks (hordes of Cossacks) upon the borders of the Caspian Sea, where he narrowly escaped being condemned to perpetual slavery: at

length he was suffered to pass on, and reached Moscow: he then travelled along the northern boundary of the Russian empire, and through Siberia, arrived at Pekin in China, from whence he came through Thibet, by the way of Teshoo Loomboo and Nepaul, down to Calcutta. When I first saw him at this place, in the year 1783, he rode upon a pie-bald Tangun horse from Bootau, and wore a satin embroidered dress given to him by Teshoo Lama, of which he was not a little vain. He was robust and hale, and his complexion contrasted with a long bushy black beard, appeared really florid. I do not suppose that he was then forty years of age.

Two Goseins attended him, and assisted him in mounting and alighting from his horse. Indeed, he was indebted to them for the assistance of their hands on every occasion; his own being fixed immovable in the position in which he had placed them, were of course perfectly useless. The circulation of blood seemed to have foresaken his arms; they were withered and void of sensation, and inflexible; yet he spoke to me with confidence of recovering the use of them, and mentioned his intention to take them down the following year, when the term of his penance would expire.

To complete the full measure of his religious penance, I understood that there still remained two other experiments for Pranporee to perform. In the first of these the devotee is suspended by the feet to a branch of a tree over a fire, which is kept in a continued blaze, and swung backwards and forwards, his hair passing through the flame, for one pahr and quarter, that is, three hours and three quarters. Having passed through this fiery trial, he may then prepare himself for the last act of probation, which is to be buried alive, standing upright in a pit dug for the purpose, the fresh earth being thrown in upon him, so that he is completely covered: in this situation he must remain for one phar and a quarter, or three hours and three quarters; and if, at the expiration of that time on the removal of the earth he should be found alive, he will ascend into the highest rank, among the most pure of the Yogee.—*Turner's Embassy to the Teshoo Lama.*

THE SPECTRE'S VOYAGE.

THERE is a part of the Lake of Geneva, between the city and the little village of Clase, which is called "The Spectre's Voyage," and across which neither entreaty nor remuneration will induce any boatman to convey passengers after a certain hour of the night. The superstitious notions current among the lower orders are, that at that hour a female is seen in a small vessel crossing from Geneva to Clase; that the vessel sails with the utmost rapidity in a dead calm, and even against the wind; that to encounter it is fatal; that the voyager lands from it on the coast of Savoy, a little beyond the village; that she remains sometimes on shore making the most fearful lamentations; that she then re-enters the vessel, and sails back in the same manner; and that both boat and passenger vanish as they enter the river Rhone.

Curious to ascertain the circumstances which gave rise to a traditionary story so singular, I made inquiries among the boatmen and other persons who seemed most under the influence of the terrors which it excited, and from them I gathered the particulars of the following narrative.

In the sixteenth century, when the whole of Europe was one theatre of lawless violence, when might was constantly triumphant over right, and princes and soldiers only respected the simple principle,

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can;"

the little republic of Geneva was distinguished by the zeal and patriotism of its citizens, and by the firmness and valor with which they had preserved their independence against the successive atacks of the Emperor, the King of France, and the Duke of Savoy. The ducal coronet was at the time worn by Charles Emanuel, surnamed the Great, a prince of a naturally feeble constitution, but of an enterprising spirit; of great talents, both military and political, of undaunted courage, and of insatiable ambition. His troops were the bravest and best disciplined in Europe, and had enabled him to seize, and retain possession of for some time,

the fairest provinces of France. These advantages, together with the proximity of his dominions to Geneva, rendered him by far the most formidable foe with whom the republic had to contend. Their differences in religion added to the causes, political and geographical, by which the national hatred between the Genevese and the Savoyards was kept alive. The reformed religion, which, in 1533, had been introduced among the former by William Farrel, was finally established by John Calvin, in 1536, while the subjects of the Duke of Savoy continued to be the most zealous and bigoted adherents to the church of Rome.

At the period to which our narrative refers, peace existed between the two parties; but the duke continued to keep an army of observation on the frontier, under the command of one of his most experienced generals, the Count of Martigny; and the republicans jealously guarded their walls against any treacherous attempt on the part of their neighbors. Occasional bickerings would nevertheless take place between the citizens and the soldiers. The latter, however, usually conducted themselves with by far the most temper and prudence. A coarse joke, or a bitter sneer, at the formal dress and demure deportment of the Calvinistic preachers, was the utmost outrage in which they indulged; while the others, with all the zeal of new converts, no sooner crossed the frontier than they demolished the crosses which were set up on the road side, frequently put to rout a family of peasants as they were singing their evening hymn to the Virgin, tore down the lamp and the picture, and trampled contemptuously upon all the sacred relics they could find. The Count of Martigny never failed to take summary vengeance upon such of the offenders as fell into his power, and even to visit the sins of the guilty upon the innocent. Wherever a cross had been torn down, he erected a gibbet, and hung up the heretic over the consecrated spot which he had violated. The inexorable severity with which he pursued this sanguinary mode of retaliation, rendered him an object of the utmost terror and detestation to the Genevese; and he shared with the devil and the pope, the benefit of the curses with which they closed all their religious exercises.

The favorite recreation of the Genevese then, as now,

was to make excursions, either alone or in small parties, upon their majestic lake. This amusement had become so much a custom with them, that the most timid females were not afraid to venture alone, and at night, in a small skiff with which almost every family of respectability was provided; and on a bright moonlight night, the broad blue bosom of the lake was beautifully diversified by the white sails glittering in the moonbeams, while sweet female voices would be heard warbling some popular melodies, the subjects of which were usually the praises of the lake, or the achievements of their patriots. It was on such a night that the incident with which our narrative commences occurred. The moon was riding in an unclouded sky—unclouded except by those light fleecy vapors which hovered round the form of the queen of night, increasing rather than diminishing her beauty. The lake seemed one sheet of silver, and numerous little vessels, passing and repassing, gave it a delightfully animated appearance. In one, which seemed to be venturing nearer to the coast of Savoy than the others, might be seen a light and delicate female form, and on the shore which she was approaching, a little above the village of Clase, stood a soldier, whose uniform bespoke him to belong to the army of Duke Charles.

The lady landed, and the soldier hastened to meet her. "Dearest Isabel," he said, "blessings upon thy generous, trusting heart, for this sweet meeting! I have much to tell thee, but my tongue dares not utter all with which my mind is stored; and if it dared, it is not on such a night as this, so bright, so beautiful, that tidings dark as mine should be communicated." Isabel, who had laid her head upon his breast when they met, started from him and gazed with the utmost terror and surprise at the unwonted gloom which darkened his countenance. "Theodore, what means this? Come you to break the trusting heart which beats for you alone? Come you to cancel your vows—to say that we must part for ever? Oh! better had you left me to the mercy of the wave, when its work of death was half achieved, if you reserved me only for the misery which awaits upon a broken heart, and blighted and betrayed affections." "Sweet, dry these tears?" replied the Savoyard; "while I have life, I am thine. I came to warn

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thee of sure but unseen danger. The walls of Geneva are strong, and the arms and hearts of her citizens firm and trusty; but her hour is come, and the path of the destroyer, although secret, is like her own blue Rhone, which hides itself for a time beneath the earth only to spring forth more strongly and irresistibly than ever." "Thy words are dark and dreadful: but I do not know of any cause for fear, or of any means of avoiding it, if it exists." "Fly with me, fly to my own rich vales in fertile Italy; there with thy heart and hand reward my love, and think no more of those grim walls, and sullen citizens, with souls as iron as their beavers, and hearts as cold as the waters of their lake." "Oh! no, no, no: my father's head is gray, and, but for me alone, all his affections, all his hopes are buried in my mother's grave. He hates thy creed and nation. When I told him that a stranger had rescued his daughter from the wave, he raised his hands to heaven and blessed him. I told him that that stranger was a Savoyard; he checked his unfinished benediction, and cursed thee. But if he knew thee, Theodore, thy noble heart, thy constant love, methinks that time and entreaty would make him listen to his daughter's prayer." "Alas! my Isabel, entreaty would be vain, and time is already flapping his wings, loaded with inevitable ruin, over yon devoted city and its inhabitants. Thy father shall be safe—trust that to me—and trust me too, that what I promise I can perform. But thou, my loved one, thou must not look upon the horrid face of war; and though my power extends to save thy father from injury, it would be easier to save the wall-flowers on the ramparts of thy city from the foot of the invader, than one so fair, so feeble, from his violence and lust." "Whoe'er thou art," she said, "there is a spell upon my heart which love and gratitude have twined, and which makes it thine for ever; but sooner would I lock my hand in that of the savage Martigny himself, when reeking with the best blood of Geneva's citizens, than leave my father's side when his gray hairs are in danger, and my native city when treachery is in her streets, and outrage is approaching her walls."

These words were uttered with an animation and vehemence so unusual to her, that Theodore stood for a moment transfixed with wonder; and before he recovered his self-

possession, Isabel, with the velocity of lightning, had regained her skiff, and was sailing before the wind to Geneva. "Curse on my amorous folly!" he exclaimed, "that for a pair of pale cheeks and sparkling eyes, has perhaps ruined a better concerted stratagem than ever entered the brain of the Grecian Simon. I must away, or the false girl will awake the slumbering citizens to their defence before the deed is done; and yet, must I devote her to the foul grasp of ruffian violence! No, no, my power is equal to save or destroy." As he uttered these words, he rapidly ascended the rocks which skirted that part of the lake on which he stood, and was soon lost among the wild woods that crowned their summit. The principal events of that night are matters of history, and are universally known. The Savoyards, by means of an unexpected attack during a period of profound peace, and aided by internal treachery, hoped to make themselves masters of the city of Geneva. The citizens, however, had by some unknown means obtained intelligence of the designs of the enemy, and were prepared to repel their attacks. Every street was lined with soldiers, and a band of the bravest and most determined, under the command of Eustace Beauvoisin (Isabel's father,) manned the city walls. The struggle was short but sanguinary—the invaders were beaten back at every point—their best troops were left dead in the trenches—and above two hundred prisoners (among whom was the Count de Martigny himself) fell into the hands of the citizens. The successful party set no bounds either to their exultation or their revenge. The rejoicings were continued for three successive days. The neighboring country was ravaged without cessation and without remorse; and all the prisoners were ordered by a decree of the Diet, to be treated as felons, and hanged in the most public places in the city. This decree was rigorously and unrelentingly executed. The Savoyard soldiers, without any distinction, as to rank or character, suffered the ignominious punishment to which they were condemned, and the streets of Geneva were blocked up by gibbets, which the most timid and merciful of its inhabitants gazed upon with satisfaction and triumph.

The Count of Martigny, both on account of his rank and of the peculiar degree of hatred with which each Genevese

bosom beat against him, was reserved to be the last victim. On the day of his execution the streets were lined with spectators, and the principal families in the city occupied stations around the scaffold. So great was the universal joy at having their persecutor in their power, that even the wives and daughters of the most distinguished citizens were anxious to view the punishment inflicted upon him, whom they considered alike the enemy of heaven and of themselves. Isabel, was not of this number: but her father sternly compelled her to be a witness of the dismal scene. The hour of noon was fast approaching, and the bell of the cathedral of St. Pierre, heavily and solemnly tolled the kneel of the unfortunate Martigny. The fatal cavalcade approached the place of execution. A stern and solemn triumph gleamed in the eyes of the Genevese soldiers as they trod by the side of the victim; but most of the spectators, especially the females, were melted into tears, when they beheld the fine manly form of the prisoner, whose youthful beauty seemed better fitted for the royal levee, or a lady's bower, than for the melancholy fate, to which he was about to be consigned. His head was bare, and his light flaxen hair fell in a rich profusion of locks down his shoulders, but left unshaded his finely proportioned and sun burnt features. He wore the uniform of the Savoyard army, and a star on his breast indicating his rank, while he held in his hand a small ivory cross, which he frequently and fervently kissed. His deportment was firm and contemptuous; and as he looked on the formal, and frequently grotesque figures of his guards, his features even assumed an expression of risibility. The sight of the gibbet, however, seemed to appal him, for he had not been apprised of the ignominious nature of his punishment. "And is this," he said, as he scornfully dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye, "ye heretic dogs, is this the death to which you doom the heir of Martigny?" A stern and bitter smile played on the lips of his guards, but they remained silent. "Oh, God," he continued, "in the field, on the wave, or on the block, which has reeked so often with the bravest and noblest blood, I could have died smiling, but this——." His emotion seemed increasing, but, with a violent effort, he suppressed every outward sign of it; for the visible satisfaction which gleamed on the dark faces

around him, at the state of weakness to which they had reduced the proud heart of their foe, was more galling to his soul than the shameful death to which he was devoted.

By the time he reached the place of execution his face had resumed its calm and scornful air, and he sprang upon the scaffold with apparently unconcerned alacrity. At the same moment a dreadful shriek issued from that part of the surrounding booths in which the family of Beauvoisin sat; and in another instant a female, deadly pale, and with her hair and dress disordered, had darted on the scaffold, and clapsed the prisoner in her arms. "Theodore?" she cried, "Theodore?—can it be thou? oh! they dare not take thy life—thou bravest, best of men! Avaunt, ye blood-thirsty brood! ye cannot tear me from him! No: till my arms grow cold in death I'll clasp him thus, and defy the world to sever us!"—"Oh, Isabel!" he said, "it is too much: my soul can bear no more—I hoped thy eyes had been spared this sight—but the cold tyrants have decreed it thus: oh! leave me—leave me—it is in vain—unmannered ruffians, spare her!" While he spoke the soldiers forcibly tore her from him, and were dragging her through the crowd. "My father! save him! he saved thy child—Theodore! supplicate him—he is kind." She turned her eyes to the scaffold as she uttered these words, and beheld the form of Martigny, writhing in the air, and convulsed with the last mortal agony. A fearful shriek burst from her heart, and she sunk senseless in the arms of those who bore her.

Isabel survived this event more than a twelvemonth; but her reason had fled, and her health was so shattered that final recovery was hopeless. She took scarcely any food—refused all intercourse with her former friends, and even with her father, would sit silent and motionless for days together. One thing only soothed her mind, or afforded any gratification; and this as she was an experienced steerswoman, her friends indulged her in—to sail from the city of Geneva to that spot on which she used to meet her lover. This she did constantly every evening; but when she landed, and had waited a short time, her shrieks and cries were pitiable. This practice, one evening, proved fatal; instead of steering to the usual landing place, a little above the city, she entered the Rhone, where it emerges

from the lake. The rapidity of its waves mastered and overturned the frail bark in which she sailed, and the unfortunate Isabel sunk to rise no more!

The tragic nature of these events made an impression on the popular mind which three centuries have not effaced. The spirit of Isabel is still said to sail every night from Geneva to Clase, to meet her lover; and the track across the lake, which this unearthly traveller pursues, is distinguished by the name of "The Spectre's Voyage."

THE KNAVISH GHOST.

In the year 1704, a gentleman, to all appearance of large fortune, took furnished lodgings in a house in Soho-square. After he had resided there some weeks with his establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived at Hampstead, and who, on his death-bed, particularly desired to be interred in the family vault in Westminster Abbey. The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and make arrangements there for the funeral. The landlord, without hesitation, signified his compliance.

The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in the great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnities. He staid out late, but this was no uncommon thing. The landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual, about twelve o'clock. One maid servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water, which he had desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was accordingly sitting alone in the kitchen, when a tall, spectre-looking figure entered, and clapped itself down in a chair opposite her.

The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex; but she was terrified beyond expression, lonely as she was, at this unexpected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow, at a side-door, and hurried to

the chamber of her master and mistress. Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre, enveloped in a shroud, and with a death-like paleness, made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bed-room, without their having observed how it entered. The worst of all was, that this chair stood by the door of the bed-chamber, so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it. The master and mistress crept under the bed-clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid servant sunk nearly insensible by the side of the bed.

At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar; for, though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear an incessant noise and clatter, which served to increase their terror.

At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head, and steal a glance at the chair by the door; but, behold the ghost was gone! Sober reason began to resume its power. The poor girl was brought to herself after a good deal of shaking. In a short time they plucked up sufficient courage to quit the bed-room, and commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder. Nor were their anticipations unfounded. The whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying for his lodging. It turned out that he was no other than an accomplice of the notorious Arthur Chambers, who was executed at Tyburn in 1706, and that the supposed corpse was this arch-rogue himself, who had whitened his hands and face with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin, and appeared to the maid in the kitchen. When she flew up stairs, he softly followed her, and seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as a sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND RETURNED.

About the year 1706, I knew (says Dr. King) one Mr. Howe, a sensible, well-natured man, possessed of an estate of 7 0*l.* or 800*l.* per annum: he married a young lady of good family in the West of England; her maiden name was Mallett: she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife.

Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business: the same day at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under the necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her *seventeen years*, during which time she never heard from him or of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favor of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage Walk, in St. James' Park. When she had read the billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and laughing, said, "You see, brother, old as I am, I have a gallant." Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting: this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away: however, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage Walk: they had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them, and after saluting his friends and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that time to the day of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife, they lived in a house in Jermyn street, near St. James' church: he went no farther than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room for which he paid five or six

shillings a week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig, (for he was a fair man,) he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence! He had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time; but they both died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead: this act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house near his lodging, which he frequented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means had involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount: and for some days she lived in continual apprehensions of demand from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. But nothing of this kind happened: on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate unencumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings: and upon examining his papers in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transactions or money concerns. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants and the expenses of her housekeeping; and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn street to a small house in Brewer street, near Golden square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdi cation, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with him once or twice a week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining room, where she generally sat, and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to

him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James' church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home, he would never confess even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such singular conduct: apparently there was none; but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it. Dr. Rose has often said to me, that he believed his brother would never have returned to his wife if the money which he took with him, which was supposed to have been £1000 or £2000, had not been all spent; and he must have been a good economist, and frugal in his manner of living, otherwise his money would scarcely have held out; for I imagine he had his whole fortune by him, I mean what he carried away with him in money or bank bills, and daily took out of his bag, like the Spaniard in Gil Blas, what was sufficient for his expenses.—*King's Anecdotes.*

HONOR AND MAGNANIMITY OF A HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

In the year 1795, a serious disturbance broke out in Glasgow among the Breadalbane Fencibles. Several men having been confined and threatened with corporal punishment, considerable discontent and irritation were excited among their comrades, which increased to such violence, that when some men were confined in the guard house, most of the regiment rushed out and forcibly released the prisoners. This violation of military discipline was not to be passed over, and accordigly measures were taken to secure the ringleaders, and bring them to punishment. But so many were equally concerned, that it was difficult to fix on the proper subjects for punishment. And here was shown a trait of character worthy of a better cause, and which originated from a feeling alive to the disgrace of a degrading punishment. The soldiers being made sensible of the nature of their misconduct, and the consequent punishment, four men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial, and suffer the sentence of the law, as an atonement for the whole.

These men were accordingly marched to Edinburgh castle, tried, and condemned to be shot. Three of them were afterwards reprieved, and the fourth was shot on Musselburgh Sands.

On the march to Edinburgh, a circumstance occurred, the more worthy of notice, as it shows a strong principle of honor and fidelity to his word and to his officer, in a common Highland soldier.

One of the men stated to the officer commanding the party, that he knew what his fate would be, but that he had left business of the utmost importance to a friend in Glasgow, which he wished to transact before his death; that as to himself, he was fully prepared to meet his fate; but with regard to his friend, he could not die in peace unless the business was settled; and that if the officer would suffer him to return to Glasgow, a few hours there would be sufficient; that he would join him before he reached Edinburgh, and then march as prisoner with the party. The soldier added, "You have known me since I was a child; you know my country and kindred, and you may believe I shall never bring you to any blame by a breach of the promise I now make, to be with you in full time to be delivered up in the castle." This was a startling proposal to the officer, who was a judicious, humane man, and knew perfectly his risk and responsibility in yielding to such an extraordinary application. However, his confidence was such, that he complied with the request of the prisoner, who returned to Glasgow at night, settled his business, and left the town before daylight to redeem his pledge. He took a long circuit to avoid being seen, apprehended as a deserter, and sent back to Glasgow, as probably his account of his officer's indulgence would not have been credited. In consequence of this caution, and the lengthened march through the woods and over hills, by an unfrequented route there was no appearance of him at the hour appointed. The perplexity of the officer, when he reached the neighborhood of Edinburgh, may be easily imagined. He moved forward slowly, indeed, but no soldier appeared, and unable to delay any longer, he marched up to the castle, and as he was delivering over the prisoners, but before any report was given in, Macmartin, the absent soldier rushed in among his fellow-prisoners, all pale

with anxiety and fatigue, and breathless with apprehension of the consequences in which his delay might have involved his benefactor.

In whatever light the conduct of the officer (my respectable friend, Major Colin Campbell) may be considered, either by military men or others, in this memorable exemplification of the characteristic principle of his countrymen, fidelity to their word, it cannot but be wished that the soldier's magnanimous self-devotion had been taken as an atonement for his own misconduct and that of the whole. It was not from any additional guilt that the man who suffered was shot. It was determined that only one should suffer, and the four were ordered to draw lots. The fatal chance fell upon William Sutherland, who was executed accordingly.—*Colonel Stewart's Sketch of the Highlanders.*

THE SAILOR, THE SHOWMAN, AND THE MONKEY.

THE Lord Mayor of London was interrupted in the course of his business at the Mansion House, in September, 1820, by a sailor, a showman, and a monkey, who arrived at the justice-room with a great multitude behind them.

The monkey was making a most hideous noise, and the sailor and showman, who had been arguing in their way to the Mansion House, were so wholly absorbed in the subject of dispute, as not to take notice for some time of the authority presiding. The monkey was much more attentive to forms, and, as will be presently seen, seemed to have an impression that he had got into better company than he had been accustomed to.

His lordship, having noticed the respectable demeanor of the monkey, called upon the sailor and showman to follow the example of the animal, who at that moment began to play some of the most laughable tricks, such as pulling the showman's nose, untying his cravat, dragging open his waistcoat, and, in fact, proceeding to the business of stripping him. The Lord Mayor having desired that the complaint, if there was any, should be immediately stated, the sailor said he and the monkey were the injured *persons*, and the

showman was the aggressor. The sailor then said, tha he went into Gillman and Adkin's exhibition of wild beasts, in Bartholomew fair; and while he was looking at the curiosities, he heard a very shrill noise to which his ears were no strangers. Upon looking to the upper part of a large cage, he saw the monkey, which was now before his lordship, in great agitation, and in an instant he knew it to be his own property, which he had purchased at St. Kitts, for four or five dollars, and lost at Portsmouth some time ago. He immediately told the keeper that he was a knave if that monkey was not his monkey, and have it he would. The keeper refused to give it up on such authority, and declared that his masters had bought it fairly for a pound.

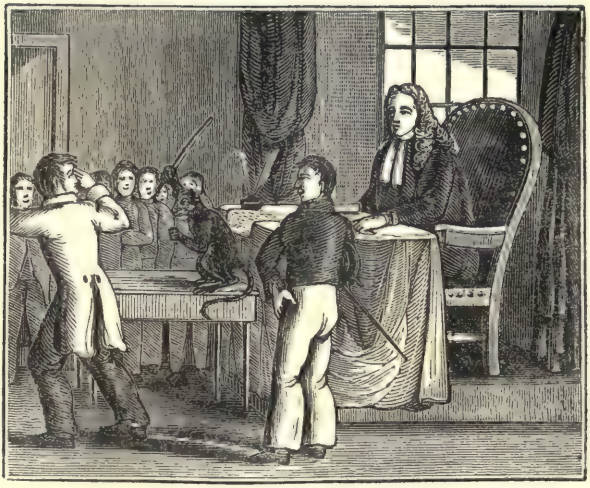
The showman was by this time in a high passion with the monkey who had seized him with such violence by the nose, as to make him roar out. The animal, which was growing more and more averse to the control of the keeper, held out his paws to the sailor, and moaned in the most dismal manner.

The Lord Mayor said, the only way for him to decide upon a case in which there was positive assertion on both sides, was to leave the matter to the monkey himself. His lordship directed that the monkey should be placed upon the table, and that each party claiming him should use his powers of fascination, in order to ascertain to whom the monkey was most attached.

The monkey was put upon the table, but it was nearly fatal to him; for a large dog which had been a constant visitor at the Mansion House, and which had been watching for some time, made a spring at him, and but for the sailor, would have probably decided the matter without giving his lordship any further trouble.

The Lord Mayor marked the effect of this very important adventure upon the plaintiff and defendant, and was of opinion, that as the greater concern was manifested on the part of the sailor, he was the right master.

The monkey clung about the neck of the sailor, and licked him, patted his cheeks, and caressed him in the most affectionate manner. The Lord Mayor desired the show man to take him from the sailor, but the attempt exasper



THE SAILOR, THE SHOWMAN, AND THE MONKEY.

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ated the animal greatly. The sailor said, that if farther proof were necessary he would give it.

The Lord Mayor suggested that the parties should issue commands to the monkey.

The showman put a piece of stick in the monkey's paw, and ordered him to shoulder arms. Instead of complying with the order, the monkey struck the keeper on the head, and then threw it in his face.

The sailor then called to him, "Jack, make a *salaam* to his lordship." The monkey instantly stood erect on his hind legs, raised his paws to the top of his head, and made a low bow to the Lord Mayor in the Turkish style; he then hugged the sailor as before. "If any thing else is necessary," said the sailor, "I'll do something more; there is a hole in one of his ears, which I bored in St. Kitts, for it is fashionable for the bucks to wear one ear-ring there; his left paw is marked by a fishing hook, and part of his tail is bitten by a parrot that used to quarrel with him."

These marks were observed. The Lord Mayor advised the showman to give up all claim to the monkey. The showman refused. The sailor refused to part with the monkey, and the monkey refused to part with him. The two disputants left the office, the monkey about the neck of the sailor.

SEVERE JUSTICE OF JEHANGIRE, EMPEROR OF THE MOGULS.

THE excessive severity of this monarch in the execution of impartial justice was the great line which marks the features of his character. He had no respect to persons, when he animadverted upon crimes. His former favor was obliterated at once by guilt; and he persevered with undeviating rigor to revenge upon the great the injuries done to the low. The story of Sief Alla remains as a monument of his savage justice. The sister of the favorite Sultana had a son by her husband Ibrahim, the Suba of Bengal, who, from his tender years, had been brought up by the empress, and she, having no sons by Jehangire, adopted Sief Alla

for her own. The emperor was fond of the boy; he even often seated him on his throne. At twelve years of age, Alla returned to his father in Bengal. Jehangire gave him a letter to the Suba, with orders to appoint him governor of Burdwan. Alla, after having resided in his government some years, had the misfortune, when he was one day riding on an elephant through the street, to tread by accident a child to death. The parents of the child followed Alla to his house. They loudly demanded an exemplary punishment on the driver; and the governor, considering it as an accident, refused their request, and ordered them to be driven away from his door. They abused him in very opprobrious terms; and Alla, proud of his rank and family, expelled them from the district of Burdwan.

Jehangire residing at that time in the city of Lahore, they found their way, after a long journey on foot, to his presence. They called aloud for justice; and the emperor wrote a letter to Alla with his own hand, with peremptory orders to restore to the injured parents of the child their possessions, and to make them ample amends for their loss and the fatigue of their journey. The pride of Alla was hurt at the victory gained over him; and, instead of obeying the orders of his prince, he threw them into prison till they made submission to him for their conduct. But, as soon as they were released, they travelled again to Lahore. Alla was alarmed, and wrote letters to the Sultana, to prevent the petitioners from being admitted into the presence. They hovered to no effect for some months about the palace. They could not come even within the hearing of the emperor, till one day that he was taking his pleasure in a barge upon the river. They pressed forward through the crowd, and thrice called out aloud for justice. The emperor heard them, and he recollected their persons. He ordered the barge to be rowed that instant to the bank; and before he inquired into the nature of their complaint, he wrote an order for them to receive a pension for life from the imperial treasury. When they had explained their grievances, he said not a word, but he commanded Alla to appear immediately at Court.

Alla obeyed the imperial command: but he knew not the intentions of Jehangire, which that prince had locked in his

own breast. The youth encamped with his retinue, the night of his arrival, on the opposite bank of the river, and sent a messenger to announce his coming to the Emperor. Jehangire gave orders for one of his elephants of state to be ready by the dawn of day; and he at the same time directed the parents of the child to attend.

He himself was up before it was light, and having crossed the river, he came to the camp of Alla, and commanded him to be bound. The parents were mounted upon the elephant, and the emperor ordered the driver to tread the unfortunate young man to death. But the driver, afraid of the resentment of the Sultana, passed over him several times, without giving the elephant the necessary directions. The Emperor, however, by his threats, obliged him at last to execute his orders. He retired home in silence, and issued his commands to bury Alla, with great pomp and magnificence, and that the Court should go into mourning for him for the space of two moons. "I loved him," said Jehangire, "but justice, like necessity, should bind Monarchs."

SINGULAR FORTUNE OF CHAJA AIASS.

Chaja Aiass was a native of the Western Tartary, and left that country to push his fortune in Indostan. He was descended of an ancient and noble family, fallen into decay by various and accidental revolutions. He, however, had received a good education, which was all his parents could bestow. Falling in love with a young woman, as poor as himself, he married her; but he found it difficult to provide for her the necessaries of life. Reduced to the last extremity, he turned his thoughts upon India, the usual resource of the needy Tartars of the north. He left, privately, friends, who either would not, or could not assist him, and turned his face to a foreign country. His all consisted of one sorry horse, and a very small sum of money, which had proceeded from the sale of his other effects. Placing his wife upon the horse, he walked by her side. She happened to be with child and could ill endure the fatigue of so great a journey. Their scanty pittance of money was soon expended; they

had even subsisted for some days upon charity, when they arrived at the skirts of the Great Solitudes which separate Tartary from the dominions of the family at Timur in India. No house was there to cover them from the inclemency of the weather; no hand to relieve their wants. To return was certain misery: to proceed was apparent destruction.

They had fasted three days: to complete their misfortune, the wife of Aiass was taken in labor. She began to reproach her husband for leaving his native country at an unfortunate hour; for exchanging a quiet, though poor life, for the ideal prospect of wealth in a distant country. In this distressing situation she brought forth a daughter. They remained in the place for some hours, with a vain hope that travellers might pass that way. They were disappointed. Human feet seldom tread these deserts: the sun declined apace. They feared the approach of night; the place was the haunt of wild beasts; and, should they escape their hunger, they must fall by their own. Chaja Aiass, in this extremity, having placed his wife on the horse, found himself so much exhausted that he could scarcely move. To carry the child was impossible: the mother could not even hold herself fast on the horse. A long contest began between humanity and necessity: the latter prevailed, and they agreed to expose the child on the highway. The infant, covered with leaves, was placed under a tree; and the disconsolate parents proceeded in tears.

When they had advanced about a mile from the place, and the eyes of the mother could no longer distinguish the solitary tree, under which she had left her daughter, she gave way to grief: and, throwing herself from the horse, on the ground, exclaimed, "my child! my child!" She endeavored to raise herself; but she had no strength to return. Aiass was pierced to the heart. He prevailed on his wife to sit down. He promised to bring her the infant. He arrived at the place. No sooner had his eyes reached the child than he was almost struck dead with horror. A black snake was coiled around it; and Aiass believed he beheld him extending his fatal jaws to devour the infant. The father rushed forward. The serpent, alarmed at his vociferation, retired into the hollow tree. He took up his daughter

unhurt, and returned to the mother. He gave her child into her arms; and, as he was informing her of the wonderful escape of the infant, some travellers appeared, and soon relieved them of all their wants. They proceeded gradually, and came to Lahore; where Abkar, the Emperor of the Moguls, at this time kept his Court.

It happened that Asiph Chan, one of the Emperor's principal officers, attended then his presence. He was a distant relation to Aiass, and he received him with attention and friendship. To employ him, he made him his own secretary. Aiass was soon recommended to Asiph in that station; and, by some accident, his diligence and ability attracted the notice of the Emperor, who raised him to the command of a thousand horse. He became in process of time Master of the Household; and, his genius being still greater than even his good fortune, he raised himself to the office and title of Actimad-ul-Dowla, or high treasurer of the empire. Thus he, who had almost perished through mere want in the desert, became in the space of a few years, the first subject in India.

EXAMPLE OF TURKISH JUSTICE.

A GROCER of the city of Smyrna had a son, who with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy to the cadi, or mayor of that city, and as such visited the markets and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbors, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to shift his weights for fear of the worst; but the old cheat, depending on his relationship to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would never expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop door waiting for his coming. The naib, however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villainy, and make an example of him. Accordingly he stopped at his door, and said coolly to him,

"good man, fetch out your weights that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his frauds, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces. His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son to remit him all further punishment of his crime: but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender; for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinade of as many blows on the soles of his feet. All this was executed upon the spot; after which the naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with his tears, addressed him thus: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth: it has no regard to father or son. God and our neighbor's rights are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment; you would in the end have received it from some other: I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and, instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity." This done, he mounted his horse again and continued his journey, amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city for so extraordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the Sublime Porte, the sultan advanced him to the post of cadi, from whence by degrees he rose to the dignity of mufti, who is the head both of the religion and the law among the Turks.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

THE fame of an English bull-dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso-relievo, which still remains on the chimney-piece of the grand hall

at the castle of Montargis, in France. The sculpture, which represents a dog fighting with a champion, is explained by the following narrative.

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bull-dog, would not quit his master's grave for several days; till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri's, at Paris, and by his melancholy howling seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all these actions of the dog, added to the circumstance of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal, who conducted them to a tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, significantly entreating them to search that particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin: who is styled, by all the historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire; when, instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey.

In short, whenever the dog saw the chevalier, he continued to pursue and attack him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary, especially to those who at once recollected the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macaire's envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier had been conspicuous.

Additional circumstances increased suspicion; and at length the affair reached the royal ear. The king (Louis VIII.) accordingly sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle till he perceived Macaire in the midst of several noblemen; when he ran fiercely towards him, growling at and attacking him as usual.

In those rude times, when no positive proof of crime ap-

peared, an order was issued for a combat between the accuser and the accused. These were denominated the Judgments of God, from a persuasion that heaven would much sooner work a miracle than suffer innocence to perish with infamy.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to a chance of battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the Isle of Notre Dame, then an uninclosed, uninhabited place; Macaire's weapon being a great cudgel.

The dog had an empty cask allowed for his retreat, to enable him to recover breath. Every thing being prepared, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward he griped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt in the presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of which, the chevalier after a few days, was convicted upon his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the Isle of Notre Dame.

The above curious recital is translated from the *Memoires sur les Duels*, and is confirmed by many judicious critical writers; particularly Julius Scaliger and Montfaucon, neither of whom have been regarded as fabricators of idle stories. On this narrative the melo drama of the Forest of Bondi is founded.

JOHN VAN ALSTINE.

Van Alstine was born at Canajoharie, Montgomery county, N. Y., in the year 1779. He was the only son of his father, and on that account was treated with injudicious indulgence. He was a youth of strong natural parts, ambitious, and so active and industrious, that from the age of twelve years his parent confided the management of his farm and the chief control of his affairs to him. His education

was such as is usually given to the sons of husbandmen, he could read and write, and knew something of figures. In 1795, the family removed to Sharon, in Schoharie county, and the year after the elder Van Alstine died, leaving the subject of this memoir, at the age of sixteen, to support a mother and three sisters.

His wordly affairs prospered: his anxiety to acquire property, stimulated him to uncommon exertions, which were crowned with success. He gained considerable money by the barter of petty articles, and finally became a jockey and swapper of horses. In all these matters he held fast to his integrity, but his desire of getting and keeping money grew by habit into a passion, which finally brought him to an untimely and ignominious death. Nevertheless, he was for a long time considered one of the most respectable men in the neighborhood.

After a courtship of five years, he married a young woman to whom he was warmly attached, and whose character justified his affection. Their harmony was never interrupted, and in all crosses and afflictions she sustained her proper part; that of a kind, tender and obliging helpmate. One affliction only had its source in his marriage. Two years after it took place, a dispute arose between his wife and the other members of his family. Van Alstine took part with his wife, and in consequence his mother and sisters left his house. After this event his fortune seemed to undergo a change, and his affairs did not prosper as before.

This change was in some measure owing to his peculiar character. He was, though a man of kind and warm feelings, very irritable and obstinate. He was close and prudent in his affairs, but the poor man never went away empty from his doors. He was easily moved by persuasion, but could not be swayed in the least by opposition or harshness; on the contrary he became more inflexible as difficulties thickened around him. His stubbornness was so great that when engaged in law-suits with his neighbors, he would make any sacrifice rather than make the slightest advance toward an amicable arrangement. His temper, we have said, was violent, but he was easily appeased, and it never caused him to raise his hand to strike, but in two instances. Once he killed a refractory horse of his own in a moment of passion:

the other instance will presently come under consideration. Deliberate injury he never committed, unless when he had been previously wronged. In such cases he often carried his revenge so far as to hurt himself. His character was partly constitutional, partly owing to the way in which he was brought up. The only other fault with which he can be charged was an inordinate fondness for horse-racing, which led him into many troubles. He was so fond of this pastime that he would ride sixty miles to enjoy it, neglecting his business. This conduct brought embarrassments on his property, which had become considerable, and these rendered him more irritable and morose than he would otherwise have been. It is painful to see a man so estimable in many things so led astray by passion, as to imbrue his hands in the blood of a fellow creature.

In the year 1818, Van Alstine was involved in law-suits, the result of which was that a part of his property was advertised to be sold for the benefit of one Horning, his creditor. At a former sale of part of his property on a like account, Van Alstine, had or thought he had just cause of complaint against William Huddlestone, the sheriff. On the present occasion the sale was appointed to take place on the 19th of October, and on that day Van Alstine remained in his house till the afternoon, but finding that no person came, he went into one of his fields and began to harrow it. While he was thus at work, four persons came up on horseback, and he went with them to the house, leaving his horses in the field in their harness. One of them asked if there was not to be a vendue at his house, and he replied, "Yes, they are always having vendues; but they may sell and be d—d. If they take my property they will be glad to bring it back." He also abused Mr. Huddlestone in no measured terms. While they were thus conversing, the unfortunate sheriff rode up, and Van Alstine asked why he had not come before, as they had been waiting for him. Mr. Huddlestone said it was time enough, and asked if Van Alstine had any money for him. He replied, "No, and I don't want any." The others then rode off, leaving Van Alstine and the sheriff together.

Mr. Huddlestone told Van Alstine that the sale was postponed for a week, but that he had another execution against

him, and asked if he could pay a small sum on an old one. He answered, that perhaps he could, and Mr. Huddlestone then proposing to give his horse some oats, they went to the barn together. They had to pass through a fence, and Van Alstine let down the bars. While the sheriff was leading his horse over, Van Alstine, in a jocular manner, remarked, that he would take his own horse and run away. Huddlestone answered, that he had better not, as he should follow him. Van Alstine now gave the horse some oats, and the sheriff sat down on a bushel measure to calculate the sum due on the old execution, which amounted to about eight dollars. Van Alstine asked to see the last execution, and the sheriff showed it to him, without, however, letting it go out of his hands. He then said, that he had been ordered to collect the whole sum due on it, without allowing for the payment of sums for which Van Alstine held receipts. These words put the miserable man in an outrageous passion, and without the least hesitation he struck Huddlestone a violent blow with an oaken bar that he held, and felled him to the floor. He then repeated the blow, beat out one eye, and fractured the skull of his victim. The weapon was a heavy one, being the bar used to fasten the barn doors.

Compunction succeeded anger; he dropped his club, and at the same moment perceived his two sons coming toward him. Thinking they had seen something, he jerked the body into the barn by the foot, and ran to meet and prevent them from coming nigh. Having sent them away on other errands, he returned, dragged the corpse of his victim into a corner of the barn, and covered it with straw. Then to divert suspicion, he busied himself in chopping wood, all the while resolving in his mind the means of concealing the body. Had he dug a grave in the green sod, it would have attracted immediate notice, and he therefore determined to bury Huddlestone in the ploughed field he had been harrowing. Having formed this resolution, he went home to sup, and await the darkness.

It was a bright moonlight night, and as the homicide was executing his purpose, conscience raised up a thousand witnesses of his doings. After digging the grave he went to the barn, took what money was in the pockets of the deceased, and shouldered the body. He carried it by a round-

about way to the grave, to avoid being seen, a distance of four hundred yards, without once stopping. On the way he was obliged to climb over a fence with his load on his shoulder. At every sound he fancied he heard the footsteps of a pursuer. He then took off his victim's boots, threw him into the hole, and covered him up. He hid the boots under a stone, and an inkstand that had been in Huddlestone's pocket, under a fence. All the bills he had taken, excepting a three dollar note, he put into a stump, where they were afterwards found, nibbled by mice. Nothing now remained but to dispose of the sheriff's horse, and had he attended to this on the same night, he might have escaped detection. Instead of so doing, he went home and went to bed.

He rose in the morning at day-break, and rode the horse about half a mile from his house to a bridge, under which he hid the saddle. He next took the animal into a swamp, and tied him to a sapling, returned, and harrowed over the grave. He also endeavored to efface the stains of blood from the fence over which he had climbed. A little before sunset he went and loosened the horse which ran half a mile before he could lay hands on him again. Just as he had caught the horse, he saw that he was observed by a woman, and putting a bold face on the matter, he led the animal directly toward her. After this he hid the horse at different times in different places.

When Huddlestone was missed, suspicion fell upon Van Alstine. He had passed the bill he took from the deceased, and it was observed to be stained with blood. On the sixteenth of the month, conversing with a neighbor on the subject he declared his belief that the sheriff had absconded with the money he had collected. He said it had been intimated to him that he had killed Huddlestone, that he had received the bill before mentioned from a friend whom he could produce, if that would give any satisfaction. Having learned that a search for the body was to be made the next day, he went and hid Huddlestone's horse in what he thought a safe place in the woods, and returned home. He went to bed without any intention of escaping.

He awoke about midnight, and his wife observed that he had been speaking about removing, and if he chose to go and look for a place, she was willing, and would take good

care of his affairs in his absence. He asked her why she spoke in this manner, and she answered, that every thing seemed to turn against him. He demanded to know if she believed him guilty of the murder. She replied that she did not know. Guilty as he was, Van Alstine could not bear to lower himself in this affectionate woman's esteem by acknowledging his crime. He said he should probably be apprehended the next day on suspicion, and that he would as lief be in hell as in jail. He added, however, that if he took to flight suspicion would be stronger. Finding that she wished him to escape, he arose, carried a saddle to Huddlestone's horse, and took the road to Canada.

The search took place the next day, and the body was found, as well as the bills and other articles Van Alstine had secreted. Blood was observed on the fence and in the barn where the murder had been perpetrated.

The homicide reached Kingston, in Canada, in safety, passing by the name of John Allen. Here he fell in with one Page, who showed him a proclamation offering a reward for his apprehension. Thence he went to Buffalo and embarked on board a schooner, intending to proceed to Sandusky or some other remote town in the western states. Opposite Long Point a head wind compelled the vessel to anchor, and increased in violence till she parted her cable. There was a passenger on board named Slocum, who compared Van Alstine's person with the description in the governor's proclamation, and came to the conclusion that he was the fugitive indicated. As soon as the schooner reached the shore, which she did at Black Rock, Slocum caused him to be arrested and lodged in Buffalo jail. He persisted in calling himself Allen till he was identified by a person who had seen him before. He then gave up all thoughts of concealment, and was conveyed to Schoharie.

He avowed that when apprehended at Buffalo he was strongly tempted to commit suicide, and went so far as to attempt to strangle himself with his neckcloth. He thought more than once on the road to Schoharie of throwing himself headlong out of the carriage, but the thoughts of what must be the punishment to such a crime in the next world deterred him.

On the 16th of November he was arraigned, and plead-

ed not guilty. It was proved that the spectacle case of Huddlestone was found in the straw where his body had lain: and that Van Alstine had pretended to have paid the executions against him, wishing to make it appear that the sheriff had absconded with the money. It appeared too in evidence that he had made use of ambiguous expressions touching the intended sale of his property, which were now construed unfavorably for him. The fact of his having fled on Huddlestone's horse was also clearly established. His guilt was made apparent by other incontestable evidence, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The chief justice then asked him if he had any reason to offer why sentence of death should not be pronounced, and he replied that he had none. Sentence was then rendered.

The suggestions of avarice and passion had not been able to eradicate the good principles in which the unhappy man had been educated. His penitence was as singular as his guilt.

It is to be hoped that by referring his burden of sin to him most able to bear it, he made an acceptable atonement. He was executed pursuant to his sentence.

HUMANE ANECDOTE OF LORD CORNWALLIS.*

DURING the memorable siege of Yorktown, in Virginia, various were the shocking spectacles which daily presented themselves to the view of those persons who were necessarily confined within the contracted limits of the British lines. In the course of that tremendous and incessant cannonade and bombardment, which was kept up by the besiegers for nearly two weeks, scarcely a single incident occurred which was better calculated to fill the mind with horror and anguish, than that which gave rise to the following anecdote.

One of the shells thrown from a battery of the allied army, in its descent pierced the roof and penetrated the floors

* From a gentleman who was on the spot, and well acquainted with the circumstances.

of a dwelling house situated on the beach: in a few moments it burst in the cellar with a great explosion, by which circumstance the house was materially injured, and an unfortunate woman, who was sitting in a front room, with her infant about ten months old, fondly clasped in her arms, were together propelled several yards into the street. Some little time afterwards, Lord Cornwallis, (the commander of the post,) taking one of his usual walks around the lines, attended by several officers of the garrison, happened to pass that way: he observed the mother extended, void of life, upon the ground, while the infant, unhurt, and ignorant of the loss which it had sustained, appeared drawing from the breast of the lifeless corpse, its wonted nourishment. Shocked to an extreme with so uncommon an instance of the direful effects of war, his Lordship, after ordering the deceased to be decently interred at his expense, despatched a messenger to a poor widow, who was the mother of several children, and who was remarkable for her kind and affectionate disposition. On her presenting herself, he related to her the accident which had happened, and expressed his desire that she would take the unfortunate orphan in charge, nurse it with the tenderness, and educate it with all the care of a parent; to this she readily agreed; when his lordship took from his purse and gave her twenty guineas, and ordered her several necessary articles, as well for her own use as for the use of her adopted son. This example of munificence in the Earl, was soon imitated by numbers who heard the melancholy tale; by whose united liberal contribution, the woman with her family were enabled, with prudence and economy, to live in a very comfortable style in Virginia, after the surrender of the British army to the combined forces of France and America.—*New York Magazine.*

THE MERCHANT AND HIS DOG.

A FRENCH merchant, having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began

to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, endeavored to remind him of his loss. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying in vain to stop the horse, at last began to bite its heels. The merchant absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on his master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so—my poor dog is certainly mad: what shall I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befal me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim, if I spare him."

With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away with agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal falls wounded; and, weltering in his blood, still endeavors to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by despatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual. "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself, "I had

almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing, no bag was to be found. In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am! I am alone to blame! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with life."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted: but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone! The vital tide was ebbing fast; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes forever.

SINGULAR INTREPIDITY IN A BRITISH OFFICER.

A SINGULAR instance of intrepidity took place at Agoda, near Goa, in the East Indies, on the 21st of March, 1809. Early in the morning, a report was received in the cantonments, that a large tiger had been seen on the rocks near the sea. About nine o'clock, a number of officers and men assembled at the spot where it had been seen, when, after

some search, the animal was discovered in the recess of an immense rock; dogs were sent in, in hopes of starting him, but without effect; they having returned with several wounds.

Lieutenant Evan Davis, of the 7th regiment, attempted to enter the den, but was obliged to return, finding the passage extremely narrow and dark. He, however, attempted a second time, with a pick-axe in his hand, with which he removed some obstructions that were in the way, and having proceeded a few yards, he heard a noise which he conceived to be that of the animal in question. He then returned, and communicated this to Lieutenant Threw of the artillery, who also went in the same distance, and was of a similar opinion. What course to pursue was doubtful; some proposed to blow up the rock, others to smoke him out. At length a port-fire was tied to the end of a bamboo, and introduced into a small crevice which led towards the den. Lieutenant Davis went on his hands and knees down the narrow passage, (which he accomplished with imminent danger to himself,) and by the light was enabled to discover the animal; having returned, he said he could kill him with a pistol; which being procured, he entered again, and fired, but without success, owing to the awkward situation he was then placed in, with his left hand only at liberty. He went back with a musket and bayonet, and wounded him in the loins, but was obliged to retreat as quick as the narrow passage would admit, the tiger having forced the musket back towards the mouth of the den. He then procured a rifle with which he again forced his way into the place, and taking a deliberate aim at the animal's head, fired, and put an end to its existence.

Another difficulty now presented itself; how to get it out required some consideration. Ropes were procured, but every attempt to reach it proved fruitless, till Lieut. Davis, with a pick-axe in his hand, cut his way into the den, and got sufficiently near to fasten a strong rope round its neck by which it was dragged out, to the no small satisfaction of a numerous crowd of anxious spectators.

It measured seven feet and a half from the nose to the tail

REMARKABLE COMBAT AND ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

The following example of escape from apparently inevitable death, is so singular, that it deserves to be recorded, and cannot but be acceptable to our readers.

"In the attack on Manilla, by Sir William Draper, in the year 1762, Captain Richard Bishop, of the marines, greatly distinguished himself by his intrepidity and professional knowledge; in consequence of which he was by that general made governor of the town and fort of Cavite, the principal port in the island of Luconia. At this time there was in the neighborhood a Malay, of extraordinary bulk and strength, and of the most ferocious disposition, who had formerly worked in the dock yard, but had deserted; and having collected nearly a hundred men of like characters with himself, committed every species of lawless violence on the persons and property of the peaceable inhabitants. For the apprehension of this man Captain Bishop had long offered considerable rewards, but without effect; when one day riding out with a brother officer, attended by about forty men, he saw this desperado, armed with a carbine, a brace of pistols, a scimetar, and a dagger, issue out of a wood at a short distance, at the head of his troop. Instigated by a sudden emotion of resentment, Bishop determined to inflict on this man the just punishment of his offences; but being himself without weapons, he borrowed a pistol from the holsters of the officer who accompanied him. Thus provided he galloped up to the Malay, and presented the pistol to his head. The Malay and his followers, confounded at this bold act of a single man, offered no resistance. The pistol missed fire, on which Bishop, striking the Malay with it a violent blow on the head, knocked him off his horse: in the mean while, the English troop, hastening to the assistance of their leader, and concluding him to be fully equal to cope with his fallen antagonist, pursued the banditti, who immediately fled, and both parties were soon out of sight. All this was the work only of a few seconds; during which Bishop, seeing the Malay stunned on the ground, alighted in order to secure him, or if necessary, kill him with one of his own weapons. No sooner, however, was he off his horse, than

the Malay was on his feet, and began a desperate struggle with his rash assailant. It was the business of the former merely to employ his own offensive weapons; the latter had the double necessity of defeating their use, and applying them to his own use and advantage. The Malay was singularly strong and active, inured to hard labour, and exerting himself in his own native climate; the Englishman of much less muscular force, and that reduced by long privations, and by the influence of excessive heat; but the disparity was in a considerable degree compensated by the energy of an invincible mind. This contest for life continued for almost an hour, when at length Bishop, almost fainting with fatigue, was thrown on his back, and the Malay, kneeling on him, drew his dagger, and with all his force, aimed at his breast the fatal blow. At that moment Bishop, exerting his last remains of strength, with both hands averted the point of the dagger as it descended, and changing its direction, drove it upwards into the throat of the ferocious Malay, who immediately fell down dead upon him.

"Bishop, unable to walk, crawled on his hands and knees to his horse, which he found grazing at the distance of a quarter of a mile, near the spot where the contest first began. He mounted with difficulty, and was soon afterwards happily joined by his friends, who had chased their opponents into some dangerous passes, and returned not without solicitude for the fate of their courageous commander, whom they had so long left.

"The victor carried away the spoils of the enemy, part of which was the fatal dagger and the scimetar. Looking to the subsequent history of this gallant officer, we learn with deep regret that he was lost on board his majesty's ship the Thunderer, commanded by Commodore Walsingham, in the great hurricane which occurred in the West Indies in the year 1780."

TRIAL FOR MURDER ON THE PRETENDED INFORMATION OF A GHOST.

About a century ago, a farmer, on his return from the market of Southam, in the county of Warwick, was murdered. A man went next morning to his wife, and inquired if her husband came home the evening before; she replied no, and that she was under the utmost anxiety and terror on that account. "Your terror," said he, "cannot equal mine; for, last night, as I lay in bed quite awake, the apparition of your husband appeared to me, showed me several ghastly stabs in his body, told me he had been murdered by such a person, and his carcass thrown into such a marl-pit."

The alarm was given, the pit searched, the body found, and the wounds answered the description of them. The man whom the ghost accused, was apprehended, and committed on a violent suspicion of murder. His trial came on at Warwick, before the Lord Chief Justice Raymond, when the jury would have convicted as rashly as the justice of the peace had committed him, had not the judge checked them. He addressed himself to them in words to this effect:—"I think, gentlemen, you seem inclined to lay more stress on the evidence of an apparition than it will bear. I cannot say that I give much credit to these kind of stories; but, be that as it may, we have no right to follow our own private opinions here: we are now in a court of law, and must determine according to it; and I know not of any law now in being which will admit of the testimony of an apparition; nor yet if it did, doth the ghost appear to give evidence." "Crier," said he, "call the ghost!" which was thrice done to no manner of purpose. "Gentlemen of the jury," continued the judge, "the prisoner at the bar, as you have heard by undeniable witnesses, is a man of the most unblemished character; nor hath it appeared in the course of the examination, that there was any manner of quarrel or grudge between him and the party deceased. I do verily believe him to be perfectly innocent; and as there is no evidence against him, either positive or circumstantial, he must be acquitted. But from many circumstances which have arisen during the trial, I do strongly suspect that the gentleman who saw the appa-

rition was himself the murderer; in which case he might easily ascertain the pit, the stabs, &c., without any supernatural assistance; and on such suspicion I shall think myself justified in committing him to close custody till the matter can be further inquired into." This was immediately done, and the warrant granted for searching his house, when such strong proofs of guilt appeared against him, that he confessed the murder, and was executed at the next assizes.

GENEROSITY OF M. DE SALLO.

In the year 1662, (when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine,) M. de Sallo, returning from a summer's evening walk, with only a little foot boy, was accosted by a man, who presented his pistol, and in a manner far from the resoluteness of a hardened robber, asked him for his money. M. de Sallo observing that he came to the wrong man, and that he could get little from him, added, "I have only three louis d'ors about me, which are not worth a scuffle, so much good may they do you; but let me tell you, you are in a bad way." The man took them, without asking for more, and walked off with an air of dejection and terror. The fellow was no sooner gone, than M. de Sallo ordered the boy to follow him, to see where he went, and to give him an account of every thing. The lad obeyed; followed him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the louis, and buy a large brown loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors farther, and entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story, where he saw him go into a room that had no other light but that it received from the moon, and peeping through a crevice, he perceived him throw it on the floor, and burst into tears, saying, "There, eat your fill, there's the dearest loaf I ever bought: I have robbed a gentleman of three louis; let us husband them well, and let me have no more teasings, for sooner or later these doing must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamors." His lamentations were answer-

ed by those of the whole family; and his wife having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and cutting it, gave four pieces to four poor starving children. The boy having thus happily performed his commission, returned home, and gave his master an account of every thing he had seen and heard. M. de Sallo, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him at five in the morning. This humane gentleman arose at the time appointed, and taking the boy with him, to show him the way, inquired in the neighborhood the character of a man, who lived in such a garret with a wife and four children; when he was told, that he was a very industrious, good kind of a man; that he was a shoemaker and a neat workman, but was overburdened with a family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times. Satisfied with this acoount, M. de Sallo ascended the shoemaker's garret, and knocking at the door, it was opened by the poor man himself, who knowing him at first sight to be the person he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet, and implored his mercy, pleading the extreme distress of his family, and begging he would forgive his first crime. M. de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had not the least intention to hurt him. "You have a good character among your neighbors," said he, "but must expect that your life will soon be cut short, if you are now so wicked as to continue the freedoms you took with me. Hold your hand, there are thirty louis to buy leather, husband it well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of farther temptations to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry: I hear you are a neat workman, you shall take measure of me, and of this boy, for two pair of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them." The whole family appeared struck with joy, amazement, and gratitude: and M. de Sallo departed greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction at having saved a man, and perhaps a family, from the commission of guilt, from an ignominious death, and perhaps from eternal perdition.

SAVAGE COURAGE AND PATRIOTISM.

THE American Indians of *Fond du Lac*, in the Michigan territory, a small tribe of about fifty men—from their pacific disposition, were branded by their neighbours the *Sioux* with *cowardice*. Feeling indignant at this, thirteen of them, without consulting their friends, who were then negotiating a peace with the Sioux, formed a league to rescue their tribe from imputation on their courage, and secretly penetrated into the Sioux country. Unexpected, they came upon a party of 100 Sioux, and began to prepare for battle: but the Sioux, seeing their small number, advised them to return home; that they admired their valor, and intimated to them, that if they persisted their destruction was inevitable. "The Fond du Lac Indians replied, that they had set out with a determination to fight the first enemy they should meet, however unequal their numbers might be, and would have entered their villages if none had appeared sooner"—they had resolved in this manner to show their brethren that the stigmas that were thrown upon them were unjust, "for no men were braver than their warriors;" and that they were ready and would sacrifice their lives in defence of the character of their tribe. They encamped a short distance from the Sioux, and during the night dug holes in the ground, to which they might retreat and fight to the last extremity. They appointed one of their number (the youngest) to take a station at a distance and witness the struggle, and instructed him to make his escape to their own country, when he had witnessed the death of all the rest, and state the circumstances under which they had fallen. Early in the morning they attacked the Sioux in their camp, who immediately sallying out upon them, forced them back to the last place of retreat they had resolved upon. They fought desperately, and more than twice their own number were killed before they lost their lives. Eight of them were tomahawked in the holes to which they retreated; and the other four fell on the field; the thirteenth returned home according to the directions he had received, and related the foregoing circumstances to his tribe. They mourned their death, but delighted with the unexampled bravery of their friends, they were happy in their grief.

THE FAITHFUL FRENCH SERVANT.

A LADY of Marseilles, in the earlier period of the Revolution, about to emigrate, wished before her departure to place a considerable property in plate, linen, trinkets, wearing apparel, and other articles, in a place of safety. To bury in cellars was become so common, that they were now among the first places searched on any suspicion of concealed treasures; and to convey the things out of the house even by small portions at a time, without being discovered, was a thing out of all hope. What then was to be done? She consulted with an old and faithful servant, who, during a great number of years that he had been in the family, had given such repeated proofs of his fidelity and attachment to it, that she placed unbounded confidence in him. He advised her to pack the things in trunks, and deposit them in a garret at one end of the house; then to wall up the door into it, and new plaster over the whole room adjoining, so as to leave no traces by which it could be discovered that it had any communication with any other apartment. This advice was followed, and the plan executed without the privacy of any other person than the man who suggested it. He himself walled up the door-way, and plastered over the outer room; and, when all was finished, the lady departed, leaving the care of her house entirely to him.

Shortly after her departure, the servant received a visit from the municipal officer, who came with a party of his myrmidoms to search the house, as belonging to an emigrant, and suspected of containing a considerable property. They examined every room, every closet, every place in the house, but nothing of any value was to be discovered:—some large articles of furniture, which could not conveniently be disposed of, and which it was judged better to leave, in order to save appearances, were the only things to be found. The officer said that it was impossible the other things could be conveyed away, and threatened the servant with the utmost severity of justice if he would not confess where they were concealed. He, however, constantly denied any knowledge of the matter, and said, that if any thing had been concealed the secret was unknown to him. This did not satisfy

the officer; but finding he could make no impression on the man, he carried him before the commune. Here he was again interrogated, and menaced even with the guillotine if he did not confess where his mistress' property was concealed; but his resolution still remained unshaken; he steadily adhered to his first assertion, that if any thing was concealed it was without his knowledge; till at length the officers, believing it impossible that if he really were in possession of the secret, he could retain it with the fear of death before his eyes, were persuaded that he was not in his mistress' confidence and dismissed him. They obliged him, however, to quit the house, and a creature of their own was placed in it. Again and again it was searched, but to no purpose; nor was the real truth ever suspected.

But when the career of the terrorists was closed by the fall of their leaders, the faithful servant, who beheld their downfall with exultation, as his own triumph, on a representation of his case to the new magistracy, was replaced in his trust in the house of his mistress. Some little time after, a person came to him one day, who said that he was sent on the part of his mistress; that, as she was unable at present to return, she wished some trunks which she had left concealed to be sent to her, as they could now be moved with safety; and she had described to him, he said, the place and manner in which they were concealed, to the end that, if any misfortune had happened to the servant, he might know where to find them. He then detailed all the particulars relative to their concealment, with so much accuracy, that the servant, seeing him in full possession of the secret, could not doubt of his being really charged with the mission he assumed. He therefore opened the room, and assisted in conveying away the trunks; after which he was informed by the emissary, that his mistress had given orders, as there was now nothing of consequence left in the house, that it should be shut up, and he must maintain himself as well as he could. This was almost a heart-breaking stroke to the faithful servant; but no appeal could be made against the will of his mistress, and he took to the trade of a cobbler, which he had learned in his youth, to gain himself a livelihood.

A long time elapsed without any thing more being heard

of the lady; when at length she appeared, and was in the utmost consternation at learning what had passed. She declared that she had never given a commission to any one to demand her property: nor could she conceive how the impostor had arrived at the knowledge necessary for carrying on the fraud he had practised. The only way in which she could account for the misfortune was, that thinking there was no necessity in a foreign country to guard her secret inviolably, she might perhaps have talked of it indiscretly before some one who had thought it worth his while to take a journey to Marseilles to possess himself fraudulently of her property. She acknowledged, at the same time, that the fraud was so artfully contrived, that the servant was fully absolved for having been the dupe of it; and the poverty, in which he had lived ever since, perfectly exonerated him from the suspicion of having been any thing else than a dupe in the affair.

THE TREACHEROUS GUESTS.

In the month of June, 1818, a pedler and his wife presented themselves at nightfall at the door of a little farmhouse, near the village of the Brie, in France, and requested of the farmer permission to sleep there; his wife was still confined to her bed, having lately lain-in. A small room was assigned to them where they passed the night quietly. The next day being Sunday, the farmer and his servants went to mass to a neighboring village. The pedler also expressed a wish to go, and there remained in the house only the wife of the farmer, the pedler's wife, who complained that she was not well, and a child of six years of age.

Scarcely had the people gone out, when the pedler's wife, armed with a knife, presented herself at the bed of the lying-in woman, and demanded her money, threatening to kill her in case of refusal. The latter, sick and weak, did not oppose the slightest resistance, and delivered up the keys of her drawers, at the same time desiring the little boy to conduct the woman who had to look for something in them.

She rose softly from her bed, followed the pedler's wife without being heard and having beckoned the child out of the room, locked the robber up in the chamber. She then desired the child to run to the village, to apprise his father, and desire him to bring assistance.

The child did not lose an instant; but by an inconceivable fatality met on the road the pedler, who had left the church, no doubt, to join his wife. Having asked the child where he was going, the latter answered ingenuously he was going to seek his father, as an attempt was made to rob them. The pedler took the child by the hand, and said it would be unnecessary, and that he would himself go and protect his mother.

They returned to the farm where the farmer's wife was shut up; they knocked at the door, but this woman not recognizing the voice of her husband, obstinately refused to open it; the pedler made vain efforts to induce to it, and being unable to attain his end, threatened to cut her child's throat, if she did not instantly decide upon it. Furious at not being able to prevail upon her, he executed his horrible threat, and killed the child, almost under the eyes of its mother, who heard, without being able to give succor, the cries and last sighs of her son.

After having committed this useless crime, he endeavored to penetrate into the house to save his wife; time pressed, they might each moment return from mass, and he could not succeed in getting admission but by mounting on the roof and descending down the chimney. During all this time he exhausted his rage in menaces and imprecations against the farmer's wife, who, almost fainting, saw nothing to deliver her from certain death. This wretch had already got into the chimney, and was about to enter into the chamber, when the farmer's wife, collecting all her force, drew, by sudden inspiration, the paillasse of her bed to the edge of the hearth, and there set it on fire. The smoke in a few minutes enveloped the assassin, who, not being able to reascend, very soon fell into the fire half suffocated. The courageous wife lost not her presence of mind, but struck him several blows with the poker, which put him beyond the chance of recovering his senses. Finally exhausted with fatigue and mental agony, she fell

THE TREACHEROUS GUEST.

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senseless on the carpet of her chamber, and remained in this situation till the moment when the farmer and his servants returned from church to be witnesses of this horrible occurrence. The dead body of the child at the gate of the farmhouse, was the first spectacle that struck the eyes of this unhappy father. They forced open the gate, and after having recalled to life the farmer's wife, they seized the two culprits, who were delivered up to justice. The pedler survived his wounds, and both received the punishment due to their crimes.

JOHN MACKAY, THE FATALIST.

THE subject of the following melancholy tale has long ceased to exist, and there is not in the place of his nativity a being who bears his name. The recital will, therefore, wound the feelings of no one; nor will it disturb the ashes of the dead, to give to the world the story of his madness, rather than his crime.

The name of John Mackay appears on the criminal records of the town of Belfast, in the north of Ireland. He was the murderer of his own child. It is unnecessary to dwell on the character of this unhappy man; suffice it that, from early education, and deeply rooted habits, he was a fatalist. An enthusiastic turn of mind had been warped into a superstitious dread; and the fabric that might have been great and beautiful, became a ruin that only betokened death and gloom. Yet in his breast the Creator had infused much of the milk of human kindness, and his disposition peculiarly fitted him to be at peace with all men. The poison had lain dormant in his bosom, but it rankled there. Domestic sorrows contributed to strengthen his gloomy creed; and its effects were darker as it took a deeper root. Life soon lost all its pleasures for him; his usual employments were neglected; his dress and appearance altered; his once animated countenance bore the traces of shame or guilt, and a sort of suspicious eagerness was in every look and action.

He had an only child; one of the loveliest infants that ever blessed a father's heart. It was the melancholy lega-

cy of the woman he had loved; and never did a parent dote with more affection on an earthly hope. This little infant, all purity and innocence, was destined to be the victim of his madness. One morning his friend entered his apartment, and what was his horror at beholding the child stretched on the floor, and the father standing over it, his hands reeking with the blood of his babe. "God of heaven!" exclaimed his friend, "what is here?" Macaky approached, and calmly welcomed him, bidding him behold what he had done. His friend beat his bosom, and sunk on a chair, covering his face with his hands. "Why do you grieve?" asked the maniac; "why are you unhappy?" I was the father of that breathless corpse, and I do not weep; I am even joyful when I gaze on it. Listen, my friend, listen; I knew I was predestined to murder, and who was so fit to be my victim as that little innocent, to whom I gave life, and from whom I have taken it? He had no crime to answer for; besides, how could I leave him in a cold world which would mock him with my name? Even before the commission of the crime, he had sent to a magistrate, whose officers shortly entered and apprehended him. He coolly surrendered himself, and betrayed no emotion; but he took from his bosom a miniature of his wife, dipped it in the blood of his babe, and without a sigh or a tear, departed. It was this circumstance that made many loathe him, and created against him a sentiment of general abhorrence; but when he afterwards, in prison, declared to his friend the storm of passions to which that horrid calm succeeded—that he had torn his hair until the blood trickled down his forehead, while his brain seemed bursting his scull;—his friend was satisfied, and still loved him. In the prison he was with him: though all others deserted him, he pitied and wept. Still, even to the last, he believed he had but fulfilled his duty in the death of his child; and often when he described the scene, and told how the infant smiled on its father at the moment he was prepared to kill it, lisping his name as the weapon was at its throat, he would start with horror at his own tale, and curse the destiny which had decreed it, but always spoke of it as a necessary deed. The time appointed for his trial approached; he contemplated it without dread, and talked of the fate that awaited him

without a shudder. But his friend had exerted himself to procure such testimony of the state of his mind, previous to his committing the dreadful act, as to leave little dread of the result; yet he feared to awaken hopes in the unhappy prisoner which might be destroyed, and never mentioned it to him.

The morning of his trial arrived; he was brought to the bar; his hollow eyes glared unconsciously on his judge, and he gave his plea, as if the words "not guilty" came from a being without life. But his recollection seemed for a moment to return; he opened his lips and gasped faintly, as if he wished to recall them. The trial commenced, and he listened with the same apathy; but once betraying feeling, when he smiled on his friend beside him. The evidence had been heard; the jury had returned to their box and were about to record a verdict of insanity, when a groan from the prisoner created a momentary pause, and he dropped lifeless in the dock. He had for some minutes shadowed his countenance with his hand, and no one but his friend perceived its dreadful alteration. He attributed it to the awful suspense of the moment, the agony between hope and despair. Its cause was a more awful one—he had procured poison, had taken it, and with an almost superhuman strength, had struggled with its effects until he fell dead before the court. He was buried in the church-yard of his native village, where a mound of earth marked his grave, but there was neither stone nor inscription to preserve the name of one so wretched.

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF GENERAL BAUR.

At the time the Russian troops were in Holstein, says Captain Bruce, General Baur, who commanded the cavalry, and was himself a soldier of fortune, his family or country being a secret to every body, took an opportunity to discover himself, which surprised and pleased those who were about him. Being encamped near Husum, in Holstein, he invited all his field officers, and some others, to dine with him, and sent his adjutant to bring a miller and his wife,

who lived in the neighborhood, to the entertainment. The poor couple came, very much afraid of the Muscovite General, and were quite confused when they appeared before him, which he perceiving, bade them make themselves quite easy, for he only meant to show them kindness, and had sent for them to dine with him that day, and talked with them familiarly about the country: the dinner being set, he placed the miller and his wife next to himself, one on each hand, at the head of the table, and paid great attention to them, inviting them to make free and eat hearty.

In the course of the entertainment, he asked the miller a great many questions about his family and his relations; the miller told him, that he was the eldest son of his father, who had been also a miller at the same mill he then possessed; that he had two brothers, tradesmen; and one sister, married to a tradesman; that his own family consisted of one son and three daughters. The general asked him, if he never had any other brother than those he had mentioned; he replied, he had once another, but he was dead many years ago, for they had never heard of him since he enlisted and went away with the soldiers when he was very young, and he must certainly have been killed in the wars. The General observing the company much surprised at his behavior to these people, thinking he did it by way of diversion, said to them, "Gentlemen, you have always been very curious to know who and whence I am; I now inform you, this is the place of my nativity, and you have now heard from this my elder brother, what my family is." And then turning towards the miller and his wife, he embraced them very affectionately, telling them he was their supposed dead brother; and to confirm it, he related every thing that had happened in the family before he left it. The General invited them all to dine with him the next day at the miller's, where a plentiful entertainment was provided, and told them that was the house where he was born. General Baur then made a generous provision for all his relations, and sent the miller's only son to Berlin for his education, who turned out an accomplished young man.

ANCIENT BARBARITY AND IGNORANCE OF THE GERMANS.

About 1322, happened an event among the Venedic peasants, in the duchy of Luneburgh, which strongly proves the barbarity of an ignorant age. The countess of Mansfield, who was daughter to the count of Luchow, had occasion to pay a visit to her relations. In her way through the country of Luneburg, as she was on the extremity of a wood, she heard the cries of a person who seemed to be imploring mercy. Startled at the dismal sound, she ordered one of her domestics to inquire into the cause of those lamentations; but her humanity rendering her too impatient to wait his return, she ordered her coachman to drive to the place from whence the voice issued; when lo! to her great astonishment, she beheld a decrepit old man, with his hands tied, begging hard for mercy, and entreating a person that was digging a grave to spare his life. Struck with this moving spectacle, the gentle countess asked the grave digger what he meant by using such violence to the helpless old man. The digger, not at all alarmed at the sight of the lady and her retinue, but thinking himself engaged in an action no way criminal, and even agreeable to justice and reason, told the countess that the old man was his own father, but now past labor, and unable to earn his bread; he therefore was going to commit him to the earth from whence he came, as a burden and a nuisance. The lady, shocked at a speech which she thought so unnatural, reproved the man for his impiety, and represented to him how contrary such an action was to the divine law, by which we are forbid to kill any man, much less our parent, whom we are bound to respect and honor. The man, looking at her earnestly, said, "What must I do, good lady? I have a house full of children, and I must work hard to maintain them all, and scarce is my labour sufficient; now I cannot take the bread out of the mouths of my little babes, and suffer them to starve, to give it to this old man, whose life is no longer of any use either to himself or to my family." The countess, fetching a deep sigh, turned about to her attendants, "Behold," said she, "the miserable condition of these poor pea-

sants; how lamentable their case, how hard their distress to be obliged to kill those who gave them life to prevent their offspring from starving! Yet the opulent and the great are insensible of the misery of these poor objects, and instead of relieving their necessities, every day aggravate their distress by new tyranny and oppression." Saying this, the generous lady drew out her purse, and giving the man a considerable sum, desired him to spare his aged father's life: the man returned her thanks, and promised to provide for him as long as the money lasted. The lady declared he should have a further supply when necessary, and ordered her servants to proceed on their journey.

FEMALE GUILT AND FORTITUDE.

NEARLY a century since, a wealthy inhabitant of Amsterdam was so unfortunate as to form a connexion with a noted courtesan named Catteau. From that moment he neglected his business, ill treated his wife, wasted his property, and took to those courses which lead to ruin and infamy.

At the instigation of the courtesan, he trepanned his wife into an uninhabited house, situated in a remote part of the city, where there were vaults which communicated with a canal. There the wretches murdered her; and throwing the body into the water, hoped to escape detection.

They were, however, deceived. The friends of the wife were apprehensive that she was made away with. They communicated their suspicions to the burgomasters; a strict search was made; the body was discovered, and such circumstantial evidence procured, as justified the arrest of the husband and his mistress.

The man showed signs of guilt; and, when the instruments of torture were applied, he made a full confession of every thing that had occurred; of course, completely criminating the vile woman who had assisted in the murder.

On the contrary, the female stoutly denied every allegation; declared her own innocence, and said the man was insane, or had been driven by torture to criminate her falsely.

They were confronted with each other, when the man deliberately repeated his confession in her presence, and exhorted her to repent of her crime, and endeavor to save her soul. She looked at him with ineffable contempt, and to the disgust and astonishment of her judges, persisted in asserting her innocence, and demanded her acquittal.

She was then put to the torture, the ordinary and extraordinary; and, although every joint of her legs and arms were dislocated, she steadily persisted in her declarations of innocence.

By the ancient law of Holland, before prisoners could be put to death, they were required to confess their guilt, and the justice of their sentence: the man having obeyed both requisitions, escaped torture, and was beheaded on the scaffold facing the stadt-house.

The female, Catteau, survived her sufferings, and was imprisoned during life in the spen-house; she was of course a cripple, scarcely able to walk or help herself, but her firmness never forsook her, nor was she ever brought to confess her guilt.

After her death, her body was given to the surgeons; and her skeleton is yet to be seen in the anatomy chamber, in the Nieuwe Markt, at Amsterdam.

EDWARD TINKER.

This man belonged to Newbern, Craven County, North Carolina. He there married a Miss Durand, by whom he had children. He was the master of a small schooner, and was engaged in the coasting trade. Peter Durand, his brother-in-law, was one of the crew, and sailed with him.

In 1810, while his schooner was lying at Baltimore, an Irish lad, only known by the name of Edward, came on board and desired to be received as an apprentice. He seemed to be about seventeen years old. After some conversation Tinker agreed to receive him, and he became one of the crew. No indentures were made out, but it was understood that they were to be prepared on the arrival of the vessel at Newbern.

The vessel was insured to her full value, and before she sailed from Baltimore, Potts, the mate, and Peter Durand bored holes in her bottom with an inch auger, and stopped them with wooden plugs, by Tinker's orders. He said it would be very lucky if she ever reached Newbern. She sailed on the second of March, and while on the passage Tinker treated the boy Edward kindly, appearing to be attached to him. Once when Potts was about to chastise him, Tinker prevented it. When the schooner had passed Ocracock Bay, Tinker ran her on a reef, and ordered the plugs to be taken out, which service was performed by Potts and Durand. The master and crew saved themselves and a large sum in specie in the boats. When they came to Roanoke Island, Tinker waited on the Notary Public with a written declaration that his vessel had been cast away in a gale of wind. To this statement he made oath, and persuaded Durand to do the same, telling him it was a matter of no more moment than drinking a glass of grog. Truly these men had but small respect for the awful name they thus took in vain. Durand was indeed a young man, and under many obligations to his brother-in-law. Potts perjured himself without scruple, following the example and advice of his principal, as did another sailor named Smith. These persons, with Edward, constituted the whole crew. Edward was the only one who would not swear, and his virtue made it necessary for Tinker to get rid of him.

When they reached Newbern they all went to board with Tinker in his house, till he should get another vessel, which he soon did. For some reason unknown, Edward became dissatisfied, and on the seventh of April applied to Captain Cook of the revenue cutter for employment. Captain Cook shipped him at sixteen dollars per month. This increased Tinker's enmity, and he resolved to destroy the unfortunate lad.

On Sunday evening the eighth of April, Tinker went to church, and after his return desired Peter Durand to procure some rum. He did so, and on his return Tinker desired him to awaken the boy Edward without disturbing the rest of the family, and tell him they were going to shoot ducks. Durand did as he was commanded, and while Edward was dressing, Tinker got his gun. When about to start the lad

said he had left his hat in the kitchen, but Tinker told him not to mind that for he would not want it, which unhappily proved but too true. The boy tied his handkerchief round his head and they all started together.

As they went along the street they met two watchmen. One of them said, "What, brother! are you going to your vessel at this time of night?" Tinker nodded in token of assent. They then left the watchmen, and when they had reached Tinker's boat, the wretch proposed to go to a neighboring marsh to kill ducks. Durand said that if he was going down the river they had better proceed without delay, but Tinker insisted on going to the marsh first, saying they should have time enough.

When they reached the marsh, Tinker bade Edward go forward and see if there were any ducks in the creek. The boy obeyed, and when he had proceeded five or six yards Tinker levelled his gun and lodged the whole charge of coarse shot in his back. He fell dead without uttering a syllable.

Durand was terrified at beholding this ruthless deed, and cried out for very fear. The savage bade him "hold his jaw," and offered him a glass of spirits, having first taken one himself. He then cut off the boat's painter, and with that and a cord tied two stones weighing together upwards of sixty pounds to the body. He then threw it into the water, tied it to the bow of the boat and ordered Durand to push the boat off. When they had towed the corpse into deep water Tinker cut the rope, and it sunk. On this Durand was greatly agitated, and told his brother-in-law he would disclose the murder. Tinker bade him hold his peace, said he would leave the country, and that his motive for killing the boy was his intention to quit him and ship on board the revenue cutter. They then rowed back to the town and went home.

To avenge this foul and most unnatural murder the stream gave up its dead. The body of the slaughtered youth rose, with all the weight attached to it. It was discovered floating and brought to the wharf at Newbern, a foul and disgusting spectacle, in the last stages of putrefaction. Many mortal shot wounds were plainly discernible. It was at once recognized, but though the public excitement was great, Tink-

er showed no anxiety, no curiosity to behold the mangled remains of his apprentice. Guilt had sealed his lips. His first care was to take boat and descend the river to his vessel. Suspicion necessarily fell on him, and Captain Cook, who it will be remembered had also a claim on the boy, followed him. When he reached the vessel's deck and told Tinker he was a prisoner, the latter said, "What the devil is all this about?" but asked no farther questions touching the cause of his arrest. One of the posse remarked, that if he had any orders to give concerning his vessel he had better do it then, as it would probably be long before he would see her again, but this elicited no answer. He was then taken to Newbern and committed.

In due time he was arraigned before the Superior Court of Craven county, but in consequence of a deficiency of jurors, no trial took place, and the prisoner applied to have his trial removed to Carteret county, giving such reasons as satisfied the presiding judge. He was removed to Carteret county, and soon after broke jail and fled to Philadelphia. The sheriff of Craven county offered a high reward for his apprehension, and he was shortly recognized, taken, and carried back to Newbern.

While he was awaiting his trial he wrote a letter to Peter Durand, entreating him by the love he bore his sister and her children, to retract the admissions he had made when examined before the magistrates and swear the murder to Potts. On this condition he promised to leave the country, and added, that it would be better to tell twenty lies than persist in a true story to his brother's disadvantage. In another letter to a Mr. Haywood, he offered to give any sum provided he would procure a witness to swear that Peter Durand shot the boy, and said that one good witness in his behalf would be enough to clear him. He also wrote to a Mr. Hamburg to request that he would procure witnesses in his favor. In a second letter to Peter Durand, he besought him to consider the distress of Mrs. Tinker and her children, put him in mind that he owed Potts money, and again entreated him to charge Potts with the murder. In case they should be convicted of perjury, the worst he said, that could happen to either would be the loss of a piece of one ear. A fourth letter to his sister pointed out the person he wished her to sub-

orn, and whom he proposed to reward with "a likely negro." None of these letters were received by the persons to whom they were addressed, excepting those to Peter Durand, and they were all afterwards produced in court, to his confusion.

Tinker was tried at the Carteret Superior Court in September, 1811.

The positive testimony of Peter Durand to the facts above related was corroborated by much circumstantial evindence. To counteract the testimony of Durand, it was urged that he had no respect for the sanctity of an oath, as he had before perjured himself in his account of the loss of the vessel. It was also truly alleged, that for ten days after the murder he had said nothing concerning it, and that he had himself been apprehended on suspicion. His testimony before the magistrates at the time of his arrest differed from that he gave on the trial. On the other hand, he had received many favors from Tinker, was his near connexion, and could have no motive to kill the boy himself.

While the trial was proceeding, Tinker's wife appeared as a spectator, in mourning weeds, surrounded by her children, and made the hall of justice resound with her lamentations. This appeal to the feelings of the jury could not prevail against a perfect chain of evidence. The prisoner was convicted, sentenced, and in due time hanged.

THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

During the American war, a company of the Delaware Indians attacked a small detatchment of the British troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage of swiftness of foot, and were eager in the pursuit, very few of the fugitives escaped, and those who fell into the enemy's hands, were treated with a cruelty, of which there are not many examples, even in that country. Two of the Indians came up with a young officer, and attacked him with great fury. As they were armed with a kind of battle-axe, which they call a tomahawk, he had no hope of escape, and thought only of selling his life as dearly as he could; but just at this crisis, another Indian came up, who

seemed to be advanced in years, and was armed with bow and arrows. The old man instantly drew his bow; but, after having taken his aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him to pieces. They retired with respect. The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by caresses; and having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindness which did honor to his professions. He made him less a slave than a companion, taught him the language of the country, and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the inhabitants. They lived together in the most cordial amity; and the young officer found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and having regarded him for some minutes with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears. In the mean time, the spring returned, and the Indians having recourse to their arms again took the field. The old man who was still vigorous and well able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner. They marched above two hundred leagues across the forest, and came at length to a plain, where the British forces were encamped.

The old man showed his prisoner the tents at a distance; at the same time remarked his countenance with the most diligent attention: "There," says he, "are your countrymen; there is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to construct a canoe, and to arm thyself with bow and arrows; to surprise the beaver in the forest, to wield the tomahawk, and to scalp the enemy. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were like those of an infant; they were neither fit to procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness; thou wast ignorant of every thing, and thou owest all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation and take up the hatchet against us?" The officer replied, "That he would rather lose his own life than take away that of his deliverer." The Indian then bending down his head, and covering his face with both hands, stood some time silent; then looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said in a voice that was at once

softened by tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?" "My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country." "Alas," said the Indian, "how wretched must he be!" He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father?—I am a father no more—I saw my son fall in battle—he fought at my side—I saw him expire; but he died like a man—he was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet—but I have revenged him!" He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence; his body shook with a universal tremor; and he was almost stifled with sighs that he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tear would flow to his relief. At length, he became calm by degrees, and turning towards the east, where the sun was then rising, "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day? and hast thou pleasure in the sight?" "Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky." "I have none," said the Indian, and his tears then found their way. A few minutes after, he showed the young man a magnolia in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?" says he, "and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?" "Yes," replied the officer, "I do look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree." "I have pleasure in looking upon it no more," said the Indian hastily, and immediately added, "Go, return back, that thy father may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring."

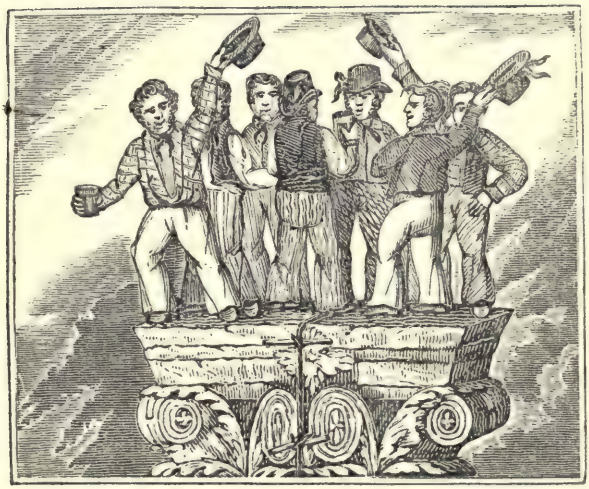
BOWL OF PUNCH DRANK ON THE TOP OF POMPEY'S PILLAR.

POMPEY'S PILLAR is situated about a quarter of a league from the southern gate of Alexandria, a city of Lower Egypt, and once its capital. It is composed of red granite; the capital which is nine feet high, is Corinthian, with palm leaves, and not indented. The shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece of granite, ninety feet long, and nine feet in diameter. The base, which is one solid block of

marble, fifteen feet square, rests on two layers of stone, bound together with lead. The whole column is one hundred and fourteen feet high. It is perfectly well polished, and only a little shivered on the eastern side. Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument which seen from a distance overtops the town, and seems as a signal for vessels. Approaching it nearer, Pompey's pillar produces astonishment mixed with awe: and the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, and the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal excite the admiration of all travellers.

It was not, however, to mere admiration that a party of English midshipmen and sailors confined themselves. These jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing the can about on board their ship, in the harbor of Alexandria, until a strange freak entered into one of their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted; and its apparent impossibility was but a spur for the putting it into execution. The boat was ordered; and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed ashore, to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar! At the spot they arrived; and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labor was in vain; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolic, happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was despatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprised of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds tobe witnesses of the address and boldness of the English.

The governor of Alexandria was told that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar. But whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves; and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire risen in opposition, it would not at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar



SAILORS ON THE TOP OF POMPEY'S PILLAR.

See page 184, vol. II.

by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top; and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch amid the shouts of the astonished multitude. To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but the seaman found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing that no accident befell these madcaps, in a situation so elevated, that it would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received was the loss of a volute, which fell down and was brought to England by one of the captains. The sailors after painting the initials of their names in large letters, just beneath the capital, descended, to the great astonishment of the Turks, who to this day speak of it as the madcap experiment.

FIRE AT BURWELL.

This horrible catastrophe took place on September 8, 1727, in a barn at Burwell, in Cambridgeshire, while the inhabitants were assembled to see a puppet-show.

The walls of the barn, the melancholy scene of this terrible calamity, were of a great thickness, no less than nineteen inches; and, as they were of great thickness, so they were of great strength, being built of clunch stones, as they are called in that country, cemented by mortar, as appears by the present remains, one side and one end of the barn. The height of the walls was nine feet, the height of the roof, which was entirely of thatch, was seventeen feet and six inches, the length of the barn was forty-five feet, and the breadth of it was sixteen feet and three quarters, exclusive of the walls.

About one-third of the barn was empty, and was therefore pitched upon for the puppet-show; the other two-thirds, or thereabout, were filled with oat-straw, bound up in large trusses, reaching as high at least as the walls, though not so high as the roof. Adjoining to the barn, and only separated

by a partition of lath and plaster, and this partition rising no higher than the walls, and not to the roof of the building, was a stable with a hay-loft, between which stable and the place where the multitude were assembled for the show, were heaped the bundles of oat-straw, so that the barn and stable were one common thatched roof, could scarcely be said to be parted from one another, and the trusses of straw lying between the stable and the place for the exhibition of the show, in a manner connected them together.

In the stable were two horses belonging to Mr. Shepherd, the master of the puppet-show. The ostler, belonging to the proprietor of the barn, one Richard Whitaker, coming with a candle and lantern, it being then about nine o'clock in the evening, to feed the horses, found that the puppet-show was begun, and was desirous to see it, without paying the penny, the price of the entertainment. Upon his being refused admittance into the barn, unless he would advance the same with others, and he not choosing to do it, repaired to the stable, went into the hay-loft with the candle and lantern, and threw down from an opening from the hay-loft into the stable, a quantity of hay into the rack, and became, by the candle he carried with him, either the intentional wicked cause, or the unhappy occasion of the dreadful fire which presently ensued.

Mr. Howe, the narrator, who was seated upon a beam in the barn, could, from his situation, take a view across the straw to the hay-loft, and saw the fire, when it was so small as that he thinks he could have enclosed it in his hands, but the flame kindling in the hay-loft, so near the roof, the roof being common, as has been observed, to the stable and barn, and being all of thatch, and the thatch being very dry, the preceding summer having been remarkable for its drought, and being covered also with old dry cobwebs, unhappily the fire, as the parish register expresses it, "like lightning, flew round the barn in an instant."

The multitude rushed towards the door, which unhappily was so narrow as that it was only three feet in breadth, including the posts. Besides this, the door opened inwards, was fast hasped by an iron staple, and was blocked up by an oval table, upon which some slight-of-hand tricks had been exhibited in a preface to the show, and which, after there

was no more use for it, was placed against the door merely to save room, as the place was but straight for the company. The door being thus not only small, but also fastened and blocked up, the pressure of the multitude was so great, that they were presently thrown in heaps, one upon another. In a short time, if time can be called short in such circumstances, the door was broken up by Mr. Thomas Dobodee, of Wicken, in Cambridgeshire, a very stout man, in the prime of life, and who, being at that time in Burwell, came and gave his assistance. Upon breaking up the door, he with all his might drew out as many as he could from the tremendous ruin.

When the door was broken up, Mr. Thomas Howe leaped down from the beam on which he was sitting, upon the crowd below, pressed and clustered together, and lying upon one another as he believes to the depth of three or four feet.

If like events, producing like effects, will be of any service in this case, a well attested fact may be related, which happened not very long since, at a place called Bottisham-Load, not many miles from Burwell. A Methodist was preaching in a barn to a great concourse of people. A loose idle fellow, and who well deserved punishment for his wicked sport, put a lighted pipe into a hole or crevice of the barn, whence issued, it may be supposed by his blowing, some sparks of fire. These being perceived by some of the congregation, immediately the alarm of fire was given. The people in the inner part of the barn, in their violent hurry, pushed down the persons that stood near the barn-door, others, as may be supposed, pushed them down, &c. &c. till in a little time the multitude lay, piled heaps upon heaps, to the depth of several feet. A person, who was present observed, that he verily believed, had the barn taken fire, notwithstading the door was open, several of the congregation must have lost their lives. One person in particular, whom he well knew, a stout man, was instantly thrown down, and was so pressed by the throng that lay upon him that he was utterly unable to extricate himself. Decency, friendship, and civility are all lost, and violence is more than violence, and strength more than strength, when death immediately threatens us in its most formidable shapes: but to return to the former fire—

At length, in about half an hour from the time the fire began, down descended the thatch of a roof seventeen feet and a half in height, no doubt in the fiercest blaze, upon the helpless, hopeless creatures, and not improbably the trusses of straw, when their bands were burnt, rolled down upon them in so many volumes of flame, and thus one ruin was heaped upon another.

The horror, the anguish, the cries, the shrieks of the sufferers, were now soon ended in one universal silence and death. A catastrophe how inconceivably terrible! In the morning what a hideous view of skulls, bones, carnage, &c. The tender reader cannot bear the description and the writer is not inclined to give it. The mangled, shocking relics were gathered up, shovelled into carts, and buried in two large pits dug for that purpose in the church-yard.

The consternation and distress of the inhabitants of Burwell, and the neighboring towns and hamlets of Swaffham-Prior, Reche, and Upware, each of which contributed its part to the number of sufferers, must be great beyond all imagination. Here were parents bewailing the loss of their children, here children bewailing the loss of their parents, husbands mourning for their wives, wives for their husbands, brothers lamenting for their sisters, and sisters for their brothers; what faces pale with terror, what knees smiting one against another, what floods of tears, what wringing of hands, what beating bosoms, and what heart-piercing shrieks, and cries, and groans! To increase the calamity, the flames from the barn spread themselves, and burnt down five houses in the neighborhood.

Eighty-three perished on the spot, two died afterwards, and one woman was burnt in one of the houses. Among them was the master of the show, his wife, daughter, and man, three children of two families, and two children of eight families, and one or more individuals of every family in Burwell, and the adjoining hamlets.

The ostler was committed to prison and tried at the subsequent assizes, but nothing proved against him. A fanatical preacher, however, in a subsequent sermon, asserted, that it was not the natural and inevitable progress of the flames that destroyed these unfortunate people, but the special vengeance of God, as a punishment for their sins,

one of which was, that of attending a puppet show; while those who escaped by their personal energy, were (for some reason unknown to this fanatic,) saved by a miracle! This hypocritical blasphemer forgot that "those on whom the tower of Siloam fell and slew, were not the wickedest in all Israel."

UNCOMMON SELF-POSSESSION.

On the banks of the Naugatuc, a rapid stream which rises in and flows through a very mountainous part of the state of Connecticut, a few years since, lived a respectable family named Bruel. The father, though not a wealthy, was a respectable man. He had fought the battles of his country in the Revolution, and from his familiarity with scenes of danger and peril, he had learned that it is always more prudent to preserve and affect the air of confidence in danger, than to betray signs of fear: and especially so, since his conduct might have had great influence upon the minds of those about him. He had occasion to send a little son across the river to the house of a relation, and as there was then no bridge the river must be forded. The lad was familiar with every part of the fording place, and when the water was low, which was at this time the case, could cross without danger. But he had scarcely arrived at his place of destination, and done his errand, when suddenly, as is frequently the case in mountainous countries, the heavens became black with clouds, the wind blew with great violence, and the rain fell in torrents—it was near night, and became exceedingly dark. By the kindness of his friends he was persuaded, though with some reluctance, to relinquish his design of returning in the evening, and to wait until morning. The father suspected the cause of his delay, and was not over anxious on account of any accidents that migh happen to him during the night. But he knew that he had taught his son to render implicit obedience to his father's commands; that he possessed a daring and fearless spirit, and would never be restrained but by force; he would, as soon as it should be sufficiently light in the morning, attempt to ford

the river on his return. He knew also, that the immense quantity of water that appeared to be falling, would, by morning, cause the river to rise to a considerable height, and make it dangerous even for a man in the full possession of strength and fortitude, to attempt to cross it. He therefore passed a sleepless night, anticipating with all a father's feelings what might befall his child in the morning.

The day dawned—the storm had ceased—the wind was still, and nothing was to be heard but the roar of the waters of the river. The rise of the river exceeded even the father's expectations, and no sooner was it sufficiently light to enable him to distinguish objects across it, than he placed himself on the bank to watch for the approach of his son. The son arrived at the opposite shore almost at the same moment, and was beginning to enter the stream. All the father's feelings were roused into action, for he knew that his son was in the most imminent danger. He had proceeded too far to return—in fact, to go forward or return was to incur the same peril. His horse had arrived in the deepest part of the channel, and was struggling against the current, down which he was rapidly hurried, and apparently making but little progress towards the shore. The boy became alarmed, and raising his eyes towards the landing place, he discovered his father. He exclaimed, almost frantic with fear, "O, I shall drown, I shall drown!" "No!" exclaimed the father in a stern and resolute tone, and dismissing for a moment his feelings of tenderness, "No, if you do, I'll whip you to death!—cling to your horse." The son, who feared his father more than the raging element with which he was enveloped, obeyed his command, and the noble animal on which he was mounted, after struggling for some time, carried him safe to the shore. "My son," said the glad father, bursting into tears, "remember, hereafter, that in danger you must possess fortitude; and determining to survive cling even to the last hope. Had I addressed you with the tenderness and fear which I felt, your fate was inevitable; you would have been carried away in the current, and I should have seen you no more." What an example is here? The heroism, bravery, philosophy and presence of mind of this man, even eclipses the conduct of Cæsar, when he said to his boatmen, *quid times Cæsarem vehis.*

MARION, THE REPUBLICAN GENERAL.

See page 190, vol. I.

TRAGICAL FATE OF HURTADO AND MIRANDA.

As an introduction to this story, it is proper to observe, that Gabot, a Spanish general and admiral, one of the first who was employed in the reduction of Paraguay, finding his presence necessary in that country, instead of returning to Spain, as he had proposed, sent off Fernand Calderon, a treasurer of his fleet, with all the silver he had collected, and a letter for the emperor, giving an account of every thing he had seen and done: pointing out the most proper measures for securing the country to the crown of Castile; and beseeching his majesty to send him sufficient succor for that purpose. Two years, however, having elapsed without Gabot's hearing any thing of the report Calderon was to make of his good dispositions, he thought it his duty to return to Spain, lest any longer delay might give the Portuguese a desire, and afford them an opportunity to return to Paraguay. Having, therefore, named Nuno de Lara to the government of the fort of the Holy Ghost, during his absence; and left him one hundred and twenty men, and all the provisions he could amass; he set out to join his squadron, and immediately put to sea.

Lara, on his side, seeing himself surrounded by nations, from whom he could expect no respect but in proportion as he could command it, thought the best thing he could do, would be to gain over those nearest to him, who were the Timbuez; and he succeeded pretty well in the attempt. But his success soon proved fatal to him, in a manner he little dreamed of. Mangora, Cacique of the Timbuez, happening in one of the frequent visits he paid Lara, to see Lucy Miranda, a Spanish lady, and wife of Sebastian Hurtado, one of the principal officers of the fort, became deeply enamored of her. It was not long before she perceived it, and, knowing what she had to fear from a barbarian, with whom it was so much the commander's interest to live upon good terms, she did all that lay in her power not to be seen any more by him, and to guard against any violence or surprise. Mangora, on his side, thinking that, if he could but get her

into his habitation, he might dispose of her as he pleased, often invited Hurtado to come and see him, and bring his wife along with him. But Hurtado as often begged to be excused, alleging that he could not be absent himself from the fort without the commander's leave; and that he was sure he should never be able to obtain it.

Such an answer as this was enough to let the Cacique see, that, to succeed in his designs upon the wife, he must first get rid of the husband. While he was, therefore, considering the ways and means of doing it, he got intelligence that the husband had been detached with another officer, and fifty soldiers, to collect provisions. Looking upon this, therefore, as a favorable opportunity, since it not only removed the husband, but weakened the garrison, by which the wife might expect to be protected, he posted four thousand picked men in a marsh in the neighborhood of the fort, and set out for it, with thirty others, loaded with refreshments. On his arrival at the gates of it, he sent word to Lara, that hearing how much he was in want of provisions, he was come with enough to serve him till the return of the convoy. Lara received the treacherous Cacique with the greatest demonstrations of gratitude, and insisted upon entertaining him and his followers. This was what Mangora had expected; and he had, accordingly given his men instructions how to behave, and appointed signals for those he had posted in the marsh.

The entertainment began with a great deal of cheerfulness on both sides, and lasted till the night was far advanced; when the Spaniards rising to break up, Mangora gave some of his attendants the signal for doing what he had before-hand directed; which was to set fire to the magazines of the fort, as soon as the Spaniards should be retired. This was accordingly done, without the Spaniards having the least suspicion of the matter. The officers were scarcely composed to rest, when, most of them being alarmed by the soldiers crying out fire! fire! and jumping out of bed to extinguish it, the Indians seized the opportunity of dispatching them. The rest were killed in their sleep; and the four thousand men posted in the marsh, having been at the same time let into the fort, it was immediately filled with slaughter and confusion. The go-

vernor, though wounded, having espied the treacherous Cacique, made up to him, and ran him through the body; but, being more intent upon satisfying his revenge, than consulting his safety, he continued so long venting his now useless fury on the dead body of his enemy, that the Indians had time to intercept his flight; and immediately dispatched him.

There now remained no living soul in the fort, but the unfortunate Miranda, the innocent cause of so bloody a tragedy, four other women, and as many little children, who were all tied and brought before Siripa, brother and successor to the late Cacique. This barbarian, at the sight of Miranda, conceived the same passion for her that had proved fatal to his brother, and ordered her to be unbound, relinquishing to his attendants all the other prisoners. He then told her, that she must not consider herself as a slave in his house; and that it would even be her own fault if she did not become the mistress of it; and that he hoped she had sense enough to prefer to an indigent and forlorn husband, the head of a powerful nation, who would take pleasure in submitting to her himself and all his subjects. Miranda might well expect that, by refusing the offers, she would expose herself, at best, to a perpetual and most cruel slavery, but her virtue got the better of every other consideration. She even gave Siripa the answer she thought most likely to exasperate him, in hopes his love might change into fury, and a speedy death put her innocence and honor beyond the reach of his brutal intentions.

But in this she was greatly mistaken. Her refusal served only to increase the desire Siripa had conceived for her, and heightened his passion, which he still flattered himself he should be at last able to satisfy. He continued, therefore, to treat her with a great deal of lenity, and even showed her more civility and respect, than could be well expected from a barbarian. But his moderation and gentleness served only to make her more sensible of the danger she was exposed to. In the mean time Hurtado, being returned with his convoy, was greatly surprised to behold nothing but a heap of ashes. The first thing he did was, to inquire what was become of his wife; and being informed she was with the Cacique of the Timbuez, he im-

mediately set out to look for her, without considering what dangers he thereby fruitlessly exposed himself to. Siripa, at the sight of a man, who was the sole object of all Miranda's affections, could no longer contain himself, but ordered him to be tied to a tree and shot to death with arrows.

His attendants were preparing to obey him, when Miranda, drowned in tears, threw herself at the tyrant's feet, to obtain the life of her husband; and, such is the power of a passionate affection, it calmed the violent storm, which it had but a little before excited in the heart of this barbarian. Hurtado was unbound; he was even sometimes permitted to see his wife. But the Cacique, at the same time he thus indulged them, gave them to understand, that they must not, on pain of death, attempt to go any further lengths. It is therefore probable he only meant this indulgence as a snare to obtain a pretext for recalling the conditional respite he had granted Hurtado, who soon supplied him with one. A few days after, Siripa's wife came to inform him that Miranda was laid down with her husband; the barbarian ran immediately to examine the truth of the report with his own eyes; and, in the first emotion of his passion, and more to the satisfaction of his wife's jealousy than his own, he condemned Miranda to the flames, and Hurtado to the same kind of death he had but lately escaped. The sentence was immediately executed, and this faithful pair expired in sight of each other, full of sentiments worthy of their virtues.—*Father Charlevoix's History of Paraguay.*

THE SHARK SENTINEL.

With my companion, one beautiful afternoon, rambling over the rocky cliffs at the back of the island, (New Providence, W. I.,) we came to a spot where the stillness and the clear transparency of the water invited us to bathe. It was not deep. As we stood above, on the promontory, we could see the bottom in every part. Under the headland, which formed the opposite side of the cove, there was a cavern, to which, as the shore was steep, there was no access but by swimming, and we resolved to explore it. We soon reached its mouth, and

were enchanted with its romantic grandeur and wild beauty. It extended, we found, a long way back, and had several natural baths, into all of which we successively threw ourselves; each, as they receded further from the mouth of the cavern, being colder than the last. The tide, it was evident, had free ingress, and renewed the water every twelve hours. Here we thoughtlessly amused ourselves for some time.

At length the declining sun warned us that it was time to take our departure from the cave, when, at no great distance from us, we saw the back or dorsal fin of a monstrous shark above the surface of the water, and his whole length visible beneath it. We looked at him and at each other in dismay, hoping that he would soon take his departure, and go in search of other prey; but the rogue swam to and fro, just like a frigate blockading an enemy's port, and we felt, I suppose, very much as we used to make the French and Dutch feel the last war, at Brest and the Texel.

The sentinel paraded before us, about ten or fifteen yards in front of the cave, tack and tack, waiting only to serve one, if not both of us, as we should have served a shrimp or an oyster. We had no intention, however, in this, as in other instances, of "throwing ourselves on the mercy of the court." In vain did we look for relief from other quarters; the promontory above us was inaccessible; the tide was rising, and the sun touching the clear, blue edge of the horizon.

I, being the leader, pretended to a little knowledge in ichthyology, and told my companion that fish could hear as well as see, and that therefore the less we said the better; and the sooner we retreated out of his sight, the sooner he would take himself off. This was our only chance, and that a poor one; for the flow of the water would soon have enabled him to enter the cave and help himself, as he seemed perfectly acquainted with the *locale*, and knew that we had no mode of retreat, but by the way we came. We drew back out of sight, and I don't know when I ever passed a more unpleasant quarter of an hour. A suit in chancery, or even a spring lounge at Newgate, would have been almost a luxury to what I felt when the shades of night began to darken the mouth

of our cave, and this infernal monster continued to parade, like a water-bailiff, before its door. At last, not seeing the shark's fin above the water, I made a sign to Charles, that cost what it might, we must swim for it, for we had notice to quit by the tide; and if we did not depart, should soon have an execution in the house. We had been careful not to utter a word, and, silently pressing each other by the hand, we slipped into the water; and, recommending ourselves to Providence, we struck out manfully. I must own I never felt more assured of destruction, not even when I once swam through the blood of a poor sailor—while the sharks were eating him—for the sharks then had something to occupy them; but this one had nothing else to do but to look after us. We had the benefit of his undivided attention.

My sensations were indescribably horrible. I may occasionally write or talk of the circumstance with levity, but whenever I recall it to mind, I tremble at the bare recollection of the dreadful fate that seemed inevitable. My companion was not so expert a swimmer as I was, so that I distanced him many feet, when I heard him utter a faint cry. I turned round, convinced that the shark had seized him, but it was not so; my having left him so far behind had increased his terror, and induced him to draw my attention. I returned to him, held him up, and encouraged him. Without this he would certainly have sunk; he revived with my help, and we reached the sandy beach in safety, having eluded our enemy, who, when he neither saw or heard us, had, as I concluded he would, quitted the spot.

Once more on terra firma, we lay gasping for some minutes before we spoke. What my companion's thoughts were, I do not know; mine were replete with gratitude to God, and renewed vows of amendment; and I have every reason to think, that although Charles had not so much room for reform as myself, that his feelings were perfectly in unison with my own. We never afterwards repeated this amusement, though we frequently talked of our escape and laughed at our terrors, yet, on these occasions, our conversation always took a serious turn; and, upon the whole, I am convinced that this adventure did us both a vast deal of good

MOSES ADAMS, HIGH SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF HANCOCK.

On the twelfth of May, eighteen hundred and fifteen, Mrs. Mary Adams, wife of High Sheriff Moses Adams, was found to have been barbarously murdered in her own house, in Ellsworth, Maine. The fact was first discovered by her own daughter, a little girl, who immediately gave the alarm. On entering, the neighbors found the deceased lying on her right side on the kitchen floor. An axe was lying near her, which had evidently been the instrument of slaughter. There was a mortal wound on the back part of the head, another on the neck, whence it appeared pieces had been cut entirely out by repeated blows, and the shoulder was broken. The jugular vein was divided, and some points of the vertebra were cut wholly away. Mrs. Adams had been in her life a remarkably mild, amiable, and discreet lady, and this horrible butchery created a great excitement, as may easily be believed. Circumstances concurred to direct suspicion towards her husband, and he was immediately taken into custody. On the fifteenth of June he was arraigned before the Supreme Court and pleaded not guilty.

Sewell E. Tuttle, swore, that at eight in the morning of the day, Mrs. Adams was killed, her husband walked in the yard before the house, entered, went out again, and walked about as before. Between twelve and one he came home to dinner, and sat by the window to cool himself. He appeared very warm. After dinner Tuttle was cutting wood, when Dr. Adams came to him, and bade him go for meal to a mill about two miles. While he was getting the bags ready, he saw the Doctor pass from the house to the barn. Then, going in, he saw Mrs. Adams sitting at the table in the kitchen. Doctor Adams had on at this time his coat of office—a kind of uniform. When Tuttle got back, after four in the afternoon, he found twenty or thirty people assembled in the house.

Elizabeth Rice passed by Mr. Adams' house at two, past meridian, and saw Mrs. Adams sitting at the window. She spoke to Mrs. Adams and passed on. When she returned she heard Mrs. Adams was dead, and saw a crowd

about the house. She entered and saw the Doctor sitting on the side of the bed. He asked her if it were not a dreadful house. Being requested by one of the family to put the movables in some safe place, she set about it, but found the tea-spoons missing. As she was afterwards going home she found a newspaper near the road side, but threw it away again. It rained that night, and the next morning Mrs. Rice informed a Mr. Nourse where the newspaper lay. He got and dried it. At the request of Dr. Adams, she assisted to wash his family linen, among which was a shirt with one of the sleeves stained, whether with perspiration or otherwise she could not tell.

William Ginn saw Dr. Adams on board a sloop at a wharf at quarter past twelve. While Ginn was at dinner, he saw the Doctor pass towards his own house. After dinner he knocked at Ginn's door, and asked for a segar. After that, a little before four, a woman came and said that Mrs. Adams was dead. Ginn immediately went to the house, and saw the corpse in the condition before mentioned.

Seeing Dr. Adams coming towards the house, Ginn went forth to meet him, and told him that a horrid accident had happened. The Doctor dismounted from his horse, and as he entered stepped in the blood. A by-stander advised him not to step in the blood, to which he replied, "Why not? It cannot hurt her now." He stepped over the body, put his hand on it, and then went to the bed-room door. An open desk was within. He put his hand to his pocket and exclaimed "My pocket-book is gone!" Then he lifted the axe, looked at its edge, and cried, "O murderer! murderer!" As he stooped to raise the body Ginn prevented him. "Why not?" said he, "there are witnesses enough who have seen her." The body was then raised and placed on a bed.

Benjamin Jourdan, on the day of the murder, was at work in a field near Dr. Adams' house, when he was informed by the prisoner's child that Mrs. Adams was dead He went immediately to let Dr. Adams know the fact, and he was much agitated at hearing it.

Between two and three o'clock, *Maria Moore* saw Doctor Adams going towards the house (Mr. Langdon's) where

Benjamin Jourdan found him. He walked very fast; faster than she had ever seen him before; and as he went, he turned and looked several times towards his own house.

Susan Oakes kept a school near Dr. Adams' house. Between two and three o'clock she saw the prisoner pass the school, walking very fast. After the school was dismissed, as she was in the field hard by, she heard little Mary Adams scream, and say her mother was dead. She hastened to the house and found Mrs. Adams dead, but not yet quite cold. A few minutes after, Dr. Adams came in, and exclaimed, "O horrid murder!" He was much agitated, took his little daughter on his knees, and bade her imitate the good example of her mother.

It will be observed, that where the evidence of more than one witness proved the same fact, we do not repeat, but only give as much as goes to establish or elucidate separate facts.

Alfred Langdon testified, that at about half past two, he from his house saw Dr. Adams pass. In about ten minutes he returned, and entered the kitchen door. He had so much color in his face, and perspired so freely that Langdon noticed it, and asked him where he had been. He answered that he was right from home, and that it was a very warm day. After some common-place discourse, Adams looked at the clock and observed that it was three, but Langdon remarked that it wanted ten minutes of that time. Adams then took up an old newspaper, and by the time he had looked over it, the mail arrived, about quarter past four o'clock. Adams assisted Mr. Langdon to open the mail, and while they were thus occupied, Jourdan arrived with the news of Mrs. Adam's death.

Mr. Daniel Adams, on hearing of the murder, went straightway to Dr. Adam's house, and found him sitting by the corpse, on the bed side. The Doctor shook hands with him, saying, "I hope you are my friend," to which the witness replied, "Whatever I may have been heretofore, I am now." The Doctor then asked if they were going to let the wretch who did the deed escape, and added, that it was toward night, and the murderer could not be far off. The witness told the prisoner that he heard he had been robbed,

to which he assented; and it appeared from the conversation, that fifteen dollars and a number of silver tea-spoons were missing. The next day, on examining the prisoner's clothes, the witness found a blood spot on a button of the coat, and an appearance of blood on the lining.

The Rev. Mr. Nourse testified that he went to Dr. Adams' house on hearing of the murder, and found the Doctor in great agitation and distress. Among other things, Dr. Adams said, "Only think—for the paltry sum of two hundred dollars!" This the witness afterwards understood to refer to the robbery said to have been committed. The prisoner also said, "This cannot have been done more than three hours; and is nothing to be done to apprehend the murderer? I can do nothing." He likewise repeated several times, that it was an awful deed to have been done in a christian land. He told Mr. Noyes at first, that he had lost sixty or seventy dollars, which had been wrapped up in a newspaper, but found, upon calculation, that he had expended all but fifteen. The witness afterwards found the paper, as before stated by Mrs. Rice, and showed it to the prisoner, who said he had no doubt it was the same that had contained his money. When Mr. Nourse found it, there was on it the impression of a dollar that had apparently been wrapped in it.

On this occasion Mr. Nourse did not see Dr. Adams shed tears. He heard him say to his daughter, that she never saw him shed tears before. On another occasion, after Dr. Adams was suspected, but before he was examined by a magistrate, the witness saw him weep.

Sewell Tuttle did see the prisoner weep, and also stated that he usually perspired very freely.

It was likewise proved, that a little before the murder of his wife, Dr. Adams had practised phlebotomy on Pelatiah Jourdan. On this occasion he wore his sheriff's coat, and turned up the sleeves.

No evidence was adduced to show whether the prisoner had lived on good terms with his wife or not.

The amount of fact proved, seems to be as follows. Between one and two o'clock, Dr. Adams sent his hired man, Sewell Tuttle, to the mill for meal. When Tuttle departed, Mrs. Adams was alive and well. At two o'clock she was

alive. Between two and three o'clock, Dr. Adams was seen walking from his own house towards Mr. Langdon's very fast, and occasionally looking behind him. At this time the prisoner's daughter, and a girl who lived in his house, were both in school. These two girls went home after the school was dismissed, and found Mrs. Adams dead. On his way from his house to Mr. Langdon's, Dr. Adams passed several persons, to some of whom he stopped and spoke, to others not. At half past two, Adams passed Mr. Langdon's house, to which he returned and entered ten minutes after.

He was much heated, and remarked that it was three o'clock, though it wanted ten minutes of that hour. After he was informed of the murder, he stated that a sum in specie, wrapped in an old newspaper, had been taken from his house. On his way from his own house to Mr. Langdon's, he passed through a certain field. In this field was found the next day, a newspaper, having the impression of a coin on it. On seeing it, he was confident it was the same that had contained the missing money. Stains of blood were found on the coat he that day wore, which might, however, have been occasioned by his coming in contact with the body of his wife, or by his professional practice. All the evidence respecting time was founded merely on the opinions of the witnesses, who differed in their estimates. Mr. Langdon's alone was founded on the regularity of a clock, which might have been wrong. All the circumstances together did not amount to indubitable proof of guilt, and the jury returned a verdict of NOT guilty.

DREADFUL ADVENTURE IN THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

SOME French travellers, attempting to explore the vaults of the Egyptian pyramids, had already traversed an extensive labyrinth of chambers and passages; they were on their return, and had arrived at the most difficult part of it—a very long and winding passage, forming a communication between two chambers—its opening narrow and

low. The ruggedness of the floor, sides, and roof, rendered their progress slow and laborious, and these difficulties increased rapidly as they advanced. The torch with which they had entered became useless, from the impossibility of holding it upright, as the passage diminished its height. Both its height and width, at length, however, became so much contracted, that the parties were compelled to crawl on their bellies. Their wanderings in these interminable passages (for such in their fatigue of body and mind they deemed them) seemed to be endless. Their alarm was very great, and their patience already exhausted, when the headmost of the party cried out, that he could discern the light at the exit of the passage, at a considerable distance ahead; but that he could not advance any further, and that in his efforts to press on, in hopes to surmount the obstacle without complaining, he had squeezed himself so far into the reduced opening, that he had now no longer strength even to recede! The situation of the whole party may be imagined; their terror was beyond the power of direction or advice; while the wretched leader, whether from terror or the natural effect of his situation, swelled so, that, if it was before difficult, it was now impossible for him to stir from the spot he thus miserably occupied. One of the party, at this dreadful and critical moment, proposed, in the intense selfishness to which the feeling of vital danger reduces all, as the only means of escape from this horrid confinement—this living grave—to cut in pieces the wretched being who formed the obstruction, and clear it by dragging the dismembered carcass piecemeal past them! He heard this dreadful proposal, and, contracting himself in the agony at the idea of this death, was reduced, by a strong muscular spasm, to his usual dimensions, and was dragged out, affording room for the party to squeeze themselves past over his prostrate body. This unhappy creature was suffocated in the effort, and was left behind, a corpse.

FIRST PAINTING OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Giotto, an Italian painter, designing to draw a crucifix to the life, wheedled a poor man to suffer himself to be bound to the cross for an hour; at the end of which time he should be released, and receive a considerable gratuity for his pains. But instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the cross, he stabbed him in the side and then fell to drawing. He was esteemed the greatest master in all Italy at that time; and, having this advantage of a dead man hanging on a cross before him, there is no question but he made a matchless piece of work of it.

As soon as he had finished his picture, he carried it to the pope, who was astonished at this prodigy of art; highly extolling the exquisiteness of the features and limbs, the languishing pale deadness of the face, the unaffected sinking of the head: in a word, he had represented, not only that privation of sense and motion which we call death, but also the want of the least vital symptom. This is better understood than expressed; every body knows that it is a master-piece to represent a passion or a thought well and natural. Much greater is it to describe the total absence of these inferior faculties, so as to distinguish the figure of a dead man from one that is only asleep. Yet all this, and much more, could the pope discern in the admirable draft with which Giotto presented him. And he liked it so well, that he resolved to place it over the altar of his own chapel. Giotto told him, since he liked the copy so well, he would show him the original if he pleased. "What dost thou mean by the original? Wilt thou show me Jesus Christ on the cross, in his own person?" "No," replied Giotto, "but I'll show your holiness the original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all punishment."

The good old father suspecting something extraordinary from the painter thus capitulating with him, promised, on his word, to pardon him; which Giotto believing, immediately told him where it was: and attending him to the place, as soon as they had entered, he drew back a curtain which hung before the dead man on the cross, and told the

pope what he had done. The holy father, extremely troubled at so inhuman and barbarous an action, repealed his promise, and told the painter he should surely be put to an exemplary death. Giotto seemed resigned to the sentence pronounced upon him, and only begged leave to finish the picture before he died, which was granted him. In the mean while a guard was set upon him to prevent his escape.

The pope having caused the picture to be delivered into his hands, Giotto took a brush, and dipping it into a sort of stuff he had ready for that purpose, daubed the picture all over with it, so that nothing could now be seen of the crucifixion; for it was quite effaced in all outward appearance. This greatly enraged the pope: he stamped, foamed, and raved like one in a frenzy. He swore that the painter should suffer the most cruel death that could be invented, unless he drew another fully as good as the former; for, if but the least grace was missing, he would not pardon him: but, if he would produce an exact parallel, he should not only give him his life, but an ample reward in money. The painter, as he had reason, desired this under the pope's signet, that he might not be in danger of a second repeal, which was granted him. Giotto now took a wet sponge and wiped off all the varnish that he had daubed on the picture, and the crucifix appeared the same, in all respects, as before. The pope, who looked upon this as a great secret, being ignorant of the arts which the painter used, was ravished at the strange metamorphosis; and to reward Giotto's great ingenuity, he absolved him from all his sins, and the punishment due to them; moreover, ordering his steward to cover the picture with gold, as a farther gratuity for the painter. This crucifix is the original from which the most famous crucifixions were drawn.—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters.*

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER.

THERE are few avocations attended with so much danger, as that of gathering rock samphire, which grows

in great plenty along the edges and down the perpendicular sides of the cliffs near Rennel's cave, in Glamorganshire, Wales.

The method employed by these fearless adventurers in their dreadful occupations, is simply this:—The samphire gatherer takes with him a stout rope and iron crow-bar, and proceeds to the cliff, fixing the latter firmly into the earth, at the brow of the rock, and fastening the former with equal security to the bar, he takes the rope in his hand, and boldly drops over the head of the rock, lowering himself gradually until he reaches the crevices where the samphire is found. Here he loads his basket or bag with the vegetable, and then ascends the rock by means of the rope. Carelessness or casualty in a calling so perilous as this, will sometimes produce terrible accidents.

There is a story related of a poor cottager, named Evans, which is so full of horrors, though not terminating fatally, that the bare idea of it makes the blood run cold from the heart.

It appears that this courageous fellow had been in good circumstances, but misfortunes had reduced him to the lowest ebb of wretchedness and want. His wife and large family of eight children were crying around him for bread: unable to endure the thought of his dear little ones suffering, without making an effort to save them, in a moment of desperation, he borrowed the crow-bar and rope of a neighboring cottager, and proceeded to the extremity of the rock, without one thought of the danger of his undertaking; (never having ventured before;) he fixed the crowbar, attached the rope to it, and boldly descended the cliff. In the course of a few minutes he reached a ledge, which, gradually retiring inwards, stood some feet within the perpendicular, and over which the brow of the cliff beetled, consequently, in the same proportion. Busily employed in gathering the samphire, and attentive only to the object of profit, the rope suddenly dropped from his hand, and after a few oscillations became stationary, at the distance of four or five feet from him. Nothing could exceed the horror of his situation; above was a rock of sixty or seventy feet in height, whose projecting brow could defy every attempt of his to ascend it, and prevent

every effort of others to assist him. Below was a perpendicular descent of one hundred feet, terminated by rugged rocks, over which the surge was breaking with dreadful violence. Before was the rope, his only hope of safety, his only means of return; but hanging at such a tantalizing distance, as baffled all expectation of his reaching it. Here, therefore, he remained, until the piercing cries of his wife and children, who, alarmed at his long absence, had approached the very edge of the cliff, roused him to action. He was young, active, and resolute: with a desperate effort, therefore, he collected all his powers, and, springing boldly from the ledge, he threw himself into the dreadful vacuum, and dashed at the suspended rope! The desperate exertion was successful: he caught the cord, and in a short time was once more at the top of the rock. No language can describe the scene which followed: himself, the dear partner of his heart, and his little offspring, were in one moment raised from the lowest depth of misery, to comfort, joy and happiness.

JUDICIAL CASE OF JOHN ORME.

John Orme resided at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, where he followed the humble occupation of a collier, and by his industry supported a large family. About the year 1785, two persons, named Lowe and Oakes, charged with coining, were apprehended at Macclesfield. Oakes was merely a carrier, and Lowe the actual maker of the base coin: but, as the law admits of no accessory, every person assisting being a principal, Oakes was convicted and executed. Lowe was more fortunate; though found guilty, and sentence passed, in consequence of a flaw in the indictment, (the omission simply of the particle *or*,) his case was referred to the opinion of the twelve judges, and his life saved.

About this period, a man, a stranger, from Birmingham, arrived at Macclesfield, and took a room in the house of Orme, under the pretext of keeping a school. Here he remained a few weeks, till a vacation time came on, when

he told his landlord, Orme, he should go and see his friends at Birmingham, and on his return would pay his rent. Stopping, however, longer than he promised, Orme, from necessity, broke open his lodger's door; when, on entering the room, he found a crucible for coining, with a few base shillings, the latter of which he put carelessly into his pocket, but, as he solemnly protested, did not attempt to utter them.

A few days after this circumstance, some cotton having been stolen from a mill in the neighborhood, a search-warrant was granted, when, among others, the constables entered Orme's house, where they found the above article for coining. As might naturally be supposed, they concluded that Orme was a party with Lowe and Oakes, and seized the instrument, eagerly carrying it before a magistrate. A warrant was immediately granted to apprehend Orme on a charge of coining, and he was taken from his employment at the bottom of a coal-pit. On their way to the magistrate's office, he was informed by the constables of the nature of the charge against him; when, recollecting the base money he had in his pocket, just as he was entering the office, his fears got so much the ascendency over his prudence, that he hastily put his hand into his pocket, and, taking out the shillings, crammed them into his mouth, from which they were taken by a constable. A circumtance apparently so conclusive against the prisoner could not fail to have its weight with the jury at his trial, and the poor fellow was convicted. Judgment of death was accordingly passed by the late Lord Alvanly, then the Hon. Pepper Arden.

Orme was sentenced to die with Oakes; but a few days before that which was appointed to be his last, a brother of Orme, resident in London, a cheese-factor and hop-merchant in the borough, arrived at Chester with a respite for a fortnight. In this interval, a gentleman acquainted with the circumstances of the case, drew up a petition to the king, and principally assisted by the late Rolls Legh, Esq., procured the signatures of a considerable part of the grand jury to the same. Orme's respite expired at one o'clock on Monday, the hour that was to terminate his earthly existence. On the Saturday night preceding, his friends

waited at the post office with an anxiety and solicitude that words can but faintly describe: at the hour of eleven, the unpropitious and unwelcome information arrived that all had failed

This failure had arisen in consequence of the prisoner attempting to break out of jail after sentence had been passed: and here the rough but honest bluntness of Mr. Rolls Legh ought not to be forgotten. On applying to the foreman of the jury to sign the petition the latter objected, saying, "he could not, as Orme had attempted to break out of the castle." Mr. Legh exclaimed, "by G—d, and so would you, if you were under sentence of death."

Not a ray of hope was now left, and the unfortunate prisoner had no expectation of living beyond the appointed moment. Accordingly the dreadful accompaniments of a public and ignominious death were prepared—a hurdle to take his body to the fatal tree, (as in cases of petty treason,) the sheriff's officers were all summoned, and a coffin was made to receive his remains. Supported by conscious innocence, never was a man better prepared to meet so awful an end than Orme; all the Sunday his mind was serene, placid, and comfortable; not the least emotion, not even a sigh escaped him; and when the news arrived of his deliverance from death, he silently received it with apparent disappointment. About ten o'clock on that night, the king's special messenger arrived with a reprieve: the persevering and fraternal affection of his brother having ultimately succeeded. He suffered, however, five years incarceration in the castle from the time of his reprieve. He survived his liberation (procured by the late judge Bearcroft,) nearly sixteen years; brought up a large family by honest industry, and died at Macclesfield in 1806.

MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SHARP, ON THE 3D OF MAY, 1679.

JAMES SHARP was born in the castle of Bauff, 13th of May, 1613. He was educated in Aberdeen, and became professor of philosophy and divinity, successively in the college of that place. He was afterwards appointed min-

ister of the town of Crail. During the troubles in his native country, he visited England, and passed much of his time at Oxford, in conversation with the learned in that university. On the restoration of the royal family and episcopacy, he was promoted to the archbishopric of St. Andrew, and was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th of December, 1661, which see he possessed until the day of his murder. The following narrative was drawn up a few weeks after the perpetration of that horrid deed.

"After that God had restored to these kingdoms their king and liberty, reasonable men might have concluded, that we would have rested with much satisfaction under those great blessings, for which we had so much longed. But that restless bigotry, which had in the late rebellion distracted our religion, dissolved monarchy, unhinged our property, and enslaved our liberties, did soon prompt the execrable authors of *Napthali* and *Jus Populi*, who, in those books, endeavored to persuade all men to massacre their governors and judges by the misapplied example of holy Phineas, and did in specific terms assert, that there could be no greater gift made to Jesus Christ, than the sending the archbishop of St. Andrews' head in a silver box to the king; which doctrine prevailed with Mr. James Mitchell, a zealous Napthalite, to attempt the killing of the said Lord Archbishop, upon the chief street of Edinburgh, in face of the sun, and of the multitude; and he having died, owning his crime as a duty, and others having written books, comparing him in his crime to Sampson, twelve or more, of the same set did, upon the third of May last, murder the said archbishop, in this ensuing manner.

"After his grace had gone from the secret council, where, to aggravate their crime, he had been pleading most fervently for favors to them, having lodged at a village called Kennoway, in Fiffe, upon Friday night, the 2d of May, he took his journey next morning at ten o'clock, towards St. Andrews; and his coachman having discovered some horsemen near to Magus, (a place about two miles distance from St. Andrews',) advertised the archbishop thereof, asking if he should drive faster; which his grace discouraged, because he said he feared no harm:

they drawing nearer, his daughter seeing pistols in their hands, and them riding at a great rate, she persuaded her father to look out, and he thereupon desired his coachman to drive on; who had certainly outdriven them, if one Balfour of Kinlock, being mounted on a very fleet horse, had not cunningly passed the coach, (into which they had in vain discharged very many shot,) and after he found that he could not wound the coachman, because his coach-whip frightened the sprightly horse, wounded the postillion, and disabled the foremost coach-horses; whereupon the rest coming up, one of them, with a blunderbuss, wounded the Lord Primate in the coach, and others called to him to "Come forth, vile dog, who had betrayed Christ and his church, and to receive what he deserved for his wickedness against the kirk of Scotland;" and reproached him with Mr. James Mitchell's death. While he was in the coach, one run him through with a sword under his shoulder, the rest pulled him violently out of the coach. His daughter came out, and upon her knees began to beg mercy to her father; but they beat her and trampled her down. The Lord Primate, with very great calmness, said, "Gentlemen, I know not that ever I injured any of you; and, if I did, I promise I will make what reparation you can propose."—"Villain and Judas," said they, "an enemy to God and his people, you shall now have the reward of your enmity to God's people:" which words were followed with many mortal wounds, the first being a deep one above his eye; and though he put them in mind that he was a minister, and, pulling off his cap showed them his grey hairs, entreating, that, if they would not spare his life, they would at least allow him some little time for prayer. They returned him no other answer, but that God would not hear so base a dog as he was; and for quarter they told him, that the strokes which they were then giving, were those which he was to expect. Notwithstanding all of which, and of a shot that pierced his body above his right pap, and of other strokes which cut his hands, whilst he was holding them up to heaven in prayer, he raised himself upon his knees, and uttered only these words, "God forgive you all;" after which, by many strokes that cut his skull to pieces, he fell down dead. But some of

them, imagining they had heard him groan, returned, saying, that he was of the nature of a cat, and so they would go back and give one stroke more for the glory of God; and having stirred about his brains in the skull with the points of their swords, they took an oath of his servants not to reveal their names; and so desiring them to take up their priest, they rode bake to Magus, crying aloud that Judas was killed, and from thence made their escape."

ARABIAN GENEROSITY AND FIDELITY.

A CUSTOM equally barbarous and superstitious, had been introduced among the Arabs before Mahommedanism: they had consecrated two days of the week to two of their divinities. The first of these days was considered as a day of happiness, and the prince in order that it might be celebrated with joy, and festivity, usually granted to all that came into his presence the favor they were pleased to request: the second, on the contrary, was reputed ominous. All those were immolated, who, on that day, were so imprudent as to appear before the king to solicit any favor; undoubtedly, because the idol to whom that day was consecrated in a very particular manner, passed in the minds of the people for a terrible deity, whose anger they pretended to appease by these victims.

In the reign of Naam-ibn Munzir, an Arab of the desert, by name Tai, had fallen from great opulence into extreme ndigence. Hearing the Naam's liberality much extolled, he resolved to have recourse to it. He set out on his journey, after having embraced his wife and children, and assured them he was going to seek a remedy for their misfortunes. The poor man, too much taken up with the thoughts of helping his family, did not reflect on the fatal day he had chosen to appear as a suppliant before the king. Naam had no sooner seen him, than, turning from him, he said, "Wretch, what hast thou done? And why present thyself before me on so fatal a day as this? Thy life is forfeited, and it is not in my power to save thee."

Tai, seeing his death certain, threw himself at the prince's

feet, and conjured him to delay, at least, his punishment for a few hours: "May I be permitted," said he, "to embrace, for the last time, my wife and children, and to carry them some provisions, for the want of which they are likely to perish. Thou art too equitable to involve the innocent in the fate of the guilty. I swear by all that is sacred, that I shall return before sunset, and thou mayest then put me to death; and I shall die without murmuring."

The prince, much affected with Tai's speech, was pleased to grant him the requested delay, but it was upon a condition that almost made void the favor. He required the security of a sufficient person whom he might put to death in his room, if he should fail in his word.

Tai, in vain, earnestly entreated all those that surrounded the prince. Not one would dare to expose himself to so evident a danger. Then addressing himself to Cherik Benadi, the monarch's favorite, he spoke to him, his eyes bathed in tears: "And thou, Cherik, whose soul is so noble and great, wilt thou be insensible of my piteous state? Canst thou refuse to be security for me? I call to witness the gods and men, that I shall return before the setting of the sun."

Cherik, naturally compassionate, was greatly moved by Tai's words and misfortunes. Turning to the prince, he said, he did not scruple to be bound for Tai, who, before he had leave to depart, disappeared in an instant, and repaired to his wife and children.

Meanwhile the time limited for his return was elapsing insensibly, and the sun was ready to terminate his course, but there was no appearance of him. Cherik was led in chains to the place of punishment, and the executioner had the axe uplifted to give the blow, when a man was perceived at a distance running along the plain. 'Twas Tai himself, who was out of breath, and covered all over with sweat and dust. Horror seized him on seeing Cherik on the scaffold, ready to receive the blow of death. He flew to him, broke his chains, and putting himself in his place—"I die well satisfied," said he, "having been so happy as to come in time to deliver thee."

This moving spectacle drew tears from all present; the king himself could not check his own. "I never saw any

thing so extraordinary," cried he, transported with admiration. "Thou Tai, thou art the model of that fidelity with which one ought to keep his word; and thou, Cherik, none can equal thy great soul in generosity. I abolish, in favor of both of you, an odious custom, which barbarity had introduced among us: my subjects may for the future approach me at all times without fear." The monarch heaped benefactions upon Tai, and Cherik became dearer to him than ever.

The circumstances of this narrative are of a similar nature to that of Damon and Pythias, so famous in antiquity; but it seems that the action of Cherik is superior to that of Pythias; generosity having induced him to do for an unknown person, what friendship influenced Pythias to do in favor of Damon.

MIRACULOUS FLIGHT OF A CRIMINAL.

In the country, last year, (1796,) says Madame du Montier, I was in company with a good friar, eighty years of age, from whom I had the following story:

About forty years ago he was sent for to a highwayman to prepare him for death. The magistrates shut him up in a small chapel with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. My dear friend, said he, do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before your Almighty Judge; what can divert your attention from an affair of such importance? True, father, returned the malefactor, but I cannot divest myself of an idea, that you have it in your power to save my life. How can I possibly effect that, rejoined the friar; and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity of accumulating your crimes? If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may rely on my word—I have beheld the rack too near, again to expose myself to its torments. The friar yielded to the impulse of compassion, and it only remained to contrive the means of his es-

cape. The chapel where they were, was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. You have only, said the criminal, to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you will get upon it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders. The friar consented to this manœuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, he seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the officer and executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what was become of the criminal. He must have been an angel, replied he, coolly, for by the faith of a priest, he went out through that window. The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he was laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where our good man was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them, upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that, moreover, if he were a criminal, which he could not suspect after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *sang froid*, and, after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away. Twenty years after, this friar, travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way, just as the day was closing: a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one; if you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety. The friar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but, considering that if he nad a bad design towards him it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration—he perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned; and, as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children,

whom he thus addressed: my children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar; had it not been for him you would not have been here, nor I either; he saved my life. The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognized the thief whose escape he had favored. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and, when he was alone with the man, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. I kept my word with you, said the thief, and resolving to lead a good life in future, I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm; gaining his favor by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavors: I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me: I shall now die content, since I have seen and am able to testify my gratitude toward my deliverer. The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him by the use to which he had devoted the life which he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense, but could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This man then obliged him to make use, at least, of one of his horses, to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those mountainous parts.

Letters of Madame du Montier.

ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF CHESS.

About the commencement of the fifth century of the Christian era, the sovereignty of a large kingdom, near the mouth of the Ganges, devolved to a very young monarch; experience had not yet taught him that he should consider his subjects as his children, and that their love is the only solid prop of the state; it was in vain that those important truths were held up to his view by the sage bramins and his rajahs; elated with his power and grandeur, he swayed the land with unnatural severity.

Sissa, the son of Dahur, the most venerable of the bramins, on whom the splendor of philosophy and wisdom shone from his infancy to his seventieth year, saw that there were virtues in the monarch which required only the culture of reason to bring them into life; and, afflicted at the miseries of his country, he undertook to display to the monarch the cause of them.

Sissa, aware of the disrepute in to which the precepts of morality and virtue had fallen, from the evil example held up by those who taught them, was led to devise a mode of instruction whereby his lessons should appear the result of the prince's own reasoning, rather than the instructions of another. With this view, he invented the game of *shaik* or the *king;* in this game he contrived to make the king the most important of all the pieces, but yet the easiest to attack, and the most difficult to defend; and only to be defended by the next in rank or consequence in the game, in gradation.

The game was first spread abroad among some of the leading men; and, from the great fame of Sissa, became soon in vogue; the prince heard of it, and directed that the inventor should be his instructor. The sage bramin now attained his desire; and, in the course of his instructions, took seasonable occasions to point out the dependence of the king on the pawns, and other seasonable truths; the prince, born with genius, and capable of virtuous sentiments, in despite of the maxims of courtiers, applied to himself the morality which the game so strongly exhibited, and, reforming his conduct, his people soon became happy.

The prince, eager to recompense the bramin for the great good derived from his ingenuity, required him to demand what he thought competent. The bramin asked only a gift of corn, the amount of which should be regulated by the number of houses (or squares) on the chessboard, putting one grain on the first house, two on the second, four on the third, and so on in double permutation to the sixty-fourth house. The apparent moderation of the demand, astonished the king, and he unhesitatingly granted it; but, when his treasurers had calculated the amount of the donation, they found that the king's revenues were not competent to discharge it; for the corn of

sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four towns, each containing one thousand and twenty-four granaries, of one hundred and seventy-three thousand seven hundred and sixty-two measures each, and each measure to consist of thirty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight grains, could alone answer the demand.

The bramin then took an opportunity of pointing out to the monarch how necessary it was, especially for kings, to be guarded against the arts of those who surround them; how much they owed to their subjects, and how cautious they should be of inconsiderately bestowing their goods wastefully.

RECOVERY FROM EXECUTION.

MANY who were personally acquainted with the celebrated Professor Junker, have frequently heard him relate the following circumstances:

Being professor of anatomy at Halle, he once procured for dissection the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting room not being immediately at hand, when they were brought to him, he ordered them to be laid down in an apartment which opened into his bed-chamber. The evening came, and Junker, according to custom, preceded to resume his scientific labors before he retired to rest. It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in his closet. Thinking that, by some mistake, the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he rose, and, taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the sack which contained the two bodies was rent through the middle. He approached, and found that one of them was gone. The doors and windows were well secured, and that the body could have been stolen he thought impossible. He tremblingly looked round the closet, and found the corpse seated in a corner. Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him; he moved both to

right and left, but the dead man still kept his eyes fixed on him. The professor then retired, step by step, with his eye fixed on the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand till he reached the door. The corpse instantly started up and followed him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion; the lateness of the hour, the deep silence which prevailed—every thing concurred to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the only candle which was burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his apartment, and threw himself on his bed; thither, however, he was followed; and he soon found the dead man embracing his legs and sobbing loudly. Repeated cries of "leave me, leave me!" released Junker from his grasp. The corpse now exclaimed, "Ah, good executioner, good executioner, have mercy upon me!" Junker soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and resumed his fortitude. He informed the re-animated sufferer who he really was, and made an effort to call up some of the family. "You then wish to destroy me!" exclaimed the criminal: "if you call up any one, my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time. In the name of humanity, I implore you to save my life!" The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old night gown, and having made him take a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet. "It would have been a truly singular exhibition," observed Junker, "to have seen me, at that late hour, engaged in a tete-a-tete with a dead man, dressed out in an old night gown." The poor wretch informed him, that he had enlisted as a soldier, but that having no great attachment to the profession, he had determined to desert; that he had entrusted his secret to a kind of crim—a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman in whose house he was to remain concealed; and that she had discovered his retreat to the officers of the police. Junker was extremely perplexed how to save the fellow; it was impossible to retain him in his own house, and keep the affair secret; yet, to turn him out of doors, was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might get him into a foreign jurisdiction; but it was necessary to pass the gates,

and they were strictly guarded. To accomplish this point, he dressed him in some of his own clothes, covered him with a cloak, and at an early hour, set out for the country with his protege behind him. On arriving at the city gate, where he was well known, he said, in a hurried voice, that he had been sent for to visit a sick person in the suburbs, who was dying. He was permitted to pass. Having both got into the fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude, and after receiving some pecuniary assistance, departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years after, Junker, having occasion to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on the Exchange by a man well dressed, and of the first appearance, who he had been informed, was one of the most respectable merchants in that city. The merchant, in a polite tone, inquired whether he was not Professor Junker, of Halle; and being answered in the affirmative, he requested, in an earnest manner, his company to dinner. The professor consented. Having reached the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where he found the merchant, his beautiful wife, and two fine children: he could but express his astonishment at meeting with so cordial a reception from a family, with whom he thought he was entirely unacquainted. After dinner, the merchant taking him into his counting-house, said, "You do not recollect me." "Not at all." "But I well recollect you, and never shall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor; I am the person who came to life in your closet, and to whom you paid so much attention. On parting from you, I took the road to Holland. I wrote a tolerable good hand, was well skilled in accounts, my figure was somewhat interesting, and I soon obtained employment as a merchant's clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the interest of my patron, procured me his confidence and his daughter's love. On his retiring from business, he gave up his whole affairs to me, and I married his daughter. Stay here, then, and live with a grateful family, who will look up to you as their benefactor, and make this house your home."

A GHOST STORY EXPLAINED.

It was shrewdly remarked by Voltaire, that the early stages of society are the times for prodigies. Scotland was not civilized when Macbeth met the witches; nor was Rome, when Curtius leaped into the Gulf. People of weak intellects have, at all times, believed in apparitions. It is unnecessary now to say, that stories of ghosts are mistakes or impositions, and that they might always be detected, if people had ingenuity to discover the trick, or courage enough to search out the cause of their fright.

In all relations of this kind, there is manifestly an endeavor to make the event as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to cut off all objections which might be made to its credulity. We are about to comply with the established custom, and shall relate a story of a ghost, which, we are bold to say, has the strongest circumstances of the wonderful, the supernatural, and the well attested, of any upon record.

At a town in the west of England was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Ruben's academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course his chair while he was absent remained vacant.

The club being met on their usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to inquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom over the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual.

About midnight, (the time, by long prescription, appropriated for the walking of spectres,) the door opened—and the form in white of the dying, or rather of the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in the accustomed chair—there he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in

the chair to assure all present of the reality of the vision at length he arose and stalked toward the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and then shut the door after him.

After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived."

The company by degrees, recovered their speech; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful subject which had engaged their attention. They broke up and went home.

In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend —it was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together.

It is needless to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels: for, in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by twenty-three witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed.

Years rolled on—the story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him, that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience but for one thing which lay on her mind—"Do you not remember Mr. ——, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. The night he died, I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed without my patient. He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering—laid

down on the bed, and died. Considering myself as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it. I knew by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club room, (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of the meeting,) but I hope God, and the poor gentleman's friends, will forgive me, and I shall die contented !"

INEFFICACY OF TORTURE TO EXTORT CONFESSION.

Don Balthasar Orobio was born at Seville, in Spain, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was carefully educated in Judaism by his parents, who were Jews, though they outwardly professed themselves Roman Catholics; abstaining from the practice of their religion in every thing, except only the observation of the fast of expiation, in the month Tisis, or September. Orobio studied the scholastic philosophy used in Spain, and became so skilled in it that he was made professor of metaphysics in the university of Salamanca. Afterwards, however, applying himself to the study of physic, he practised that art at Seville with success, till, accused of Judaism, he was thrown into the inquisition, and suffered the most dreadful cruelties, in order to force a confession. He himself tells us, that he was put into a dark dungeon, so straight that he could scarce turn himself in it, and suffered so many hardships that his brain began to be disturbed. He talked to himself often in this way: "am I indeed that Don Balthasar Orobio, who walked freely about in Seville, who was entirely at ease, and had the blessings of a wife and children?" sometimes, supposing that his past life was but a dream, and that the dungeon where he then lay was his true birth-place, and which, to all appearance, would also prove the place of his death: at other times, as he had a very great metaphysical head, he first formed arguments of one kind, and then resolved them; performing thus the three different parts of opponent, respondent and moderator, at the same time. In this whimsical way he amused

himself from time to time, and constantly denied that he was a Jew. After having appeared twice or thrice before the inquisitors, he was used as follows: at the bottom of a subterraneous vault, lighted by two or three small torches, he appeared before two persons, one of whom was judge of the inquisition, and the other secretary; who asking him whether he would confess the truth, protested, that in case of a criminal's denial, the holy office would not be deemed the cause of his death, if he should expire under the torments; but, that it must be imputed entirely to his own obstinacy. Then the executioner stripped off his clothes, tied his feet and hands with a strong cord, and set him upon a little stool, while he passed the cord through some iron buckles which were fixed in the wall; then drawing away the stool, he remained hanging by the cord, which the executioner still drew harder and harder, to make him confess, till a surgeon assured the court of examinants, that he could not possibly bear more without expiring. These cords put him to exquisite tortures, by cutting into the flesh, and making the blood burst from under his nails. As there was certainly danger that the cords would tear off his flesh, to prevent the worst, care was taken to gird him with some bands about the breast, which, however, were drawn so very tight that he would have run the risk of not being able to breathe, if he had not held his breath in while the executioner put the bands around him; by which device his lungs had room enough to perform their functions. In the severest extremity of his sufferings, he was told that this was but the beginning of his torments, and that he had better confess before they proceeded to extremities. Orobio added further, that the executioner being on a small ladder, in order to frighten him, frequently let it fall against the shin bones of his legs; so that the staves, being sharp, created exquisite pain. At last, after three years' confinement, finding themselves baffled by his perseverance in denying his religion, they ordered his wounds to be cured, and discharged him. As soon as he had obtained liberty, he resolved to quit the Spanish dominions; and going to France, was made professor of physic at Thoulouse. The theses which he wrote, as candidate for this place, were upon putrefaction; and

he maintained them with so much metaphysical subtlety, as embarrassed all his competitors. He continued in this city for some time, still outwardly professing popery; but, at last, weary by dissembling, he repaired to Amsterdam, where he was circumcised, took the name of Isaac, and professed Judaism; still continuing, however, to practise physic, in which he was much esteemed. This man at last ended his days in peace, in the year 1687.

TERRIFIC ADVENTURE OF A FRENCH TRAVELLER.

It is almost impossible to conceive, that any mental suffering, the offspring of fear, can exceed that experienced by the traveller whose adventure is the subject of the following narrative. There was no illusion in it—all was real: yet in him the horror of a supernatural enemy absorbed all dread of a mortal assassin, which his midnight intruder might have well passed for.

M. de Conage, during an excursion he was making with a friend through one of the French provinces, was compelled one night to take refuge from a violent storm in an obscure inn, which had little else than M. de C.'s knowledge of the landlord to recommend it. Mine host had all the inclination in the world to accommodate the travellers to their satisfaction; but unfortunately he possessed not the means. The few chambers the house contained, were already mostly in the occupation of other guests; there remained only a small parlor unengaged, situated on the ground floor, with a closet adjoining, with which, inconvenient as they were, M. de C. and his friend were obliged to content themselves. The closet was prepared with a very uninviting bed for the latter, while they supped together in the parlor, where it had been decided M. de C. was to sleep. As their intention was to depart very early in the morning, they retired to their separate beds, and ere long fell into a profound slumber. Short, however, had been M. de C.'s repose, when he was disturbed by the voice of his companion, in an agony, crying out that he was being strangled. Though he distinctly

heard the voice of his friend, he could not, for some time, sufficiently shake off his drowsiness to comprehend the import of his neighbor's exclamations. When sufficiently master of himself to be able to speak, he anxiously inquired the cause of his distress. No answer was returned—no sound was heard. All was silent as the grave. Greatly alarmed, M. de C. started from his bed; and taking up his candle, proceeded to the closet. Imagine his horror and astonishment, when he beheld his friend prostrate and senseless, beneath the grasp of a dead man, loaded with chains!

The doleful cries which this dreadful sight could not fail to call forth, soon brought the host to his assistance, whose consternation at the appalling spectacle acquitted him of being in any way an actor to the tragic scene before them. It being a more pressing duty to endeavor at the recovery of the senseless traveller than to unravel the mysterious event which had reduced him to so shocking a situation, the barber of the village was immediately sent for, and in the mean time they extricated the traveller from the grasp of the man, whose hand had in death closed on his throat with a force which rendered it difficult to unclench. While performing this, they had the happiness to find that the vital spark still faintly glowed in the breast of the sufferer, though entirely fled from that of his assaulter. The operation of bleeding, which the barber now arrived to perform, gave that spark new vigor, and he was shortly put to bed out of danger, and left to all that could now be of service to him—repose.

M. de C. then felt himself at liberty to satisfy his curiosity in developing the cause of so terrible an adventure, which was quickly unraveled by his host, who informed him that the deceased was his groom, who had within a few days exhibited such strong marks of mental derangement, as to render it absolutely necessary to use coercive measures to prevent his either doing mischief to himself or others, and that he had been, in consequence, confined chained in the stables—but that it was evident his fetters had proved too weak to resist the strength of his frenzy; and that in liberating himself, he had passed through a little door, imprudently left unlocked, which led from the saddle-

room into the closet in which the traveller slept, and had entered it to die with such frightful effects upon his bed.

When in the course of a few days, M. de C.'s friend was sufficiently convalescent to be spoken with on the subject, he stated that never in his life had he suffered so much, and that he was confident, had his senses not forsaken him, madness must have ensued as the consequence of a prolonged state of such inexpressible terror.

TRIAL OF JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

THE following anecdote of this distinguished gentleman, was first divulged about ten or twelve years ago, having, for obvious reasons been kept secret during the lives of two of the principals. It is well known, that a mystery hung over the prosecution of the celebrated character who is the subject of it; and the publisher, in reference to Erskine's speech, says, "it requires no other introduction or preface than an attentive perusal of the case of Thomas Hardy, the charge being the same, and the evidence not materially different." It is, however, not easy to conceive upon what grounds the crown could have expected to convict Mr. Tooke, after Mr. Hardy had been acquitted; since the jury upon the first trial (some of whom were also sworn as jurors upon the second) must be supposed, by the verdict which had just been delivered, to have negatived the main fact alleged by both indictments.

This narrative, therefore, develops the mystery, and explains the views and the resources of the prosecutors.

At the period, when the sensations excited in our own country by the burst of liberty in France were in full exercise, the celebrated John Horne Tooke gave a weekly entertainment, at which the leaders of the party he espoused were generally present, and political discussions were carried on with a freedom which soon attracted the notice of the government. On one of those occasions, a gentleman was introduced by a friend, who represented him as a member of parliament from the north; a man of independent principles, and firmly attached to the cause of reform.

At a subsequent meeting this person proposed that Mr Tooke should compose a speech for him on a popular subject which was shortly to be debated in the house. This was accordingly done, and it was delivered, but drew forth not a single observation from any of the opposite party, and the question was lost without any notice of the arguments it contained. Another was then proposed, which Mr. Tooke recommended to be accompanied with a motion for increasing the pay of the navy. One of the party remarked, that such a motion would create a mutiny. "That," said Mr. Tooke, "is the very thing we want." What followed, it is unnecessary to add, for their plans were frustrated by the arrest of Mr. Tooke the next day, on a charge of high treason.

At an early period of his imprisonment, while he was one day occupied in conjectures on the immediate cause of arrest, and the nature of the evidence by which the charge against him was to be supported, one of the attendants informed him that a person wished to speak to him. Mr. Tooke desired he might be admitted, and a gentleman was introduced whose person was partially concealed by a loose cloak or coat. After a short general conversation, the attendant having withdrawn, he asked Mr. Tooke whether he was aware of the circumstances which led to his arrest, and of the person who gave the information? Being answered in the negative, "Then, sir," said he, "I now apprise you, that the proposal and remark made by you, on the subject of increasing the pay of the navy, form the ground of the charge; and the only witness on whose evidence they expect to convict you, is that very person, who was to deliver the speech. I am a member of his majesty's privy council, among whom it is now in debate, whether that person shall be produced as a witness on the part of the crown, or whether they shall suffer you to call him up for the defence, and so convict you out of the mouth of your own witness. When that shall have been decided, you will see me again."

After his departure, Mr. Tooke sent for two of his confidential friends, and, after communicating to them the circumstances, addressed one of them (a Norfolk gentleman) to the following effect:—"You must go to this scoundrel,

and tell him I intend to subpœna him as a witness; and you must represent to him, that, unless he interests himself powerfully in my behalf, I shall be lost; that my whole dependence is on him, as the strength of my defence will rest upon the evidence that he may adduce. Add every argument that you can invent to convince him that I consider my life entirely at his mercy, and that I look upon him as my best friend: in short, that all is lost without his friendship and support."

The result was, that the strongest assurances of his friendship were given, and the next day the nobleman again visited Mr. Tooke, and informed him that the council had finally determined that he should be allowed to call him for the defence, and the attorney-general should elicit the necessary evidence by the cross examination. At this interview, Mr. Tooke, on the part of himself and his friends, entered into a solemn obligation never to divulge the affair until after the death of the nobleman who had thus hazarded his life to save that of his friend.

During the interval, previous to the trial, frequent communications took place between Mr. Tooke's friends and the northern member: by which he as well as his employers, were completely cajoled; and when the trial took place, they were so sure of their victim, as to have got hundreds of warrants ready, to be instantly issued for the apprehension, of his partisans in different parts of the country. But, what must have been their astonishment and mortification to find, after the case on the part of the crown had been gone through and closed, that this witness was not called up by Mr. Tooke, he leaving his case as it stood upon the summing up, to the honesty and good sense of his jury! the attorney-general and his employers were thunderstruck; and after the verdict of acquittal was pronounced, the learned judge remarked to a person who stood near him, "that the evidence for the crown was certainly insufficient to convict the prisoner, after the fate of the former indictments: but what motives he had for not calling certain witnesses in his defence, after having subpœnaed them, was best known to himself."

THE HARPES.

THE following strange but authentic account of the Harpes is taken from "Letters from the West," by Judge Hall. The Author's name is a sufficient voucher for its truth. Any attempt to improve the article would be worse than losing time, and we therefore give his language verbatim.

Many years ago, two men named Harpe, appeared in Kentucky, spreading death and terror wherever they went. Little else was known of them but that they passed for brothers, and came from the borders of Virginia. They had three women with them, who were treated as their wives, and several children, with whom they traversed the mountainous and thinly settled parts of Virginia into Kentucky, marking their course with blood. Their history is wonderful, as well from the number and variety, as the incredible atrocity of their adventures; and as it has never yet appeared in print, I shall compress within this letter a few of its most prominent facts.

In the autumn of the year 1799, a young gentleman, named Langford, of a respectable family in Mecklenburg Co., in Virginia, set out from this state for Kentucky, with the intention of passing through the *Wilderness*, as it was then called, by the route generally known as *Boon's Trace*. On reaching the vicinity of the wilderness, a mountainous and uninhabited tract, which at that time separated the settled parts of Kentucky, from those of Virginia, he stopped to breakfast at a public house near Big Rock-Castle River. Travellers of this description—any other indeed than hardy woodsmen—were unwilling to pass singly through this lonely region; and they generally waited on its confines for others, and travelled through in parties. Mr. Langford, either not dreading danger, or not choosing to delay, determined to proceed alone. While breakfast was preparing, the Harpes and their women came up. Their appearance denoted poverty, with but little regard to cleanliness; two very indifferent horses, with some bags swung across them, and a rifle gun or two, composed nearly their whole equipage. Squalid and miserable, they

seemed objects of pity rather than of fear, and their ferocious glances were attributed more to hunger than to guilty passion. They were entire strangers in that neighborhood, and like Mr. Langford, were about to cross the Wilderness. When breakfast was served up, the landlord, as was customary at such places, in those times, invited all the persons who were assembled in the common, perhaps the only room of his little inn, to sit down; but the Harpes declined, alleging their want of money as the reason. Langford, who was of a lively, generous disposition, on hearing this, invited them to partake of the meal at his expense; they accepted the invitation, and ate voraciously. When they had thus refreshed themselves and were about to renew their journey, Mr. Langford called for the bill, and in the act of discharging it, imprudently displayed a handful of silver. They then set out together.

A few days after, some men who were conducting a drove of cattle to Virginia, by the same road which had been travelled by Mr. Langford and the Harpes, had arrived within a few miles of Big Rock-Castle River, when their cattle took fright, and quitting the road, rushed down a hill into the woods. In collecting them, they discovered the dead body of a man concealed behind a log, and covered with brush and leaves. It was now evident, that the cattle had been alarmed by the smell of blood in the road, and as the body exhibited marks of violence, it was at once suspected that a murder had been perpetrated but recently. The corpse was taken to the house where the Harpes had breakfasted, and recognised to be that of Mr. Langford, whose name was marked upon several parts of his dress. Suspicion fell upon the Harpes, who were pursued and apprehended near the *Crab Orchard*. They were taken to Stanford, the seat of justice for Lincoln county, where they were examined and committed by an inquiring court, sent to Danville for safe keeping, and probably for trial, as the system of *district* courts was then in operation in Kentucky. Previous to the time of trial they made their escape, and proceeded to Henderson county, which at that time was just beginning to be settled.

Here they soon acquired a dreadful celebrity. Neither

avarice, want, nor any of the usual inducements to the commission of crime, seemed to govern their conduct. A savage thirst for blood—a deep rooted malignity against human nature, could alone be discovered in their actions. They murdered every defenceless being who fell in their way, without distinction of age, sex or color. In the night they stole secretly to the cabin, slaughtered its inhabitants and burned their dwelling—while the farmer who left his house by day, returned to witness the dying agonies of his wife and children, and the conflagration of his possessions. Plunder was not their object: travellers they robbed and murdered, but from the inhabitants they took only what would have been freely given to them, and no more than was immediately necessary to supply the wants of nature; they destroyed without having suffered injury, or the prospect of gain. A negro boy, riding to mill with a bag of corn, was seized by them, and his brains dashed out; but the horse he rode, and the grain, were left unmolested. Females and children no longer dared to stir abroad: unarmed men feared to encounter a Harpe; and the solitary hunter as he trod the forest, looked around him with a watchful eye, and when he saw a stranger, picked his flint and stood on the defensive.

It seems incredible that such atrocities could have been repeated in a country famed for the hardihood and gallantry of its people; in Kentucky, the cradle of courage, and the nurse of warriors. But that part of Kentucky which was the scene of these barbarities was then almost a wilderness; and the vigilance of the Harpes for a time insured impunity. The spoils of their dreadful warfare furnished them with the means of violence, and of escape. Mounted on fine horses, they plunged into the forest, eluded pursuit by frequently changing their course, and appeared, to perpetrate new enormities, at points distant from those where they were supposed to lurk. On these occasions, they often left their wives and children behind them; and it is a fact honorable to the community, that vengeance for these bloody deeds was not wreaked on the helpless, but in some degree guilty companions of the perpetrators; yet justice was not long delayed.

A frontier is often the retreat of loose individuals, who,

if not familiar with crime, have very blunt perceptions of virtue. The genuine woodsmen are independent, brave and upright; but as the jackal pursues the lion to devour his leavings, the footsteps of the sturdy hunter are closely pursued by miscreants destitute of his noble qualities These are the idlest of the human race—averse to labor, and impatient of the restraints of law and the courtesies of civilized society. Without the ardor, the activity, the love of sport, and patience of fatigue, which distinguish the bold backwoodsman, these are doomed to the forest by sheer laziness, and hunt for a bare subsistence; they are the "cankers of a calm world and a long peace," the helpless *nobodies*, who, in a country where none starve and few beg, sleep until hunger pinches, then stroll into the woods for a meal. Frequently they are as harmless as the wart upon a man's nose, and as unsightly; but they are sometimes mere wax in the hands of the designing, and become the accessories of that guilt which they have not the courage or the industry to perpetrate. With such men the Harpes are supposed to have sometimes lurked. None are known to have participated in their deeds of blood, nor suspected of sharing their counsels; but they sometimes crept to the miserable cabins of those who feared or were not inclined to betray them.

Two travellers came one night to the house of a man named Stegal, and claimed under his little roof that hospitality, which, in a new country, is found in every habitation. Shortly after, the Harpes arrived. It was not, it seems, their first visit; for Mrs. Stegal had received instructions from them, which she dared not disobey, never to address them by their real names in the presence of third persons. On this occasion they informed her that they intended to personate *methodist preachers*, and ordered her to arrange matters so that one of them should sleep with each of the strangers, whom they intended to murder. Stegal was absent, and the woman was obliged to obey. The strangers were completely deceived as to the character of the newly arrived guests; and when it was announced that the house contained but two beds, they cheerfully assented to the proposed arrangement: one crept into a bed on the lower floor with one ruffian, while the

other retired to the loft with another. Both the strangers became their victims; but these bloody ruffians, who seemed neither to feel shame, nor dread punishment, determined to leave behind them no evidence of their crime, and consummated the foul tragedy by murdering their hostess and setting fire to the dwelling.

From this scene of arson, robbery, and murder, the perpetrators fled precipitately, favored by a heavy fall of rain which, as they believed, effaced their footsteps. They did not cease their flight until late the ensuing day, when they halted at a spot which they supposed to be far from any human habitation. Here they kindled a fire and were drying their clothes, when an emigrant, who had pitched his tent hard by, strolled towards their camp. He was in search of his horses, which had strayed, and civilly asked if they had seen them. This unsuspecting woodsman they slew, and continued their retreat.

In the meanwhile, the outrages of these murderers had not escaped notice, nor were they tamely submitted to. The governor of Kentucky had offered a reward for their heads, and parties of volunteers had pursued them; they had been so fortunate as to escape punishment by their cunning, but had not the prudence to desist, or to fly the country.

A man named Leiper, in revenge for the murder of Mrs. Stegal, raised a party, pursued, and discovered the assassins, on the day succeeding that atrocious deed. They came so suddenly upon the Harpes, that they had only time to fly in different directions. Accident aided the pursuers. One of the Harpes was a large, and the other a small man; the first usually rode a strong, powerful horse, the other a fleet, but much smaller animal, and in the hurry of flight they had exchanged horses. The chase was long and hot: the smaller Harpe escaped unnoticed; but the other, who was kept in view, spurred on the noble animal he rode, and which, already jaded, began to fail at the end of five or six miles. Still the miscreant pressed forward; for although none of his pursuers were near but Leiper, who had outridden his companions, he was not willing to risk a combat with a man as strong, and perhaps bolder than himself, who was animated with a noble spirit of in-

dignation against a shocking outrage. Leiper was mounted upon a horse of celebrated powers, which he had borrowed from a neighbor for the occasion. At the beginning of the chase, he had pressed his charger to the height of his speed, carefully keeping on the track of Harpe, of whom he sometimes caught a glimpse as he ascended the hill, and again lost sight in the valleys and the brush. But as he gained on the foe, and became sure of his victim, he slackened his pace, cocked his rifle, and pursued, sometimes calling upon the outlaw to surrender. At length, in leaping a ravine, Harpe's horse sprained a limb and Leiper overtook him. Both were armed with rifles. Leiper fired, and wounded Harpe through the body; the latter, turning in his seat, levelled his piece, which missed fire, and he dashed it to the ground, swearing it was the first time it had ever deceived him. He then drew a tomahawk and waited the approach of Leiper, who, nothing daunted, unsheathed his long hunting knife and rushed upon his foe, grappled with him, hurled him to the ground, and wrested his only remaining weapon from his grasp. The prostrate wretch—exhausted with the loss of blood, conquered, but unsubdued in spirit—now lay passive at the feet of his adversary. Expecting every moment the arrival of the rest of his pursuers, he inquired if Stegal was of the party, and being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "Then I am a dead man."

"That would make no difference," replied Leiper, calmly; "you must die at any rate. I do not wish to kill you myself, but if no body else will do it, I must." Leiper was a humane man, and not quickly excited, but a thorough solder when roused. Without insulting the criminal, he questioned him as to the motives of his late atrocities. The murderer attempted not to palliate or deny them, and confessed that he had been actuated by no inducement but a settled hatred of his species, whom he had sworn to destroy without distinction, in retaliation for some fancied injury. He expressed no regret for any of his bloody deeds, except that which he confessed he had perpetrated upon *one of his own children.* "It cried," said he, "and I killed it: I had always told the women, I would have no crying about me." He acknowledged that he had amassed

large sums of money, and described the places of concealment; but as none was ever discovered, it is presumed he did not declare the truth. Leiper had fired several times at Harpe during the chase, and wounded him; and when the latter was asked why, when he found Leiper pursuing him alone, he did not dismount and take to a tree, from behind which he could have shot him as he approached, he replied, he had supposed there was not a horse in the country equal to the one which he rode, and that he was confident of making his escape. He thought also that the pursuit would be less eager, so long as he abstained from shedding the blood of any of his pursuers. On the arrival of the rest of the party, the wretch was despatched, and he died as he had lived, in remorseless guilt. It is said, however, that he was about to make some disclosure, and had commenced in a tone of more sincerity than he had before evinced, when Stegal advanced and severed his head from his body. This bloody trophy they carried to the nearest magistrate, a Mr. Newman, before whom it was proved to be the head of Micajah Harpe; they then placed it in the fork of a tree, where it long remained a revolting object of horror. The spot, which is near the Highland Lick, in Union (then Henderson,) county, is still called *Harpe's Head*, and a public road which passes it is called the Harpe's Head road.

The other Harpe made his way to the neighborhood of Natchez, where he joined a gang of robbers, headed by a man named Meason, whose villanies were so notorious that a reward was offered for his head. At that period, vast regions along the shores of the Ohio and Mississippi were still unsettled, through which boats navigating those rivers must necessarily pass; and the traders who, after selling their cargoes at New Orleans, attempted to return by land, had to cross immense wildernesses, totally destitute of inhabitants. Meason, who was a man rather above the ordinary stamp, infested these deserts, seldom committing murder, but robbing all who fell in his way. Sometimes he plundered the descending boats; but more frequently he allowed these to pass, preferring to rob their owners of money as they returned; pleasantly observing, that "those people were taking produce to market for

him." Harpe took an opportunity, when the rest of his companions were absent, to slay Meason, and putting his head in a bag, carried it to Natchez, and claimed the reward. The claim was admitted; the head of Meason was recognized, but so also was the face of Harpe, who was arrested, condemned and executed.

In collecting oral testimony of events long past, a considerable variety will often be found in the statements of the persons conversant with the circumstances. In this case I have found none, except as to the fact of the two Harpes having exchanged horses. A day or two before the fatal catastrophe which ended their career in Kentucky, they had murdered a gentleman named Love, and had taken his horse, a remarkably fine animal, which big Harpe undoubtedly rode when he was overtaken. It is said that little Harpe escaped on foot, and not on his brother's horse. Many of these facts were disclosed by the latter, while under sentence of death.

After Harpe's death, the women came in and claimed protection. Two of them were the wives of the larger Harpe, the other, of his brother. The latter was a decent female, of delicate, prepossessing appearance, who stated that she had married her husband without any knowledge of his real character, shortly before they set out for the west; that she was so much shocked at the first murder they committed, that she attempted to escape from them, but was prevented; and that she had since made similar attempts. She immediately wrote to her father in Virginia, who came for her, and took her home. The other women were in no way remarkable. They remained in Muhlenburgh county.

These horrid events will sound like fiction to your ears, when told as having happened in any part of the United States, so foreign are they from the generosity of the American character, the happy security of our institutions, and the moral habits of our people. But it is to be recollected, that they happened twenty-seven years ago, in frontier settlements, far distant from the civilized parts of our country. The principal scene of Harpe's atrocities, and of his death, was in that part of Kentucky which lies south of Green river, a vast wilderness, then known by the gen

eral name of the *Green River Country*, and containing a few small and thinly scattered settlements—the more dense population of that State being at that time confined to its northern and eastern parts. The Indians still possessed the country to the south and west. That enormities should sometimes have been practised at these distant spots, cannot be matter of surprise; the only wonder is, that they were so few. The first settlers were a hardy and an honest people; but they were too few in number, and too widely spread, to be able to create or enforce wholesome civil restraints. Desperadoes, flying from justice, or seeking a secure theatre for the perpetration of crime, might frequently escape discovery, and as often elude, or openly defy, the arm of justice.

SEBASTIAN, KING OF PORTUGAL.

Sebastian, king of Portugal, was born in the year 1554, sometime after the demise of his father, brother to the reigning king; and was carefully educated by his mother, who was daughter to the celebrated Emperor, Charles V. In 1557, he succeeded his uncle, John III. In 1574, he conceived a design of making war on the Moors, and having made great preparations for putting his design into execution, on the 9th of July, 1578, he landed at Tangier, with a vast army; on the 4th of August, the same year, he fought the unfortunate battle of Alcaçar, in which the Moors were victorious, although they lost their king, who died of a fever, of which he had long been sick in his litter.

After the battle, the Portuguese missing their king, sent to those who were taken prisoners, who sought carefully for his body, which, as many supposed, was found. It had several large wounds, and by reason of the excessive heat of the climate, was already in a state of corruption. However, it was laid in a tent, and the nobility went to see it, but received no kind of satisfaction that it was the body of their king; on the contrary, it was generally thought that it was not. Notwithstanding which, King Philip of

Spain, having demanded it, and, as some report, having given a vast sum for it, at length it was sent to him, and he caused it to be interred with all the royal honors, at Belem, which stands a mile from Lisbon, and which is the usual burying-place of the Portuguese kings.

It is certain that the Portuguese nation, in general, did never credit the story of his death; but were so firmly persuaded he was alive, that they readily countenanced two impostors, who were hardy enough to assume his name. The first of these was the son of a tile maker, who was put upon it by a priest, who gave himself out to be the bishop of Garda; and who took a note of their names who bestowed their benefactions upon his disciple, in order to their being repaid when he should be restored. They were quickly apprehended, the priest hanged, and the pretended king sent to the gallies. This happened in the year 1585.

The same year, Matthew Alvarez, a native of the island of Tercera, and the son of a stone-cutter, was persuaded to give himself out for King Sabastian. This man was a hermit, who lived in solitude, a harmless, inoffensive life. Many of whom he begged, believed they saw in his countenance the features of Don Sebastian; they told him so, but he very honestly answered, that he was no king, but a poor hermit. By degrees, however, ambition got the better of his reason and his virtue; he no longer answered as he was wont, but on the contrary, gave all who interrogated him cause to apprehend that he was really the king. By degrees, he permitted them to pay him royal honors, suffered his hand to be kissed, and dined in public; nay, he went so far, at last, as to write to the Cardinal Archduke Albert, commanding him to quit his palace, for that he intended to resume the government. Upon this, a body of troops was sent against him and his adherents, by whom they were routed, and himself taken prisoner. His death quickly followed, accompanied by extraordinary marks of severity. He had his right hand cut off, after which he was strangled, and his body quartered. By this means the Spanish government reckoned that a stop would be put to the hopes of pretenders, and to the credulous folly of the Portuguese.

In the year 1598, notwithstanding these severities, there went a report that the true Don Sebastian had been seen in Italy. Upon this, one Manuel Antonez, who had served the Cardinal Henry, who succeeded Don Sebastian, declared publicly in Portugal, that Sebastian was not killed in the battle of Alcaçar, but returned with him into Portugal; and that the king put himself into a religious house in Algrave, there to do penance. In vindication of this account, he produced an act, drawn up in form, under the hand and seal of the father, guardian of that religious house. This affair making a great noise, Manuel Antonez was directed to apply himself to the court of Spain, which order he obeyed; and having produced his paper to King Philip, was seized, committed to prison, and never heard of more.

This new Sebastian appeared first at Padua, where many pitied and relieved him, upon which directions were sent to Padua from Venice, to oblige the person who called himself king of Portugal, to retire from thence in three days, and in the space of a week to quit the dominions of Venice. He was sick when the order was notified to him, but as soon as he recovered he went to Venice, in order to give an account of himself to the seigniory. The ambassador of Spain instantly applied himself to that senate, demanding that this impostor should be apprehended, and charging him with many enormous crimes. He was accordingly, in the month of November, thrown into a dungeon, and commissioners appointed to hear what the Spanish ambassador could prove against him, which came at last to nothing at all.

He was eight and twenty times examined: at first he readily answered all the questions that were asked him concerning the embassies sent to him while he was king of Portugal, the measures he had taken, the letters he had written, and the ministers he had made use of. But at last he refused to answer any questions, addressing himself in these words; "my lords, I am Sebastian, king of Portugal, I desire you will suffer me to be seen by my subjects: many of them have known, and must remember me; many of them have known and conversed with me. If any proof can be offered that I am an impostor, I am content to die;

but would you put me to death merely for having preferred you to the rest of the European powers, in seeking refuge in your dominions?"

Dr. Sampajo, and other Portuguese then residing at Venice, solicited earnestly for his being set at liberty; the commissioners informed them, that without a certificate of indubitable authenticity, as to the marks whereby Don Sebastian might be known, they could not set this man at liberty: because they knew their hatred to the Castillians to be such, that if need were, they would acknowledge a negro to be Don Sebastian. Dr. Sampajo upon this went privately to Lisbon; from whence he brought with him to Venice a canon, and an instrument signed by an apostolic notary, containing an exact account of the marks of Don Sebastian's body; whereupon he renewed his request, which the seigniory evaded, alleging that they could not enter into such an inquiry at the request of a private person, but that they were ready to do it if any of the potentates of Europe interested themselves in the affair. The Portuguese, upon this, applied themselves to foreign courts with unwearied diligence.

At last, on the 11th of December, the same year, Don Christopher the younger, son of Don Antonio, once king of Portugal, attended by Sebastian Figuera, arrived at Venice, with letters from the States General and Prince Maurice. A day of audience was now appointed, on which the person calling himself Don Sebastian was seated on the right hand of the prince, and permitted to deliver his pretensions in writing to the duke and two hundred senators, who, when they spoke to him, gave him the title of Illustrissimo. This was on the Tuesday; on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the council was continued. At ten in the evening of the last mentioned day, they made their report to the senate, who immediately summoned Don Sebastian before them, to whom they gave the same injunction that he had before received at Padua. While this order, which was in writing, was read, the senators continued standing, while he who called himself Sebastian sat, and remained covered.

When he came out, he would not suffer any to accompany him to the house where he had first lodged, where he

found Roderigo Marquez and Sebastian Figuera, who at first sight of him were extremely surprised. They said he was much changed, but they were positive he was the king, of which they advised his cousin Don Christopher, who thereupon ordered he should be conducted to the lodgings of Don John de Castro, which were in a more private part of the city. There he showed himself to all the Portuguese, observing to them that his person was very remarkable, his whole right side being larger than his left; he measured his arms, legs and thighs; then kneeling down, he discovered that his right shoulder was higher than his left by three inches; he showed them the scar of his right eye-brow, and suffered all, who desired to feel a remarkable cleft in his skull. He then showed them that he wanted a tooth on the right side of his lower jaw, which he said had been drawn by Sebastian Nero, his barber: all the rest of his teeth being firm and strong. They would have had him eat, but it being Friday, he refused. As those who were about him came from diferent countries, some were habited after the Dutch, some the Italian, others the French fashion; one, whose name was Francis Antonio, was in the garb of a pilgrim with a staff in his hand. Sebastian, standing by the fire, after continuing a long time silent, at last said with a smile, *tantotrage!* What odd fashions! Upon which some of the Portuguese nobility, who had been hitherto silent, cried out, that from the manner of pronouncing these words, they knew him to be the king. The second night, notwithstanding that all the passes into the country of the Grisons were secured, he went over into the terra firma, in the habit of a monk; but when he quitted Padua, resumed his cloak and sword, took the road to Florence, and was there arrested by order of the grand duke.

The king of Spain immediately demanded that he should be put into his hands, which the grand duke refused to do, justifying himself by the example of the state of Venice. However, the duke of Savoy preparing to invade his dominions, he caused Sebastian to be sent to Orbitello and put into the hands of the Spaniards. The writers in Italy were much divided on this event: some commending the grand duke for discouraging an impostor, others

alleging that it was a direct breach of faith. He who called himself king of Portugal, understood it in this light. He reproached the grand duke's officers in the severest terms, adding, when he was delivered to the Spaniards, that he did not doubt but God would punish the house of Medicis for their perfidy toward him.

At Naples, he was imprisoned in the Castle de Ovo, and, as the Portuguese affirm, was locked up in a chamber for three days without having any sustenance given him, or so much as seeing the face of any person, only a rope, and a knife of half a foot long, were in the corner of the room. Sebastian did not make use of either of these remedies, but bore with patience and resignation all the injuries and hardships that were put upon him. The fourth day the auditor-general, accompanied with two secretaries, made him a visit. The magistrate told the prisoner in a few words, that, provided he laid aside the chimerical style he had hitherto assumed, he might have meat, drink, a convenient lodging, and other accommodations. "I cannot do that," said he, "I am Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, whose sins have drawn upon him these severe chastisements: I am content to die after what manner you please, but to deny the truth, that I can never do." After this he was allowed bread and water for some time, and then five crowns a month, and a servant to attend him.

The Conde de Lemos, at that time viceroy of Naples, being desirous to see him, he was conducted to the palace, where, entering the hall and perceiving the count bareheaded, which happened accidentally on account of the heat of the weather, he said, in a grave and majestic tone, "Conde de Lemos, be covered." The spectators being astonished, the count asked him, with some disdain, by what authority he bid him be covered? "By an authority," replied the prisoner, "to which my birth entitles me." But why sir, do you pretend not to know me? I remember you very well; my uncle Philip sent you twice to me in Portugal, where you had such and such private conferences with me. The count, touched with this discourse, continued some time silent; at last, he said to the keeper who was with him, "Take him away, he is an impostor." "No, sir," returned he, "I am the unfortunate king of Portugal,

and you know it well. A man of your quality ought, on all occasions, either to be silent or to speak the truth." While the Conde de Lemos lived, except his imprisonment, Sebastian endured no great hardships; he was allowed to live as he pleased, and was permitted to go to chapel whenever he desired it. He fasted regularly Fridays and Saturdays, and during the whole Lent, contented himself with herbs and roots, received the sacrament, and went to confession constantly.

The Conde de Lemos was succeeded in his government by his son, who treated Sebastian with great rigour. The bishop of Reggio was sent to exercise him, (the Spanish ministry on account of his answers, affecting to believe he was a magician.) This prelate having performed his office with great solemnity, the prisoner drew a little crucifix out of his bosom: "Behold," said he, "the badge of my profession, the standard of that captain, whom, to the last drop of my blood, I shall serve." On the first day of April, 1602, he was carried from the castle mounted upon an ass, three trumpets sounding before him, and a herald proclaiming these words:—"His most catholic majesty hath commanded this man to be led through the streets of Naples with all the marks of ignominy, and then to serve on board the gallies for life, for giving himself out to be Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, whereas, he is a Calabrian." When the herald spoke of calling himself king, he cried out, "and so I am:" when he came to the word Calabrian, the prisoner cried out again, "that is false."

After this, he was put on board the gallies, and, for a day or two, chained to the oar; but as soon as they were out of the port, they restored him his own clothes and treated him like a gentleman. In the month of August, 1602, the gallies came into port St. Lucar, where the duke and duchess of Medina Sidonia desired to see the prisoner. When they had conversed together some time, Sebastian asked the duke if he had still the sword which he gave him? "I have," replied the duke, cautiously, "a sword given me by Don Sebastian when he went to Africa, which I keep among other swords presented to me." "Let them be brought," said the prisoner, "I shall know the sword I gave you." A servant being sent upon this occasion, re-

turned presently with a dozen. Sebastian having examined them one by one, turned gravely to the duke, and said, "Sir, my sword is not here." The servant being remanded to bring the rest, as soon as he came with them, Sebastian catched one out of his hand, crying out, "this, sir, is the sword I gave you." When he came to be put on board the gallies, he said to the duchess, "Madam, I have nothing to give you now; when I went to Africa I gave you a ring, if you send for it I will tell you a secret." The duchess said it was true, the king of Portugal had given her a ring, and ordered it to be sent for; when Sebastian saw it he said, "press it with your fingers, madam, the jewel may then be taken out, and beneath it you will find my cypher;" which proved to be true. The duke and duchess shed tears at his departure. When he took his leave, he said to the duchess, "Madam, the negro slave who attends you, formerly washed my linen."

Sebastian was after this imprisoned, yet treated with lenity till he died, which happened four years afterward, always persisting that he was in truth what he gave himself out to be.

GENERAL STEWART'S WOUND.

General Stewart, whose sister married Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, and who was commander-in-chief at Madras, was afflicted by a wound in one of his legs, which mortified; and, no signs of suppuration appearing, his surgeon told him there was, in his opinion, no hope of his recovery, unless he would submit to amputation. The general heard his doom with the utmost composure, and immediately set about arranging his affairs, previous to the approaching moment, when it might be no longer in his power—having fully made up his mind to die, rather than suffer the operation. It was in vain his most intimate friends remonstrated; in vain they represented that he would still be as competent as ever, mounted upon an elephant, to discharge all his military duties; and that neither from his habit of body, or his years, was there any

cause of apprehension as to the probable result. He listened to them with great good humor, and then asked his surgeon, admitting he would not submit, how long he thought he might survive? It is to be supposed, in that climate the progress of mortification is very rapid; and the surgeon told him, unless a suppuration took place, of which he saw no sign, he thought it doubtful if he could survive twenty-four hours. The veteran soldier set about arranging his affairs—made his will—dispatched a messenger to his nephew, who was absent; and, communicating in what state he left his affairs, one by one he took leave of his friends, much in the same way as if he had been going on a distant journey, or into battle. He settled his accounts, and took leave of his weeping domestics; his own mind being the least affected of any one about him. He took a last adieu, as he thought, of the setting sun, fully expecting to be a corpse ere it arose. He then told his favorite valet, who was almost broken hearted, to ice a couple of bottles of his favorite claret, and to set them on a side-table near his couch; and, not choosing to have his last agonies witnessed, or perhaps wishing to spare the feelings of his servant, he told him not, on any account, unless called for, to enter his chamber till a given hour the next day. Thus left to his own meditations, the general calmly smoked his pipe, in the Asiatic style, the last, he supposed, he should ever enjoy; and relishing his *chateau margeaux*, perhaps from the same anticipation, he finished his second bottle, and peaceably laid himself down to sleep, expecting, ere he awoke again, the agonies of death might be upon him.

At the appointed hour, no signal having been given, with a palpitating heart the valet approached his beloved master's bed, fully expecting to find him a corpse; when, to his astonishment and delight, he saw he was alive, and apparently enjoying a refreshing sleep; which he did not interrupt, but immediately informed the surgeon, who, upon looking at his patient and examining his pulse, was convinced that a favorable crisis had arrived; and when the general awoke, and the dressings were removed, it was found that a complete suppuration had taken place, and

that nothing remained but a clean, healthy wound, which was rapidly cured.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE LIBERTY OF SWITZERLAND.

THE present inhabitants of Switzerland are descended from the ancient Helvetii, who were subdued by Julius Cesar. They continued long under little better than the nominal dominion of the houses of Burgundy and Austria, till the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the severity with which they were treated by the Austrian governors excited a general insurrection, and gave rise to what is now called, from the ancient name of the country, the Helvetic confederacy. This memorable event is thus related:

Albert, Emperor of Germany, having in vain attempted to compel all the brave Switzers to submit to the yoke of the house of Austria, these people were so cruelly treated that they entered into a confederacy, in order to support their ancient rights and privileges. Gesler, the governor of Uri, in order to discover the authors of the conspiracy, ordered that his hat should be fixed on the top of a pole, in the market-place of Altorf, the capitol of that province; and all who passed by it, were obliged, on pain of death, to pay obeisance to it, as if to the governor himself. William Tell, a man of influence in his country, disdaining this mark of vassalage and slavery, refused to obey the tyrant's orders: upon which the latter caused him to be arrested, and condemned him to shoot an apple from the head of his only son, who was about five years old. Tell answered, that he would rather die himself, than risk the safety of his son. The tyrant declared he would hang them both, if he did not instantly obey. Thus compelled, Tell reluctantly took his bow, and from the head of his son, who was tied to a tree, he shot away the apple to the admiration of all the spectators. The governor perceiving he had a second arrow, demanded what he had intended to do with it; assuring him, at the same time, of his full pardon if he would disclose the truth. "To pierce thy heart," replied

Tell, "if I had been so unfortunate as to kill my son." Gesler, basely violating his promise, loaded him with chains, and made him embark with him on board a vessel that was to cross lake Uri, in order to confine him in a dungeon in one of his castles; but a tempest arising, the governor found that Tell's assistance was necessary, to save himself and his crew. He therefore ordered his fetters to be taken off; and Tell, having steered the vessel with safety towards a landing-place, with which he was acquainted, threw himself into the water, with his bow, and fled to the mountains. He there waited in a place that Gesler was obliged to pass, and shot him in the heart with his remaining arrow. The brave Switzer then hastened to announce the death of the tyrant, and their consequent deliverance to the confederatee; and putting himself at the head of a multitude of his gallant countrymen, he took all the fortresses, and made the governors prisoners.

Such is the history of the commencement of Swiss liberty, which some of the greatest painters have selected as a favorite subject. It must not be concealed, however, that some historians call in question the circumstance of the apple; while others, on the contrary, have implicitly received it. The former assert, that a similar event had occurred long before to Tocho, an excellent marksman in the army of a Gothic monarch, named Harold; but this is no proof that the same event might not happen afterwards to a very different person; nor is there any reason for supposing, that the Switzers would have recourse to fable in order to account for a revolution, that was not only very signal in itself, but that happened not much more than five centuries ago.

But, not to investigate this subject further, all historians are agreed, that William Tell was one of the most distinguished authors of this glorious revolution. Gesler was unquestionably killed by him with an arrow. He entered into an association with Werner Stauffacher, Walter Furst, and Arnold de Melctal, whose father had been deprived of his sight by the inhuman monster. The plan of this revolution was formed on the 14th of November, 1307. The Emperor Albert, who would have treated these illustrious men as rebels, was prevented by death. The Archduke

Leopold marched into their country with an army of twenty thousand men. With a force not exceeding five hundred, the brave Switzers waited for the main body of the Austrian army in the defiles of Morgate. More fortunate than Leonidas and his Lacedemonians, they put the invaders to flight, by rolling down great stones from the tops of the mountains. Other bodies of the Austrian army were defeated at the same time, by a number of Switzers equally small. This victory having been gained in the canton of Schweitz, the two other cantons gave this name to the confederacy, into which, by degrees, other cantons entered. Berne, which is to Switzerland what Amsterdam is to Holland, did not accede to this alliance till the year 1352; and it was not till 1513, that the small district of Appenzel united to the other cantons, and completed the number of thirteen. No people ever fought longer nor better for their liberty. They gained more than sixty battles against the Austrians; but, it is feared, have lately suffered in their independence. A country which is not too extensive, nor too opulent, and where the laws breathe a spirit of mildness, ought, necessarily, to be free. This revolution in the government produced another in the aspect of the country. A barren soil, neglected under the dominion of tyrants, became, at length, the scene of cultivation. Vineyards were planted on rocky mountains; and savage tracts, cleared and tilled by the hands of freemen, became the fertile abodes of peace and plenty. The thirteen cantons, as they now stand in point of precedency, are, 1st, Zurich—2d, Berne—3d, Lucerne—4th, Uri—5th, Schweitz—6th, Underwalden—7th, Zug—8th, Glacis—9th, Basil—10th, Fribourg—11th, Soloure—12th, Schaffhausen—13th, Appenzel.

THE JUVENILE HERO.

THE heroic conduct, filial attachment, and lamentable death of the young Casabianca, at the famous battle of Aboukir, will be read with feelings of the liveliest emotion, by the latest posterity. His father commanded the Orient,

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See page 249, vol. II.

the flag-ship of Admiral Bruyes, and being mortally wounded at the moment the Orient caught fire, was carried into the gun-room.

The boy whose age did not exceed *thirteen*, displayed the utmost activity during the engagement. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors, and when the firing happened to be impeded in the heat of action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquillity by a coolness which was quite astonishing for his age; he made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertances, and took care that each gun was served with cartridges suited to its calibre.

He knew not that his father had been mortally wounded; and when the fire broke out on board the Orient, and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself, and called loudly on his father, asking him if he could quit his post like the rest, without dishonor. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer, but in vain. At length an old sailor informed him of the misfortune of Casabianca, his father, and told him that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. The noble-minded boy refused, and immediately ran to the gun-room. When he perceived his father, he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared that he would never quit him! in vain his father entreated and threatened him: in vain the old sailor, who felt an attachment to his captain, wished to render him this last service. "I MUST DIE—I WILL DIE WITH MY FATHER!" answered the generous child. "*There is but a moment remaining*," observed the sailor; "I *shall have great difficulty in saving myself—adieu!*"

The flame reaching the powder magazine, the Orient blew up with a dreadful explosion, at eleven o'clock in the evening. The whole horizon seemed on fire, the earth shook, and the smoke which proceeded from the vessel ascended heavily in a mass, like an immense dark balloon. The atmosphere then brightened up, and exhibited the terrific objects of all descriptions which were precipitated on the scene of battle.

Thus perished the young and the gallant Casabianca, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains

of his unfortunate father. On landing at Alexandria, the above particulars were circumstantially related to General Kleber and Louis Bonaparte, afterwards king of Holland.

Memoirs of Louis Bonaparte.

THE LOVER'S HEART

About a hundred years ago, there was in France one Captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman of ancient extraction, and governor of Coucy castle, which is yet standing. He fell in love with a young woman, and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them; but her parents by way of prevention, shuffled up a forced match between her and one M. Fayel, who was an heir to a great estate. Hereupon Capt. Coucy quitted France in disgust, and went to the wars in Hungary, against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound near Buda. Being carried to his lodgings, he languished four days: but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient servant, of whose fidelity and truth he had ample experience, and told him he had a great business to trust him with, which he conjured him to perform; which was, that, after his death, he should cause his body to be opened, take out his heart, put it into an earthen pot, and bake it to powder; then put the powder into a handsome box, with the bracelet of hair he had long worn about his left wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle Fayel's hair, and put it among the powder, together with a little note he had written to her with his own blood; and, after he had given him the rights of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the box to Mademoiselle Fayel.

The old servant did as his master commanded him, and so went to France; and, coming one day to Monsieur Fayel's house, he suddenly met him with one of his servants, who, knowing him to be Captain Coucy's servant, examined him; and, finding him timorous and to falter in speech, he searched him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the note, which expressed what was in it; then he dismissed the bearer with menaces that he should

come thither no more. Monsieur Fayel going in sent for his cook, and, delivering him the powder charged him to make a well-relished dish of it, without loosing a jot, for it was a very costly thing, and commanded him to bring it in himself after the last course of supper. The cook bringing in his dish accordingly, Monsieur Fayel commanded all to leave the room, and began a serious discourse with his wife: "That ever since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to a consumption, therefore he had provided a very precious cordial, which he was well aware would cure her;" and for that reason obliged her to eat up the whole dish: she afterwards importuning him to know what it was, he told her, at last, "she had eaten De Coucy's heart," and drew the box out of his pocket, and showed her the note and the bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy, she, with a deep-fetched sigh, said, "This is an excellent cordial indeed," and then licked the dish, saying, "It is so precious, that it is a pity ever to eat any thing after it." Whereupon she went to bed, and in the morning was found dead.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF JOHN COLTER.

Mr. Bradbury, in his travels in the interior of North America, relates the following singular adventure of a man named John Colter.

Colter came to St. Louis in May, 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of three thousand miles, which he traversed in thirty days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clark's party; one of these, for its singularity, I shall relate. On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing an appearance of abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and

trapped in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfeet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they heard a great noise resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river, impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who was a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, —"Colter, I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly leveled his rifle at the Indian and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning; for if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "*he was made a riddle of.*" They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death.

They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and, seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been

some time amongst the Kee-katso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied, that he was a bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *save himself if he could.* At this instant the horrid warhoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than one hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief, that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appaling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined if possible to avoid the unexpected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop—but exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which struck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly took up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost

of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton tree wood on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "*like so many devils.*" They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until the night, when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed and travelled all night. Although happy in escaping from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked, under a burning sun—the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear—he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him—and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Bighorn branch of the Roche Jaune river. These were circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. He arrived at the fort in seven days, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, now known by naturalists as *psoralea esculenta.*

ICE PALACE OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

Among the magnificent wonders of this splendid capitol, the annals of the reign of Catharine II. make mention of one ephemeral palace, which, like that of Pandæmonium,

"——Out of the earth a fabric huge,
Rose like an exhalation;"

and like an exhalation vanished, not leaving a wreck behind. From a true and particular account of this ice palace, drawn up by Kraft, an imperial academician, and published at St. Petersburgh the year after its erection, it appears, that seven years before, an ice castle had been built upon the river Neva; but the ice bent under the weight of the edifice, and of the soldiers who garrisoned it. To avoid a similar defect in the foundation, it was resolved, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Galitzin, in 1740, to erect a palace of ice on *terra firma;* and a site was chosen between the imperial winter palace and the admiralty, one of the lords of the bed-chamber being appointed to superintend the works. The palace was constructed of blocks of ice, from two to three feet thick, cut out of the winter covering of the Neva; these being properly adjusted, water was poured between them, which acted as a cement, consolidating the whole into one immense mass of ice. The length of the edifice was fifty-six feet, its breadth seventy and a half, and its height twenty-one. "It was constructed according to the strictest rules of art; and was adorned with a portico, columns, and statues. It consisted of a single story, the front of which was provided with a door, and fourteen windows; the frames of the latter, as well as the panes, being all formed of ice. The sides of the doors and of the windows were painted in imitation of green marble. On each side of the door was a dolphin, from the mouths of which, by means of naphtha, volumes of flames were emitted in the evening. Next to them were two mortars, equal to eighty-pounders, from which many bombs were thrown, a quarter of a pound of powder being used for each charge. On each side of the mortars stood three cannons, equal to three-pounders, mounted upon carriages, and with wheels, which were often used. In the presence of a number of persons attached to the court, a bullet was driven through a board two inches thick, at the distance of sixty paces, by one of these cannon, a quarter of a pound of powder being also used for a charge. The interior of the edifice had no ceiling, and consisted of a lobby and two large apartments, one on each side, which

were well furnished, and painted in the most elegant manner, though formed merely of ice. Tables, chairs, statues, looking-glasses, candlesticks, watches, and other ornaments, besides tea-dishes, tumblers, wine-glasses, and even plates with provisions, were seen in one apartment, also formed of ice, and painted of their natural colors; while in the other, were to be seen a state bed, with curtains, bed, pillows, and bed-clothes, two pair of slippers, and two night caps of the same cold material. Behind the cannon, the mortars, and the dolphins, stretched a low balustrade. On each side of the building was a low entrance. Here were pots with flowers and orange-trees, partly formed of ice, and partly natural, on which birds sat. Beyond these were erected two icy pyramids. On the right of one of them stood an elephant, which was hollow, and so contrived as to throw out burning naphtha; while a person within it, by means of a tube, imitated the natural cries of the animal. On the left of the other pyramid was seen the never failing concomitant of all princely dwellings in Russia, a *banya*, or bath, apparently formed of balks, which is said to have been sometimes heated, and even to have been appropriated to use.

"The appearance of the ice palace, it is said, was remarkably splendid when lighted up in the evening with numerous candles. Amusing transparancies were usually suspended in the windows to increase the effect; and the emission of flames by the dolphins, and the elephant, all tended to excite greater surprise, while the people beheld the crystalline mass."

Thus, there wanted not, to carry on the parallel between this palace and the magical edifice which Milton describes,

> "———many a row
> Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
> With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light
> As from a sky. The hasty multitude
> Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
> And some the architect."

Crowds of visitors were continually seen around this fantastic and unique construction, which remained entire from the beginning of January almost to the middle of March. The glassy fabric then began to melt, and was soon after-

wards broken into pieces, and the ruins were conveyed to the imperial ice-cellar.* On the wisdom displayed in the construction of this costly emblem of mundane glory, the reader may make his own comment.

STEPHEN MERRIL CLARK.

This person was a youth who never attained the age of eighteen years. He was the son of respectable parents in the town of Newburyport, where he resided all or the better part of his life. He was a boy of profligate habits and bad character. No incident of his short and evil life possesses the smallest interest, excepting the crime for which he suffered capitally. If, however, his story should hinder one individual from following the courses which confirmed his natural hardness of heart, we shall have rendered a service to the community.

On the morning of the 17th of August, 1820, Mr. Fitz, a gentleman who dwelt in Temple street, Newburyport, perceived that a barn belonging to Mrs. Phœbe Cross, about seventy yards from his own house, was on fire. This was before daylight. He went to the house of Mr. Frothingham, opposite to the burning building, and awoke the family. Scarcely had they escaped when their house caught fire, and within an hour was burnt to the ground. Two more dwelling houses and five or six other buildings were also consumed.

Many circumstances concurred to prove this conflagration to be the work of an incendiary, and suspicion was strong against Stephen M. Clark. To shield him from the consequences, his father sent him to Belfast, in the state of Maine; but before he went he told one Hannah Downes, that he would return and set fire to the town in four different places. This girl was an inmate of a brothel kept by a Mrs. Chase. As soon as the youth was found to be

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* Kraft's work contains two views of the interior, as well as one of the front of the palace. A copy of the latter is given by Dr. Lyall, in his Travels in Russia, (Vol. ii. p. 390,) from which we have taken this account.

missing, the public indignation was directed against these women, and they were sent to prison as lewd and lascivious characters. Hannah Downes was discharged a week after, but Mrs. Chase remained a month, after which she became the servant of Mr. Wade, the keeper of the prison, in which capacity she behaved with strict propriety.

Young Clark returned to Essex county in September. On the 22d of that month, as he was passing by Mr. Wade's house, on his way to Newburyport, Mrs. Chase saw and recognized him. He was asked to go in and get something to eat, a request with which he very unwillingly complied, showing much uneasiness. Mr. Wade went out for a while, and on his return met Clark, who turned out of the way to avoid him. The jailor asked Clark to go with him, and the youth with some reluctance consented. Mr. Wade took him in his chase to the office of Mr. Woart, a magistrate of Newburyport. On the way, the youth told Mr. Wade that he came from Belfast by the way of Boston.

Mr. Woart sent for the selectmen of the town, and in the mean while placed a keeper at the door to prevent improper persons from entering, for the news of Clark's apprehension had drawn a concourse of people about the office. After a short examination he was fully committed.

On the 15th of February, 1821, Stephen Merril Clark stood before the bar of the Supreme Judicial Court, at Salem, to answer to the charge of ARSON.

The principal witness against him, without whose evidence he could not have been convicted, were his former associates, Hannah Downes and Mrs. Sally Chase. The former testified that she and Mrs. Chase had a conversation with the prisoner near the ruins, early in the morning after the fire, whence he walked home with them. On the way he observed, that "the fire blazed d—d well, and the fellow who made it was a d—d good fellow—and if he knew him he would treat him." To these profane remarks she replied, that she believed he knew as much about the matter as any one. He nodded assent, and took leave of her.

She met him again at sunrise, and heard all the particulars of his guilt from his own mouth. He went, he said,

to his father's cellar and took a candle, but breaking it accidentally, thought it would not serve his purpose, and therefore took another. Then taking matches and a lighted segar, he went to the barn and climbed into the upper loft. There he stuck the candle upright in a whisp of hay, put it under the stairs in a position to communicate with certain combustibles, and lighted it by means of his segar and matches. This took place between seven and eight, or eight and nine o'clock. After this he returned home and went to bed to his father, that he might not be suspected. At twelve o'clock he awoke, and hearing no alarm, thought the candle had gone out, and slept again. When he awoke again at two, the fire had broken out, and he went to see it, telling his father, as he started, that he believed some person intended to burn the town. By this he referred to recent fires in the place, particularly one that took place about twenty-four hours previous, and which he had occasioned.

As we have before stated, suspicion fell upon Clark, Hannah Downes, and Mrs. Chase, and they were imprisoned for a while. The women occupied an apartment adjoining Clark's. The prisoner now fearing that they would betray him, wrote Mrs. Chase a letter entreating her to keep silence, and sent it by William Stanwood, her cousin, to whom he delivered it through a window. Stanwood confirmed their evidence on this point. In the course of the night Clark knocked several times on the partition between them, and reiterated his request.

After his liberation, he told Hannah Downes he meant to go eastward, and stay in Maine till suspicion and alarm subsided, and then return to Boston by water. He would next come to Newburyport by night and set fire to it in four different places, so that while the people were extinguishing the conflagration in one place, it should break out in another. On her telling him that he would be sent to the state prison if discovered, he replied that that was a matter of indifference to him, and if he staid there twenty years he would be revenged on the town of Newburyport as soon as he came out.

On her cross-examination, Hannah Downes farther stated that the Thursday before the fire, as she was standing

at her father's door, Clark came up and began to talk to her. He put something to her nose that had the odor of brimstone. Being asked what he meant to do with it, he replied that she would soon know. That evening a barn was burned down. This was the substance of the testimony of Hannah Downes.

Mrs. Chase confirmed all these particulars. She added that after the prisoner was liberated she believed the town in imminent danger, and considered it her duty to save it. Following the dictates of this her judgment, she wrote an account of all she knew to Mr. Woart, in consequence of which Clark was arrested on his return, as has already been seen. It appears from her evidence, that some of Clark's relatives had opposed his intimacy with Hannah Downes, and that his motive for his crime was to revenge himself for this interference.

It was strongly contended by the prisoner's counsel that no faith should be given to the testimony of such notoriously profligate characters as these women; and that they were such, was proved by abundant evidence. Mr. Moses Clark, the prisoner's father, especially, did much to discredit them.

In answer to this, Mr. Marston, one of the selectmen, stated, that when Mr. Clark complained of his son, he said he feared that if something were not done the lad would do mischief. Nay, he added that he could not sleep quietly for fear he should wake and find the town burning. In proof that Hannah Downes was not actuated by a desire to injure the prisoner, Mr. Woart was called to the stand. He said that on being apprised of Clark's guilt by Mrs. Chase, he sent for Hannah Downes, and questioned her. At first she strenuously denied all knowledge of the matter, and told what she knew with great reluctance at last. She alleged her promise of secrecy to Clark, as the reason of her unwillingness to confess.

Clark's counsel objected to the admission of the testimony of Hannah Downes, touching his confession to her, inasmuch as it was not proved that an offence had been committed, or that the barn in question had not been set on fire by accident. The objection was overruled by the court, who decided, that nothing was necessary previous

to admitting evidence of confession, save proof of the fact, that the calamity *might* have been brought to pass by human agency.

In defence of the prisoner it was urged, that the town of Newburyport had suffered often and severely by fire, and that the inhabitants were consequently much excited against him—that this excitement had influenced the testimony. The learned counsel insisted strongly on the infamous characters of the two principal witnesses, and on the threat uttered against Clark by Hannah Downes, in conversation with his father. Furthermore, it was argued, that Clark's confessions to Mr. Woart and others, were extorted by illegal duress, restraint, and menace, and several witnesses were then introduced to prove an alibi; but in this they utterly failed.

After a deliberation of five hours, the jury found the prisoner guilty, and sentence of death was passed on him. He was executed accordingly.

TRUE BRAVERY.

When the American army was at Valley Forge, in the winter of 1777, a captain of the Virginia line refused a challenge sent him by a brother officer, alleging that his life was devoted to the service of his country, and that he did not think it a point of duty to risk it to gratify the caprice of any man. This point of duty gave occasion to a point of humor, which clearly displayed the brilliant points of the officer's character, and exposed the weak ones of his brother's in the service in a very pointed manner. His antagonist gave him the name of a coward through the whole army; conscious of not having merited the aspersion, and discovering the injury he should sustain in the minds of those unacquainted with him, he repaired one evening to a general meeting of the officers of that line.

On the entrance he was avoided by the company, and the officer who challenged him, insolently ordered him to leave the room, a request which was loudly re-echoed from all parts. He refused, and asserted that he came there to

vindicate his fame; and after mentioning the reasons which induced him not to accept the challenge, he applied a large hand-granade to the candle, and when the fuse had caught fire, threw in on the floor, saying, "Here gentlemen, this will quickly determine which of us all dare brave danger most." At first they stared upon him for a moment in stupid astonishment; but their eyes soon fell upon the fuse of the grenade, which was fast burning down; away scampered colonel, general, ensign, and captain, and all made a rush at the door—"Devil take the hindmost." Some fell, and others made way over the bodies of their comrades; some succeeded in getting out, but for an instant, there was a general heap of flesh sprawling at the entrance of the apartment.

Here was a colonel jostling with a subaltern, and there fat generals pressing lean lieutenants into the boards, and blushing majors and squeaking ensigns wrestling for exit, the size of one and the feebleness of the other making their chance of departure pretty equal; until time, which does all things, at last cleared the room, and left the captain standing over the grenade, with his arms folded, and his countenance expressing every kind of scorn and contempt for the scrambling red coats, as they toiled, and bustled, and bored their way to the door. After the explosion had taken place, some of them ventured to return and take a peep at the mangled remains of their comrade, whom, however, to their great surprise, they found alive and uninjured. When they were all gone, the captain threw himself flat on the floor, as the only possible means of escape, and, fortunately, came off with a whole skin, and a repaired reputation.

INUNDATION OF THE RIVER NEVA, IN RUSSIA, IN 1824.

THE situation of St. Petersburgh, on the gulf of Finland and the banks of the Neva, is very favorable to commerce, and advantageous in other respects; but these advantages are in some measure counterbalanced by evils arising from that very situation. It is exposed to dreadful inundations,

occasioned chiefly by a west or south-west wind, which, blowing directly from the gulf, prevents the exit of the Neva, and occasions a vast accumulation of water. If the westerly wind continues for some time, the water rises ten feet above its level; at five feet, it overflows only the west part of the town, in those places where there is no embankment; but only the easternmost parts escape when the waters rise ten feet. These floods are, in general, less alarming and destructive than formerly, owing principally to the gradual raising of the grounds, by buildings and other causes. The most ancient inundation, of which there is any record, was before the city was built, in 1691. The waters of that period seem to have risen usually every five years. On the first of November, 1726, the waters rose eight feet two inches; on the 2d October, 1752, eight feet five inches. On September 10, 1777, there was a dreadful inundation, in consequence of a violent storm of wind from the west and south-west. In several streets, the torrent was four feet and a half deep, and so powerful, that it carried before it several buildings and bridges; the Vassili Ostroff, and the island of St. Petersburgh, particularly suffered. It began at five in the morning; about seven, the wind shifting suddenly to the north-west, the flood fell as rapidly as it had risen. For a short time the river rose ten feet above its ordinary level.

In consequence of this inundation, precautionary measures have been taken to warn the inhabitants of the approaching evil: the height of the water is regularly marked. Whenever it rises above its banks at the mouth of the great Neva, notice is given by three distinct firings of cannon, repeated at intervals as the danger increases: five cannon are also fired at the Admiralty battery; and from its steeple by day, four white flags are displayed; by night, four lanterns, the bells of the churches tolling at the same time.

All these precautions however, were inadequate to preserve the city from a most dreadful calamity, in November, 1824. On the night of the 10th of that month, so strong a westerly wind impeded the current from the Ladoga lake, that the Neva and the canals rose to an unusual height, and lamps were hung out around the Admiralty

steeple to warn people not to sleep in their lowest apartments—a signal which custom has familiarized them to. Early on the next day, the waters had so risen, that the white flag was hung out, and guns were fired to admonish the city of its danger. It was soon too apparent that these admonitions were necessary; the Neva rose so as to inundate the whole city, and the confusion and destruction became indescribable. Vehicles of all descriptions, says a private letter, were now seen hurrying homewards, or to the bridges, or to some rising ground, with the water over the wheels; people were also seen wading through it up to their waists; in a short time, only a courier here and there appeared on horseback, their horses scarcely able to keep their heads above the water.

At one o'clock on the 19th, nothing was to be seen on the Grand Place and in the streets, but wooden barks, empty boats, sentry-boxes, timber, furniture washed from the houses, bread, and various kinds of provisions, all floating in confused masses on the boisterous surface; houses were seen floating up the river, most of the inhabitants of which had perished! even the church-yards experienced an additional desolation. In the Smolensko quarter of the town, coffins were washed out of their graves, and the dead bodies were cast up from their quiet habitations. Numbers had struggled up pillars, to the tops of trees, and on the highest eminences, and were gradually saved from the fate of their companions by a few boats, which literally plied above the roofs of many of the houses; an eye-witness, says, "On Saturday, the 20th, at daybreak, I went out to view the effects of this catastrophe. I found the quay of the Neva blocked up with timber, broken barges, galliots, and vessels of various descriptions, which had carried with them the pillars and lamp-posts of the houses, and had broken the windows, and otherwise damaged the edifices. The large blocks of granite, of which the parapet is composed, were thrown over. The St. Isaac's, the Toochkoff, and the summer-garden bridges were broken from their anchors, dispersed and destroyed. Many of the streets were so choked up with their timber, as to be almost impassable. In the Vassili Ostroff quarter, where most of the houses are of

wood, the destruction was immense; whole dwellings were hurled from their foundations, some of which were found at a considerable distance from where they stood, with the dead bodies of their unfortunate inhabitants within; others were broken in pieces on the spot, and some were so totally destroyed, that not a fragment remained." Wooden barracks with many of their inmates were totally overwhelmed: a regiment of carabineers who climbed up one of the roofs, all perished! eight thousand dead bodies had been already found, and multitudes were carried by the retreating waters down the Gulf of Finland; many, also, were supposed to remain buried in the ruins of their habitations. Of course, many instances of individual affliction during the rapidity of the inundation must have occurred: the following seems particularly affecting. A lady and a child in a carriage were in a dangerous situation, when a cossack riding by, observed her distress, and stopped; she entreated him to save the child; he took it from the carriage window, but in a few minutes his horse slipped and they both perished; soon afterwards, the lady, with her servants, horses and baggage, were overwhelmed in the waters. When we state the loss of human beings to have been upwards of 8000, it may seem almost unfeeling to think of estimating the destruction of property; but many who escaped the flood, were doomed in the wreck of their all to combat the more tedious mortality of famine. All the provisions in the city had been more or less damaged, and the frost had set in so severely, that any supply from the sea was considered almost hopeless. The exchange had been fitted to receive 4000 persons; and such public buildings as escaped, were opened for the reception of the homeless. Whole villages in the neighborhood had almost entirely disappeared; of Emilianowka, not a trace remained! the imperial establishments at Cronstadt suffered greatly, and the fleet sustained irreparable damage: a ship of 100 guns was left in the middle of one of the principal streets! in the imperial iron manufactory at Catharinoff, 200 workmen perished; and out of 18 barracks, no less than 15 were washed away. Such are a few, and but a few of the results of this dreadful calamity. Alexander was a helpless witness of the scene

from his palace windows; what a lesson for human ambition! a few years before, an emperor, as powerful and as seemingly secure, found the grave of his fortune in the ruins of the other capital. To do him justice, he seems to have been deeply afflicted at the spectacle; but indeed, what indifferent sojourner would not! a million of roubles were subscribed from the imperial purse, and a committee appointed for their immediate distribution; the reigning family personally visited and succored the miserable survivors; and all that human charity could do, under such a visitation, was put in active progress. The loss of commercial property was immense: in sugar alone, it is said, that ten millions eight hundred thousand pounds were damaged, and nearly half the quantity completely melted."

ESCAPE OF A FARMER FROM DROWNING.

THE hazardous occupation of a fowler, on the coast between Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, once led him into a case of great distress: this being in the day-time, it shows still greater danger of such expeditions in the night. Mounted on his mud-pattens, (flat pieces of board tied on his feet,) he was traversing one of these midland plains in quest of ducks; and being only intent on his game, he suddenly found that the waters, which had been brought forward with uncommon rapidity, by some peculiar circumstances of tide and current, had made an alarming progress around him. Incumbered as his feet were, he could not exert much expedition: but to whatever part he ran, he found himself completely invested by the tide. In this uncomfortable situation, a thought struck him, as the only hope of safety. He retired to that part of the plain, which seemed the highest, from its being yet uncovered by water, and, striking the barrel of his gun (which, for the purpose of shooting wild fowl, was very long) deep into the mud, he resolved to hold fast by it, as a support, as well as a security against the waves, and to wait the ebbing of the tide. A common tide, he had reason to believe, would not, in that place, have reached above his middle; but as

this was a spring-tide, and brought forward with a strong westerly wind, he durst hardly expect so favorable a conclusion; in the midst of this reasoning on the subject, the water making a rapid advance, had now reached him. It rippled over his feet, it gained his knees, his waist, button after button, swallowed up, till at length it advanced over his very shoulders! With a palpitating heart, he gave himself up for lost. Still, however, he held fast by his anchor. His eye was eagerly in search of some boat, which might accidentally take its course that way: but none appeared. A solitary head floating on the water, and sometimes covered by a wave, was no object to be descried from the shore, at a distance of half a league; nor could he exert any sounds of distress that could be heard so far. While he was thus making up his mind, as the exigence would allow, to the terrors of a certain destruction, his attention was called to a new object. He thought he saw the uppermost button of his coat begin to appear. No mariner floating on a wreck, could behold a cape at sea, with greater transport, than he did the uppermost button of his coat. But the fluctuation of the water was such, and the turn of the tide so slow, that it was yet some time before he durst venture to assure himself, that the button was fairly above the level of the flood. At length, however, a second appearing at intervals, his sensations may rather be conceived than described; and his joy gave him spirit and resolution, to support his uneasy situation four or five hours longer, till the waters fully retired.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

Some time in the month of November, 1803, at Hanover, New Hampshire, the track of a bear was discovered in the light snow which had fallen the day preceding. Numbers of the inhabitants, supported by fire-arms, dogs, &c., went in pursuit of her:—But, as the snow was considerably drifted, and as no hounds were engaged in the chase, she evaded their pursuit until about sun-set, when

they compelled her to seek refuge in a vault, or cave. In vain did they strive to provoke a sally on her part, by sending in the dogs, by fumigation, &c.—nothing but hoarse growlings were returned. To their great mortification, they were obliged to watch the den during the night. In the morning it was determined that some one should enter the den, and endeavor either to dispatch or dislodge the enemy. Every one declined the hazardous enterprise.

At length Mr. *Mason Murch* concluded to make the attempt. Furnished with a short piece of a lighted candle, he descended the cave through an aperture just sufficient to admit a person of middling size, in a direction nearly perpendicular, to the depth of eight or nine feet; thence, horizontally, about 20 or 30 feet, to the extremity; at the right of which was a cavern, nearly the size and figure of a soldier's tent, the entrance of which was so far blocked, with a stone of a conic figure, as just to leave a passage for the bear on either side. On the top of this stone he placed the candle, and then went in search of the bear, who from her growlings and gnashing of teeth, he concluded not far distant; accordingly he undertook to crawl through the passage, in order to invade her retirement; but, no sooner had he presented his head through this strait, than he saw the bear gazing at the candle, her head not being more than 18 inches from his. He withdrew his head, as may well be imagined; and, having placed the candle in a different position, retreated to the entrance of the cave, and applied to his fellow hunters for arms. He was furnished with a loaded musket, and, thus equipped, returned to the place of action.

The bear, it appears, had changed her position, in order to watch the motion of her enemy. He fancied he saw her looking out of the passage he had just attempted to enter. His situation was such as would not admit of taking aim, (for in no part of the vault could a man stand up erect;) therefore he must fire at a venture. He discharged, dropped his piece, and retreated with precipitation Her tone was changed: instead of horse growling, her notes were like those of a bleeding, expiring swine, which continued to grow fainter and fainter. After a few moments he re-entered the cave, and, having advanced to his

former stand, beheld something dark on the bottom of the cavern; which, taking for the bear, he discharged a second time, and retreated as before.

After making a short pause for the smoke to evaporate, hearing no noise, and being furnished with sufficient cord, he descended the third and last time; and having made it fast to one of her legs, his comrades drew her forth. She proved to be of uncommon size, of the long-legged kind. According to appearance, the first shot was fatal—the ball entering between her eyes, and lodging between her hips.

THE OLD JERSEY CAPTIVE,

Or a Narrative of the Captivity of Thomas Andros, since Pastor of the Church in Berkeley, Mass., on board the old Jersey Prison Ship at New York, 1781.

VIRGIL represents Æneas as soothing the breasts of his afflicted companions with this remark, "Perhaps the recollection of these things will hereafter be delightful." But to afford real pleasure, the remembrance of hardships and sufferings must be connected with some principles and facts, which cannot apply to every child of sorrow. The daring achievements of which the pirate may boast, and the fearful calamities he may have suffered, can never be truly delightful in a serious recollection, but a source of the keenest anguish. On this principle, there is no escape from misery to such as never repent their crimes. The recollection of their mad and impious deeds must be tormenting as long as they remain conscious rational beings. Two things in such a recollection, if it be a source of real comfort, must be true; a consciousness that the cause in which we suffered was just and good, and a sense that the help by which we are sustained, and our deliverance effected, was the bestowment of a gracious and compassionate Creator. I had a full conviction at the time that the revolutionary cause was just. I was but in my seventeenth year when the struggle commenced, and no politician; but even a school-boy could see the justice of some of the principles, on the ground of

which the country had recourse to arms. The colonies had arrived to the age of manhood. They were fully competent to govern themselves, and they demanded their freedom, or at least a just representation in the national legislature.

For a power three thousand miles distant to claim a right to make laws to bind us in all cases whatever, and we to have no voice in that legislation, this, it seemed, was a principle to which two millions of freemen ought not tamely to submit. And as all petitions and remonstrances availed nothing, and as the British government, instead of the charter of our liberties and rights, sent her fleets and armies to enforce her arbitrary claims, the colonies had no alternative but slavery or war. Appealing to Almighty God for the justice of their cause, they chose the latter. Whether I approved the motives that led me into the service, is another question, which I shall presently notice. As to the strength given to sustain my toils and sufferings, and the deliverance granted, I had a powerful conviction that these were the gift of the great Fountain of all good.

In the following narrative, our highest gratification, as we would hope, is to give glory to that kind and merciful Providence, which alone could have rescued me in the midst of so many deaths.

I would speak not so much of any thing I myself had achieved, as what the God of love and pity had performed.

In the summer of 1781, the ship Hannah, a very rich prize, was captured, and brought into the port of New London. But in this case it was far worse than in com mon lottery gambling, for it followed that there were thousands of fearful blanks to this one prize. It infatuated great numbers of young men, who flocked on board our private armed ships, fancying the same success would attend their adventures; but no such prize was ever after brought into that port.

But New London became such a nest of privateers, that the English determined on its destruction, and sent an armament and laid it in ashes, and took Fort Griswold, on the Groton side of the river, and with savage cruelty

put the garrison to the sword, after they had surrendered. Another mighty blank to this prize was, that our privateers so swarmed on the ocean, that the British cruisers, who were everywhere in pursuit of them, soon filled their prisons at New York to overflowing with captured American seamen.

Among these deluded and infatuated youth, I was one. I entered a volunteer on board a new brig, called the Fair American, built on purpose to prey upon the British commerce. She mounted sixteen carriage guns, and was manned with a crew whose numbers exceeded what was really her complement. The quarter-deck, tops, and long-boat, were crowded with musketry, so that in action she was a complete flame of fire.

We had not been long at sea before we discovered and gave chase to an English brig, as long as ours, and in appearance mounting as many guns. As we approached her, she saluted us with her stern chasers, but after exchanging a few shots, we ran directly alongside, as near as we could, and not get entangled in her top hamper, and with one salute of all the fire we could display, put her to silence. And, thanks be to God, no lives were lost.

I, with others, went on board to man the prize, and take her into port. But the prize-master disobeyed orders. His orders were, not to approach the American coast till he had reached the longitude of New Bedford, and then to haul up to the northward, and with a press of sail to make for that port—but he aimed to make land on the back of Long Island: the consequence was, we were captured on the 27th of August, by the Solebay frigate, and safely stowed away in the old Jersey prison ship, at New York.

This was an old sixty-four gun ship, which, through age, had become unfit for further actual service. She was stripped of every spar, and all her rigging. After a battle with a French fleet, her lion figure-head was taken away to repair another ship; no appearance of ornament was left, and nothing remained but an old, unsightly, rotten hulk. Her dark and filthy external appearance perfectly corresponded with the death and despair that reigned within, and nothing could be more foreign from

truth than to paint her with colors flying, or any circumstance or appendage to please the eye. She was moored about three-quarters of a mile to the eastward of Brooklyn ferry, near a tide-mill on the Long Island shore. The nearest distance to land was about twenty rods. And doubtless no other ship in the British navy ever proved the means of the destruction of so many human beings. It is computed that not less than eleven thousand American seamen perished in her. But after it was known that it was next to certain death to confine a prisoner here, the inhumanity and wickedness of doing it was about the same as if he had been taken into the city, and deliberately shot in some public square. But as if mercy had fled from the earth, here we were doomed to dwell. And never, while I was on board, did any Howard or angel of pity appear to inquire into or alleviate our woes. Once or twice, by the order of a stranger on the quarter-deck, a bag of apples was hurled promiscuously into the midst of hundreds of prisoners crowded together as thick as they could stand, and life and limbs were endangered by the scramble. This, instead of compassion, was a cruel sport. When I saw it about to commence, I fled to the most distant part of the ship.

On the commencement of the first evening, we were driven down to darkness between decks, secured by iron gratings, and an armed soldiery; and a scene of horror, which baffles all description, presented itself. On every side wretched, desponding shapes of men could be seen. Around the well-room an armed guard were forcing up the prisoners to the winches, to clear the ship of water, and prevent her sinking, and little else could be heard but a roar of mutual execrations, reproaches, and insults. During this operation, there was a small dim light admitted below, but it served to make darkness more visible, and horror more terrific. In my reflections, I said this must be a complete image and anticipation of Hell. Milton's description of the dark world rushed upon my mind:

> "Sights of wo, regions of sorrow, doleful
> Shades, where peace and rest can never dwell."

But another reflection inflicted a still deeper wound. How came I here? From what motives did I go in quest of British property on the ocean? The cause of America I did indeed approve; and as to the business of privateering, considered as a national act, I did not see the force of that reasoning by which some good men condemned it.

If it be right to inflict a wound on a nation with whom we are at war, it is right, I thought, to strike at their commerce. Is it not the object of war to bring a wicked nation to a sense of justice by the infliction of pain? Strike, then, where they will feel most sensibly.*

But was it a real love of country, or a desire to please my Maker, that prompted me to engage in this service? My conduct was indeed legalized by my country, but what better than that of a pirate was my motive? I could not stand before this self-scrutiny. At the bar of God and my own conscience I was condemned. I cried out, "O Lord God, thou art good, but I am wicked. Thou hast done right in sending me to this doleful prison; it is but just what I deserve." I could indeed plead that sordid avarice was not my sole motive, but curiosity—a love of enterprise, a wish to witness something of "the pomp and circumstance of war;" to gaze at what kept the world awake, had an influence; but this was but a slender palliation. I was so overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, that

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* What I have related I would not have pass for my riper and more sober thoughts of war. I do now condemn war in all its causes and forms, except that of absolute self-defence. And even in this case, a people ought to act by the Christian spirit and rule, and to be slow to anger, to be long-suffering, to put up with many injuries and insults rather than have recourse to war. It is a desperate remedy, and generally far worse than the disease. And if, at last, in self-defence we must strike, let the blow be as mild and mixed with as much mercy as possible. However falsely ambitious and wicked men may reason about the doctrine of self-defence, and misapply it, to justify war in all cases, I am not prepared to surrender it. For, in this surrender, it appears to me I do necessarily give up the possibility of maintaining civil government. I must believe with St. Paul, that the sword is the proper badge of the civil magistrate, and even God requires he should use it so as to be a terror to evil-doers. Rom. xiii.

To speak of civil government as itself guilty of murder when the law punishes capitally the man who has shed the blood of his neighbor, is, I believe, to commit the crime of speaking evil of dignities, and borders more on insanity than sound Scripture or reason.

I do not recollect that I even asked for pardon or deliverance at this time.

When I first became an inmate of this abode of suffering, despair, and death, there were about four hundred prisoners on board, but in a short time they amounted to twelve hundred. And in proportion to our numbers the mortality increased.

All the most deadly diseases were pressed into the service of the king of terrors, but his prime ministers were dysentery, small-pox, and yellow fever. There were two hospital ships near to the Old Jersey, but these were soon so crowded with the sick, that they could receive no more. The consequence was, that the diseased and the healthy were mingled together in the main ship. In a short time we had two hundred or more sick and dying lodged in the fore part of the lower gun deck, where all the prisoners were confined at night. Utter derangement was a common symptom of yellow fever, and to increase the horror of the darkness that shrouded us, (for we were allowed no light betwixt decks,) the voice of warning would be heard, "Take heed to yourselves. There is a mad-man stalking through the ship with a knife in his hand." I sometimes found the man a corpse in the morning, by whose side I laid myself down at night. At another time he would become deranged, and attempt in darkness to rise and stumble over the bodies that everywhere covered the deck. In this case, I had to hold him in his place by main strength. In spite of my efforts he would sometimes rise, and then I had to close in with him, trip up his heels, and lay him again upon the deck. While so many were sick with raging fever, there was a loud cry for water, but none could be had except on the upper deck, and but one allowed to ascend at a time. The suffering then, from the rage of thirst during the night, was very great. Nor was it at all times safe to attempt to go up. Provoked by the continual cry for leave to ascend, when there was already one on deck, the sentry would push them back with his bayonet. By one of these thrusts, which was more spiteful and violent than common, I had a narrow escape of my life. In the morning the hatchways were thrown open, and we were

allowed to ascend, all at once, and remain on the upper deck during the day. But the first object that met our view in the morning was an appalling spectacle. A boat loaded with dead bodies, conveying them to the Long Island shore, where they were very slightly covered with sand. I sometimes used to stand to count the number of times the shovel was filled with sand to cover a dead body; and certain I am that a few high tides or torrents of rain must have disinterred them. And had they not been removed, I should suppose the shore, even now, would be covered with huge piles of the bones of American seamen. There were probably four hundred on board who had never had the small-pox—some, perhaps, might have been saved by inoculation.

But humanity was wanting to try even this experiment. Let our disease be what it would, we were abandoned to our fate. Now and then an American physician was brought in as a captive, but if he could obtain his parole, he left the ship; nor could we much blame him for this —for his own death was next to certain, and his success in saving others by medicine, in our situation, was small. I remember only two American physicians who tarried on board a few days. No English physician, or any one from the city, ever, to my knowledge, came near us. There were thirteen of the crew to which I belonged; but in a short time all but three or four were dead. The most healthy and vigorous were first seized with the fever, and died in a few hours. For them, there seemed to be no mercy. My constitution was less muscular and plethoric, and I escaped the fever longer than any of the thirteen, except one, and the first onset was less violent.

There is one palliating circumstance as to the inhumanity of the British, which ought to be mentioned. The prisoners were furnished with buckets and brushes to cleanse the ship, and with vinegar to sprinkle her inside. But their indolence and despair were such that they would not use them, or but rarely. And, indeed, at this time, the encouragement to do it was small. For the whole ship, from the keel to the tafferel, was equally affected, and contained pestilence sufficient to desolate a world— disease and death were wrought into her very timbers

At the time I left, it is to be presumed a more filthy, contagious, and deadly abode for human beings, never existed among a christianized people. It fell but little short of the Black Hole at Calcutta. Death was more lingering, but almost equally certain.

The lower hold and the orlop deck were such a terror, that no man would venture down into them. Humanity would have dictated a more merciful treatment to a band of pirates, who had been condemned, and were only awaiting the gibbet, than to have sent them here. But in the view of the English we were rebels and traitors. We had risen against the mother country, in an unjust and wanton civil war. On this ground, they seemed to consider us as not entitled to that humanity which might be expected by prisoners taken in a war with a foreign nation. Our water was good, could we have had enough of it; our bread was bad in the superlative degree. I do not recollect seeing any which was not full of living vermin; but eat it, worms and all, we must, or starve. The prisoners had laws and regulations among themselves. In severity they were like the laws of Draco—wo to him that dared to trample them under foot.

A secret prejudicial to a prisoner, revealed to the guard, was death. Captain Young, of Boston, concealed himself in a large chest belonging to a sailor going to be exchanged, and was carried on board the cartel, and we considered his escape as certain; but the secret leaked out, and he was brought back; and one Spicer, of Providence, being suspected as the traitor, the enraged prisoners were about to take his life. His head was drawn back, and the knife raised to cut his throat; but having obtained a hint of what was going on below, the guard at this instant rushed down, and rescued the man. Of his guilt at the time, there was, to me, at least, no convincing evidence. It is a pleasure now to reflect that I had no hand in the outrage.

If there was any principle among the prisoners that could not be shaken, it was the love of their country. I knew no one to be seduced into the British service. They attempted to force one of our prize brig's crew into the navy, but he chose rather to die than

perform any duty, and he was again restored to the prison-ship.

Another rule, the violation of which would expose the offender to great danger, was, not to touch the provisions belonging to another mess. This was a common cause; and if one complained that he was robbed, it produced an excitement of no little terror.

Another rule was, no giant-like man should be allowed to tyrannize over, or abuse another, who was no way his equal in strength.

As to religion, I do not remember of beholding any trace of it in the ship. I saw no Bible—heard no prayer—no religious conversation—no clergyman visited us, though no set of afflicted and dying men more needed the light and consolations of religion. But the Bethel flag had not yet waved over any ship. I know not that God's name was ever mentioned, unless it was in profaneness or blasphemy; but as every man had almost the certain prospect of death before him, no doubt there were more or less who, in their own mind, like myself, had some serious thoughts of their accountability, of a future state, and of a judgment to come; but as to the main body, it seemed that when they most needed religion, they treated it with the greatest contempt.

I wish it to be understood that what I have said of this horrid prison relates almost exclusively to the time I was on board. Of what took place before or afterward, I say little. To all I do relate, the words of the Latin poet are in some degree applicable:

> "Which things, most worthy of pity I myself saw,
> And of them—was a part."

Nor would I heap the cruel horrors of this prison-ship as a reproach upon the whole nation, without exception. It is indeed a blot which a thousand ages cannot eradicate from the name of Britain; but no doubt, when the pious and humane among them came to know what had been done, they utterly reprobated such cruelty. Since that time, the nation has so greatly improved in Christian light, feeling, and humanity, that they would not now treat even rebels with such barbarity; and it is expected

that this remark will be realized in their treatment of all other countries, who may wish and struggle to obtain the blessings of freedom and independence.

While on board, almost every thought was occupied to invent some plan of escape; but day after day passed, and none presented that I dared to put in execution. But the time had now come when I must be delivered from the ship or die. It could not be delayed even a few days longer; but no plan could I think of that offered a gleam of hope. If I did escape with my life, I could see no way for it but by miracle.

If I continued on board a few days, or even hours longer, the prospect was certain death; for I was now seized with the yellow fever, and should unavoidably take the natural small-pox with it; and who does not know that I could not survive the operation of both these diseases at once? I had never experienced the latter disease in any way, and it was now beginning to rage on board the Old Jersey, and none could be removed. The hospital ships being already full of the sick, the pox was nearly ripe in the pustules of some; and I not only slept near them, but assisted in nursing those who had the symptoms most violently. In a very short time my doom must have been settled had I remained in the ship.

The arrival of a cartel, and my being exchanged, would not help the matter, but render my death the more sure. When a list of the names of the prisoners was called for on board the frigate by which we were captured, I stepped up and gave in my name first, supposing that, in case of an exchange, I should be the sooner favored with this privilege. And the fact indeed was, that no exchanges took place, but from the port of New London. And former exchanges had left me first on the roll of captives from this port; and I dreaded nothing more than the arrival of a cartel, for numbers would be put on board and sent home with me from the hospital ships, whose flesh was ready to fall from their bones in this dreadful disease; and, indeed, I had no sooner made my escape, than a cartel did arrive, and such dying men were actually crowded into it; and it was evidently the policy

of the English to return for sound and healthy men, sent from our prisons, such Americans as had just the breath of life in them, and were sure to die before they reached home. The guard were wont to tell a man, while in health, "You have not been here long enough—you are too well to be exchanged."

There was yet one more conceivable method of getting from the ship, and that was, the next night to steal down through a gun-port, which we had managed to open when we pleased, unbeknown to the guard, and swim ashore. But this was a most forlorn hope; for I was under the operation of the yellow fever, and but just able to walk, and when well, I could never swim ten rods, and should now have at least twenty to swim. Besides, when in the water, there was almost a certainty I should be discovered by the guard and shot, as others had been.

In this situation, what wisdom or what finite power could save me? If I tarried on board, I must perish! If put on board the cartel every hour expected, I must perish! If I attempted to swim away, I must! If utter despair of life had now taken hold of me, who could have said there was no ground for it? But now it seems that God, who had something more for me to do than to perish in that ship, undertook for me.

> "When helpers fail and foes invade,
> God is our all-sufficient aid."

Mr. Emery, the sailing-master, was just now going ashore after water. Without really considering what I said, and without the least expectation of success, I thus addressed him, "Mr. Emery, may I go on shore with you after water?" My lips seemed to move almost involuntarily, for no such thing to my knowledge had ever been granted to such a prisoner. To the surprise and astonishment of all that heard him, he replied, "Yes, with all my heart." I then descended immediately into the boat, which was in waiting for him. But the prisoners came to the ship's side and queried, "What is that sick man going on shore for?" And the British sailors endeavored to dissuade me from it, but never was counsel so little regarded as theirs, and to put them all to silence

I again ascended on board; but even this was an interposition of a kind Providence, for I had neglected to take my great-coat, without which I must have perished in cold and storms. But I now put it on, and waited for the sailing-master, meaning to step down again into the boat just before him, which I did, and turned my face away, that I might not be recognised, and another attempt be made to prevent my going. The boat was pushed off, and we were soon clear of the ship. I took an oar, and attempted to row, but an English sailor took it from me, and very kindly said, "Give me that oar, you are not able to use it; you are too unwell." I resigned it, and gave up myself to the most intense thought upon my situation. I had commenced the execution of a plan, in which, if I failed, my life was gone; but if I succeeded, it was possible I might live. I looked back to the black and unsightly old ship, as an object of the greatest horror. "Am I to escape, or return there and perish," was with me the all-absorbing question. I believed in a God, whose plans and purposes were eternal and immutable, and had no doubt but that with him my bounds were set, and my destiny unalterably fixed. O that I could know how he intended to dispose of me, that I might struggle with the hope of success, or resign myself to my fate!

But this train of thought was soon terminated by the consideration, "that secret things belong to God;" and that all my present concern was action, or the application of the proper means of escape—and now we had ascended the creek, and arrived to the spring where the casks were to be filled, and I proposed to the sailors to go in quest of apples. I had before told them that this was my object in coming on shore, but they chose to defer it till the boat was loaded; and they did not exact any labor of me. This was just as I would have it. I thought I could do quite as well without their company as with it.

The sailing-master passing by me, very kindly remarked, "The fresh air will be of service to you." This emboldened me to ask leave to ascend the bank, a slope of about forty-five degrees and thirty feet in height, termi-

nating in a plain of considerable extent, and to call at a house near by for some refreshment. He said, "Go, but take care and not be out of the way." I replied, "My state of health was such that there was nothing to fear on that score." But here, I confess, I violated a principle of honor for which I could not then, nor can I now entirely excuse myself. I feel a degree of conscious meanness for treating a man thus, who put confidence in me and treated me in such a manner as showed he was a gentleman of sensibility and kindness. But the love of life was my temptation; but this principle is always too great, when it tempts us to violate any principle of moral rectitude and honor. And should I even now learn that my escape involved him in any trouble, it would be a matter of deep regret. Not long after my arrival at home, I sent him my apology for what I did by a British officer, who was exchanged and going directly to New York.

I consider him as God's chosen instrument to save me, —and to him I owe my life.

When the boat returned, the inquiry was made by the prisoners, (as I was afterward informed,) "Where is the sick man that went with you?" The English sailors consoled themselves with this reply, "Ah, he is safe enough, he will never live to go a mile." They did not know what the Sovereign of life and death could enable a sick man to do.

Intent on the business of escape, I surveyed the landscape all around. I discovered at the distance of half a mile, what appeared to be a dense swamp of young maples and other bushes. On this I fixed as my hiding-place; but how should I get to it without being discovered and apprehended before I could reach it. I had reason to think the boat's crew would keep an eye upon me; and people were to be seen at a distance in almost every direction. But there was an orchard which extended a good way toward the swamp, and while I wandered from tree to tree in this orchard I should not be suspected of any thing more than searching after fruit. But at my first entrance into it I found a soldier on sentry, and I had to find out what his business was, and soon discovered

he had nothing to do with me, but only to guard a heap of apples; and I now gradually worked myself off to the end of the orchard next to the swamp, and looking round on every side, I saw no person, from whom I might apprehend immediate danger.

The boat's crew being yet at work under the bank of the creek, and out of sight, I stepped off deliberately, (for I was unable to run, and had I been able, it would have tended to excite suspicion in any one that might have seen me, even at a distance,) and having forded the creek once or twice, I reached the swamp in safety. I soon found a place which seemed to have been formed by nature for concealment. A huge log, twenty feet in length, having lain there for many years, was spread over on both sides with such a dense covering of green running briers as to be impervious to the eye. Lifting up this covering at one end, I crept in close by the log, and rested comfortably and securely, for I was well defended from the north-east storm, which soon commenced.

When the complete darkness of the night had shut in, and while raining in torrents, I began to feel my way out. And though but just able to walk, and though often thrown all along into the water by my clothes getting entangled with the bushes, yet I reached the dry land, and endeavored to shape my course for the east end of Long Island. In this I was assisted by finding how New York bore from me by the sound of ship-bells, and the din of labor and activity even at that late time of night.

Here let me remark, how easy it is with God to cause men to do good, when they intend no such thing. Without any great-coat, it would have been scarcely possible to have survived the tempest of rain and cold of this night in the month of October. But had not the prisoners endeavored to prevent my going in the boat and caused me to ascend again into the ship, I should have left it behind. Little did I then think what good heaven meant to bestow on me, by the trouble they then gave me.

I soon fell into a road that seemed to lead the right way, and when, during the night, I perceived I was about to meet any one, my constant plan was to retire

to a small distance from the path, and roll myself up as well as I could to resemble a small bunch of bushes, or fern. By this expedient I was often saved from recapture.

This road soon brought me into quite a populous village, which was resounding with drums and fifes, and full of soldiers, but in great mercy to me it rained in torrents, so I passed through in the midst of the street in safety. Here I would remark, once for all, that I was then so entirely unacquainted with the particular geography of Long Island, that I could not name the places where the events of my narrative happened, nor shall I now attempt to do it. By an accurate map before me, it is possible I might decide what village this was, but I shall let it pass without name. It would not have been any great mark of wisdom to have stopped when passing through it, and inquired of these fifers and drummers, what was the name of the place.

Being sick and greatly exhausted by the adventures of the day and night, it now became absolutely necessary to seek a place of rest, and a barn to me was now the only place in which I dared to enter. I stepped up to the door, of what I took to be such a building, and was just about to open it, when my eye was arrested by a white streak on the threshold, which I found to be the light reflected from a candle, and I heard human voices within. But human voices were now to me the object of the greatest terror, and I fled with all the speed I possessed.

Coming to another barn, I discovered a high stack of hay in the yard covered with a Dutch cap: I ascended and sunk myself down deep in the hay, supposing I had found a most comfortable retreat. But how miserably was I deceived! The weather had now cleared up, and the wind blew strong and cold from the north-west, and the hay was nothing but coarse sedge, and the wind passed into it and reached me as if I had no protection from it. I had not a dry thread in my clothes, and my sufferings from this time to about eleven o'clock the next day, were great,—too great even for health, but I had to encounter them under the operation of a malignant fever,

which would have confined me to my room, if not to my bed, had I been at home.

A young woman came into the yard and milked a cow, just at the foot of the tower where I lay concealed: but I had no eye to pity, or kind hand to alleviate my distress. This brought home, with all the tender charities of mother, sister, and brothers to my recollection, with a sensibility I could feel, but cannot describe. The day was clear and grew more moderate, and the coast being clear also, I left my cold and wretched retreat, and deliberately made off for the woods, at the distance of half a mile. Before I left the ship I had seen prisoners who had escaped retaken and carried back. But their mistake was, they would go two or more in company. But I would have no companion, it would excite suspicion, and render concealment more difficult, and under the kind providence of God, I choose to be my own counsellor, and to have none to fall out with on the way, as to what course we should pursue.

Having entered the woods, I found a small, but deep dry hollow, clear of brush in the centre, though surrounded with a thicket on every side. Into this the sun shone with a most delightful warmth. Here I stripped myself naked, and spread out my clothes to dry.

Being too impatient of delay, I regained the road just as the sun was setting, but it came near to proving fatal; for I discovered just ahead two light dragoons coming down upon me. At first it seemed escape was impossible. But that God, who gave me a quickness of thought in expedients that seemed to go quite beyond myself, was present with his kind aid.

I now happened to be near a small cottage, and a corn-field adjoining the road.—I feigned myself to be the man of that cottage,—the owner of that corn-field. And getting over the fence, I went about the field deliberately picking up the ears of corn that had fallen down, and righting up the cap-sheaf of a stack of stalks. The dragoons came nigh, eyed me carefully, though I affected to take no notice of them, and passed on. They were probably in search of me.

I had lost my hat overboard, when in the Old Jersey,

and had henceforward to cover my head with a handkerchief. I deemed it a calamity at the time, but as an act of Providence the mystery now began to be unfolded. Having no hat but a handkerchief about my head, helped to deceive the dragoons, and cause them to think I was the cottager, who owned the corn-field.

To lie concealed during the day, and to travel at night, was my practice, till I had got far towards the east end of the island. For several days I had not taken any nourishment, but water and apples. I found late pears, and was pleased with their taste, but they operated as an emetic, quicker than ipecac. A subacid apple sat well on my stomach, and was very refreshing, though had I been sick at home with the same disease, I should probably have been denied this favor. Indeed, from what I experienced in the free use of water, ripe fruit, unfermented cider found at the presses, &c., I was led to suspect, that a great deal of the kind nursing of persons in fever, was an unnecessary and cruel kind of self-denial. But I supposed nature would sink without some other kind of aliment. But the first attempt to act upon this principle would have proved fatal, had it not been for a kind providential interference.

Late in the evening, I stepped up to a house on the road, and lifted my hand to rap, but the door folded inward, and evaded my stroke, and a lady appeared with a light in her hand. I besought of her a draught of milk: she replied, "that there was then a guard of soldiers in the house, and they had consumed it all." The business of this guard was to keep a look-out towards Long Island sound, and their sentries were on the opposite side of the house. Had I rapped and been met by one of this guard instead of the lady, what would have been the result? And by whose arrangement did the incident so happen that I escaped?

Pursuing my journey, I came to a place where the road parted. One branch turned off through a lofty grove of wood; the other ascended a gentle rise towards a house near by. I knew not which to take; but that leading towards the house best suited my general course. But coming up, near the house, there issued forth from

the out-buildings a greater kennel of dogs than I had ever before seen, and assaulted me with a furious yelling. I stopped short, drew up my hands as far as I could out of their reach, and stood still. They snapped at me very spitefully with their jaws within a few inches of my body. And now what should I do! To have attacked them, or fled precipitately, would have been instant destruction. I concluded to take no notice of them, but to turn about gently and take the other road, as if there was no such creature in the world as a dog. I did so, and they followed me for about twenty rods, snapping at me, and seeming to say, "You shall not escape, we will have a taste of your blood." And in this design there seemed to be a perfect union, from the great bow-wow down to the yelping spaniel. But at last they all ceased to roar, bid me a good-night, and disappeared; and I was not much grieved at the loss of their company, and their music. It was a concert in which all the discords in the whole staff were put in requisition.

The next place where the reader will find me, is a barn. And, indeed, I never knew the full value of such a fabric till now. Who can sufficiently eulogize its utility; were I a poet, its praises should not go unsung. In a feeling personification, I would hail thee as full of mercy to the brute creation, defending them from the stormy blasts and chilling frosts of winter. Nor would I stop here; for to how many wretched wandering human beings hast thou been a kind retreat! Denied even the hearth of a hard-hearted avarice, and proud unfeeling luxury, they had perished in the high-way, had not thy hospitable doors been open for their reception. To thee, as the means of protection from floods of rain and cold, I owe the preservation of my life.

Had I ventured into the habitations of men, instead of those of the horned ox, my escape had been impossible. Soon after escaping the fury of the dogs, in this peaceful abode, I took up my lodgings for the night. A man coming into it in the morning, I made bold to slide down from the hay-loft; and, after making some apology for trespassing upon his premises, I asked him, if it was probable I could get some refreshment in the house. He

seemed to think I could. I then entered the house, and stated my wants; but as I did not design to be a mean, dishonest beggar, first get what I wanted, and then say I had nothing to pay, or sneak off, and say nothing about pay. I told the family I had but three coppers with me, so that if they gave me meat or drink, it must be done merely on the score of charity. But the woman seemed to be thinking more about providing something for the relief of a wretched sufferer, as I must have appeared to her, than about money. But the old man was troublesome with his questions. He said it was but a few days ago two men called at his house and told a story, which was found to be all false; and at last he observed, outright, "I believe *thee* also is a rogue"—but the woman would, now and then, as he pressed hard upon me, check him, and say, "Do let him alone." She had no questions to ask—all she wanted was to feed me; and, had it not been for her, I know not what the crabbed old man would have done with me.

And here, O woman! in gratitude to thy sex, let me, with the famous Ledyard, remark, that while I have often found man too rough and cruel, when I have been a suffering stranger, or have been borne down with discouragement and sorrow at home, I have seldom found thee otherwise than gentle, kind, and humane. After I had taken my refreshment, I said to the old man, "I thank you for your kindness—here are three coppers, all I have to carry me a long journey." He did not take them, but said, "You may give them to that little girl." She took them; but if she was illiberal and mean, the old man made her so. I left the house, and going a short distance, a spacious plain opened to my view; and on it, by the tents I saw, I concluded there was an encampment of soldiers. I therefore turned aside into the field, ascended a stack of rye, covered with a Dutch cap, and here I remained all the day, it being very stormy; but in the evening I looked out from my hiding-place, and behold a most lovely moon-shine had succeeded the storm. The tents had all disappeared, and I took up my journey over the plain.

Some time in the latter part of the night, I reached the

east end of it, and saw before me a number of buildings, though before this, I had not seen any on the plain. But no sooner had I come up to the first house, than I was drawn into a scene of the utmost peril. In the midst of the road there was a blacksmith's shop; on the north side there was a lane forming a right angle with the road, and leading up to a house about twelve rods from it. To the westward of the house, about eight rods distant, stood the barn, and a lane leading from the house to it; and the square, three sides of which were formed by the road and these two lanes, was the garden; and, in the corner of this garden, near to the house, I discovered a number of bee-hives, and I coveted some of the honey. I went first up to the house, and though the door was open, I saw no light, and heard no noise. But I deemed it prudent not to climb over the fence, just at the door of the house, to get at the bees, but to take the lane down to the barn, and there to get into the garden, and come up, under cover of the fence, to the bee-house. This I did not then call stealing; for I was in an enemy's land, and might make prize of whatever I could lay my hand upon. But this opinion, I now fear, will not stand the test of the day of judgment.

Having just stepped into the barn-yard, and not suspecting the least danger, I saw a great number of horses tied all around the yard, with all their manes and docks cut in uniform. I stood motionless for a moment, and began to say to myself, "What does this mean? Can one farmer own so many horses?" But before the thought was finished, and as unexpected as a flash of lightning in a clear day, a dragoon coming out of the barn, with his burnished steel glittering in the bright rays of the moon, stepped up to me, and challenged, "Who comes there?" I answered, "A friend." But before he could say to whom, a plan of escape must be formed, and put in execution. It was formed, and succeeded. Before he could ask the second question, I called out, as if I were angry, "Where is the well: I want to get some water?" Taking me, from this seemingly honest and fearless query, to be one of the party, he showed me the well, and I went to it deliberately, drew water, and escaped out of his

hands. The fact was, as I soon found, this was a detachment of horse and foot going out on the island for forage, to be conveyed to the army at New York, and doubtless he supposed me to be a person, a wagoner, perhaps, attached to it. And here again I found the great advantage of losing my hat. Having a handkerchief tied about my head, helped me in the deception.

The hand of Providence was here very striking in two things—the instantaneous invention of a plan of escape in such an unexpected emergency, and taking from me every emotion of fear. I was naturally timid; but here I knew not what fear was, but had the most perfect command of myself. A little hesitancy, a little faltering through fear, would have been fatal. After leaving the well, I went down the lane into the road, near the blacksmith's shop. At this moment four of the party came out from behind the opposite side of the shop, in full view, at the distance of about three rods from me. I stood motionless, and said to myself, "All is now lost."

But their attention was taken up with a small dog, with which they were sporting. But as they did not come at once, and seize me in the brightness of the moonlight, I began again to conceive hope, and edged away to the fence, and rolled through between the two lower rails. Soon afterward the men said, "Let us go to the barn, and turn in," and immediately disappeared. Their sporting with the dog, in itself, was a trifling circumstance, but to me it was a great event. It saved my life—to me, in the hour of despair, it brought deliverance.

Stretching along as close as I could lie to the lower rail of the fence, I took a little time to survey my situation on all sides, and to discover, if I could, any opening for escape. If I attempted to save myself by going into the open field, I must be discovered by the sentries, and picked up by a dragoon. If I remained where I was, it would soon be day-light, and I could not be mistaken for one of the party. About thirty rods ahead, I discovered a large house, illuminated from the ground floor to the garret. This I was sure must be the main bivouac of both infantry and horse, and wagons were in numbers passing on to this house. At last I hit upon this plan

when another wagon should pass, I would rise, and lay hold of it behind, and let it carry me forward into the midst of the party, and they would suppose me to belong to it. The driver sitting under cover, forward, could not be able to see me. When the next wagon passed, I attempted to get hold of it, but could not overtake it, and was left alone in the middle of the road, and considerably advanced towards the house just mentioned as the general rendezvous. And now, as no other mode of escape offered, I resolved to walk boldly and leisurely into and through the midst of the throng of men and horses, and wagons and sentries, and pass away if I could. The plan succeeded—I passed fearlessly, with great deliberation, erect and firm, without any shyness, through the midst of them. Some eyed me carefully, yet no one said, "Who art thou?"—and I was soon out of sight, and hid in a dense prim-bush fence, lest a suspicion should arise that a strange man had passed, and a dragoon should pursue me.

Twenty miles further to the eastward, I narrowly escaped falling again into the hands of the same party. Had I not, without any knowledge or intention of my own, happened to take another road, I should have met them in full march on their return; and, being in the day-time, escape would have been next to impossible. As it was, my road brought me on to the ground where, the night before, they had chosen to bivouac, and I found their fires still burning.

After leaving my hiding-place in the prim fence, I soon found myself in a large orchard, in quest of fruit. I had examined nearly every tree, and found none. But just as I was about to give up the search, I lit upon a tree, where the ground was covered with the fairest and richest species of apple I ever tasted. They refreshed me as if they had been gathered from paradise, having neither eaten nor drank any thing for a considerable time. How all the other fruit in the orchard should have been gath ered in, and the produce of this uncommonly excellent tree left, struck me as a mystery. It was no miracle, but it was a mercy to a wretched sufferer, then burning up

with fever and thirst. I now sought for and took up my lodgings in the birth-place of my Saviour.

Prosecuting my journey on a succeeding evening, I happened to lie opposite to a house standing a little out of the road. Before I was aware of the danger, a dragoon met me, and stopped so near, I could have put my hand on his holsters. Now, thought I to myself, "I am taken"—but what a blessed thing it was I lost my hat! The old dirty handkerchief upon my head saved me again. From this appearance, taking me to be the master of the house near by, he says, "Have you any cider?" "No, sir," was my reply; "but we expect to make next week—call then, and we shall be glad to treat you." This said, we each went his own way.

Commencing my journey at another time, early in the evening, I was accosted by a man of stern appearance and address, standing on the door-step. He wished to know whence I came, and where bound. I told him I had just sailed out of New York, bound to Augustine in Florida, and was driven ashore by an American privateer, a little to the eastward of Sandy Hook, and was making my way down to Huntington, where I belonged. "What," says he, "you belong to an American privateer? I wonder you have not been taken up before." By this, it seems, he would have apprehended me had he known what I was. He was, no doubt, a Long Island tory. But I replied, "Sir, you mistake me, I did not say I belonged, or had belonged, to an American privateer. I meant to say I belonged to an English vessel out of New York, and had been driven ashore by such a privateer. Then, without further ceremony, I passed on, and he did not attempt to stop me.* And now again I sought rest and conceal-

* When I had got clear of the prison-ship, and commenced my journey to the east end of the island, one of my first concerns was, to frame a story that might serve to prevent my being seized, and returned back to captivity. In this story I mixed just as much truth, and just as much falsehood, as would render it probable, and deceive an enemy. And the substance of it was what I stated to this man; subject, however, to such variations as circumstances would require. And, at the time, I had no reproaches of conscience for this falsehood. It was, I supposed, justified by expedience or necessity. But I now wholly condemn this reasoning. I have no idea it can be right to tell a lie to any rational being in the universe to save my

ment, as it grew late in the evening, and again I found it in a barn. But I had now, by exposure, contracted a violent cough, and could not suppress it, though deep sunk in a hay-mow. The owner coming into the barn in the morning, heard me, but he offered me no disturbance, and I hoped it would have been my peaceful retreat for the whole day. But some time after the man who visited the barn had left it, a number of children came up to it, and placed their hands against the door, and gave it a violent shaking, crying out, at the same time, "Come out, you runaway, you thief, you robber!" and then retreated with great precipitation. But I did not remove out of my bed, hoping they might not give me another such honorable salute. But it was not long before they appeared again, and cried out, "Come out, you old rogue, you runaway, you thief. We know you are here, for daddy heard you cough;" and then retreated as before. And I retreated also, fearing some older children might honor me with a visit, and find out in very deed that I was a runaway.

After I had experienced so many narrow escapes, and had now passed, as I supposed, and as proved to be the fact, beyond all further danger from foraging parties, scouts, and patrol of a military character; and though the fever was still upon me, yet it seemed rather to abate, than to be aggravated by all the exposure, cold, storms, fatigues, fears, anxieties and privations I endured; I inferred with great confidence that it was the design of Almighty God that I should yet again see home; and entering a wood, where no human eye could see me, I fell upon my knees, and looking up to Heaven, I attributed to Him all my deliverances, and all the understanding, assistance and strength by which I had been sustained; and besought the continuance of his mercy to extricate me from all

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life, or even my soul. I now protest against all lies, in every shape or form —whether lies of levity, vanity, convenience, interest, fear, or malignity.

Lying is entirely inconsistent with obedience or trust in God, whether we run into it to avoid the greatest danger, or obtain the greatest good. Peter supposed that, to save his own life, he must abjure all knowledge of Christ. But did he do right? I have never heard him justified. He did not justify himself; for when he reflected on what he had done, he went out and wept bitterly.

remaining danger and sufferings, and to complete my deliverance. I arose, and now went forward, more than ever under a sense of the Divine goodness and protection.

I come now to a day in which various and interesting incidents occurred. I now ventured to travel in open day-light, and no longer to ask protection from the sable honors of an absent sun. Commencing my journey early in the morning, I came to a large and respectable dwelling-house, and thinking it time to seek something to nourish my feeble frame, for appetite I had scarce any, I entered it. Neatness, wealth, and plenty seemed to reside there. Among the inmates of it, a decent woman, who appeared to be the mistress of the family, and a tailor, who was mounted upon a large table and plying his occupation, were all that attracted my notice. To the lady I expressed my wants, telling her at the same time, which was my invariable practice, if she could impart to me a morsel, it must be a mere act of charity, giving, and hoping to receive nothing again. For poverty was a companion of which I could not rid myself. She made no objections, asked no questions, but promptly furnished me with a dish of light food I desired. Expressing my obligations to her, I rose to depart. But, going round through another room, she met me in the front entry, placed a hat on my head, put an apple-pie in my hand, and said, "you will want this before you get through the woods." I opened my mouth to give vent to the grateful feelings with which my heart was filled. But she would not tarry to hear a word, but instantly vanished out of my sight. The mystery of her conduct, as I suppose, was this: she, her family and property, were under British government. She was doubtless well satisfied that I was a prisoner escaping from the hands of the English; and if she granted me any protection or succour, knowing me to be such, it might cost the family the confiscation of all their estate. She did not, therefore, wish to ask me any questions, or hear me explain who I was, within hearing of that tailor. He might turn out to be a dangerous informer. I then departed; but this mark of kindness was more than I could well bear, and as I went on for some rods, the tears flow-

ed copiously. What a melting power there is in human kindness! The recollection of her humanity and pity revives in my breast even now the same feeling of gratitude towards her. Oh, how true are Solomon's words, "A man that hath friends, must show himself friendly."

Indeed, there were but two things that could thus dissolve me in my greatest sufferings and dangers; and these were, an act of real kindness and compassion from a stranger, and the thought of the pungent grief my misfortunes must occasion to the kindest of mothers. As to my father, his paternal affection and care had been long sleeping in the grave.

By and by I began to recollect and consider what the lady meant by the woods. I supposed it possible there might be a forest four or five miles in length, through which I might pass; of the real fact I had not the least anticipation. But very soon I came to the woods, and found a narrow road of deep loose sand leading through them. The bushes on both sides grew hard up to the wagon ruts, and there was not a step of a side-walk of more solid ground, and the travelling was very laborious. But I pressed on with what strength I had, and after a few miles, supposed I was nearly through the wilderness, and began to look ahead for cleared land and human dwellings, but none appeared. After I had, with great labor and almost insupportable distress, travelled a distance I deemed at least nine miles, I met two men pressing on in a direction opposite to my own. They seemed to be in a hurry, and anxious to know how far I had come in these woods. "About nine miles," said I; "how far have you come in them?" They replied, "about the same distance," and immediately pushed forward, asking me no other question. Then said I to myself, "Here I make my grave. Farewell, thoughts of home, and all earthly expectations; here I must lie down and die!" My feet were swelled so that the tumefaction hung over the tops of my shoes for three fourths of an inch, and I was about to seek out a favorable spot to lie down and rise no more. But at this instant something seemed to whisper to me, "Will it not be just as well, if you must die, to die standing and walking?" I could not say no

and resolved to walk on till I fell down dead. And this whisper has been of great service to me in after-life, when I have been ready to sink in discouragement under difficulties and troubles, or opposition and persecution. For I have since found that the Old Jersey was not the only abode of inhumanity and wo; but the whole world is but one great prison-house of guilty, sorrowful, and dying men, who live in pride, envy, and malice, "hateful and hating one another!"

When I say, "I have been ready to sink under such trials," I have recollected these woods, and said, "Will it not be as well to die standing up as lying down?" And thus I have taken courage and gone forward, and the result has been as auspicious. For such was the goodness of God, that I was carried through this Long Island wilderness, and a little before sunset I discovered, as it were, land at no great distance.

The first house I came to, at the east end of these woods, I entered in quest of humanity and pity. But these virtues appeared not to be at home there. Every thing without and within denoted a situation happily above penury, or the trials, vexations, and griefs of poverty. A degree of elegance and neatness appeared. In the kitchen I discovered a number of fish just touched with salt and hung up and dried. My feverish appetite fixed on a piece of one of these fish, as a rasher that might taste well. I besought the lady of the house to give me a very small bit; but my request was not granted. I repeated it again and again. But her denial was irrevocable. Now thought I, I will try an experiment, and measure the hardness of your heart. So I stated to her my sickly, destitute condition; told her she might judge by my appearance that I was overwhelmed with misfortune, and had been very unsuccessful at sea. I wished her to consider how she would be delighted had she a brother or dear friend suffering in a strange land, if any one should stretch out to him the hand of relief, minister to his necessities, wipe away his tears, and console his heart. Indeed I suggested every thought and plea of which I was master, that could move a heart not made of steel. And what was it all for? For a piece

of dried blue-fish, not more than two inches square! And did I succeed? No. All my entreaties were in vain; so without murmuring, or casting on her any reflections, I took my leave.

Here, O woman, thou didst for once forget thyself, and forfeit thy character for humanity and pity. After I was gone, I presume thou didst reflect on thine own insensibility, and reproach thyself; and I most cheerfully forgive thee.

Passing on but a few rods, I entered another human dwelling, and what renders the circumstance that took place the more to be noticed is, it appeared to be a tavern. I expressed my wants to a lady who, I had no doubt, was the mistress of the house. By the cheerfulness and good nature depicted in her countenance, and her first movements, I knew my suit was granted, and I had nothing more to say than to apprise her that I was penniless; and if she afforded me any relief, she must do it hoping for nothing again. Now behold the contrast! In a few moments she placed on the table a bowl of bread and milk, the whole of one of those fish roasted, that I had begged for in vain at the other house, and a mug of cider. And, says she, "Sit down and eat." But her mercy came near to cruelty in its consequences; for although I was aware of the danger, yet I indulged too freely. My fever was soon enraged to violence, and I was filled with alarm.

It was now growing dark, and I went but a short distance further, and entered a house and begged the privilege of lodging by the fire. My request was granted, and I sat down in silence, too sick and distressed to do or say any thing. But I could see and hear. There was no one in the house but the man and his wife. They appeared to be plain, open-hearted, honest people, who never had their minds elated with pride, nor their taste perverted by false refinement, or that education which just unfits persons to be useful and happy in the common walks of life.

They possessed good common sense, which is the best kind of sense. Every thing within indicated economy and neatness, order and competence. But what was bet-

te, than all this, they appeared to be cordial friends to each other. It was indeed one of the few happy matches; nor was this all, for I soon perceived that they were united by still higher principles than mere conjugal affection; it was evident that the fear of God had taken up his residence there. Before it became late in the evening the man took his Bible and read a chapter, and that with a tone and air that induced me to think he believed it. He then arose and devoutly offered up his grateful acknowledgments and supplications to God, through the Mediator. By this time I began to think I had gone into a safe, as well as a hospitable retreat. They had before made many inquiries, not impertinent and captious, but such as indicated that they felt tenderly, and took an interest in my welfare; but they evidently obtained no satisfaction from my answers, for I was too weary and distressed to take pains to form or relate any thing like a consistent story. And I was the less careful to do it from my supposed safety, founded on their evident fear of God and kind feelings. But they seemed as if they could not rest till they had drawn from me the real truth, though they gave not the least hint that might reproach me for the want of truth and honesty. At last I resolved I would treat them so no longer—I would throw off the mask, risk all consequences, and let them into the real secret of my condition—and said, "You have asked me many questions this evening, and I have told you nothing but falsehoods. Now hear the truth. I am a prisoner, making my escape from the Old Jersey, at New York. Of the horrors of this dreadful prison you may have been informed. There, after many sufferings, I was brought to have no prospect before me but certain death. But by a remarkable and unexpected interposition of Providence I got on shore, and having had many hair-breadth escapes, I have reached this place, and am now lodged under your hospitable roof. I am loaded with disease, and am in torment from the thousands of vermin which are now devouring my flesh. I have dear and kind friends in Connecticut, and am now aiming to regain my native home. The kindest of mothers is now probably weeping for me as having, ere this, perished in my cap-

tivity, never more expecting to see her child. Thus I have told you the real truth. I have put my life in your hand. Go and inform against me, and I shall be taken back to the prison-ship, and death will be inevitable." I ceased to speak, and all was profound silence. It took some time to recover themselves from a flood of tears in which they were bathed. At last the kind and amiable woman said, "Let us go and bake his clothes." No sooner said, than the man seized a brand of fire and threw it into the oven. The woman provided a clean suit of clothes to supply the place of mine till they had purified them by fire. The work done, a clean bed was laid down on which I was to rest; and rest I did, as in a new world; for I had got rid of a swarm of cannibals, who were without mercy eating me up alive! And what, think you, were my views and impressions in regard to what had here passed? Never before or since have I seen a more just, practical comment on that religion, which many profess, but few properly exemplify: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat, a stranger, and ye took me in, sick, and ye visited me." With wonder and gratitude these words chimed in my very soul. Well might I have said, O Jesus, is this the religion thou hast given to the human family? If it universally prevailed, the woes of man would be relieved, and heaven would come down to earth. The happy couple who are now, in all probability, called away by their gracious Redeemer, to fill a mansion in the skies, and are now rejoicing before the throne of Him whom they supremely loved, appeared to enjoy a rich reward in the mercy they had shown to a wretched stranger. It was all they asked. It was all performed with such cheerfulness, such tenderness, simplicity and ease, as gave to Christianity, by which it was prompted, a beauty which must have compelled the infidel to admire what he affects to disbelieve.

In the morning, I took my leave of this dear family, who had enchained and riveted my soul to them by their kindness, in esteem and gratitude, which have for fifty years suffered no abatement.

I learned from them a lesson of humanity I have ever remembered, and ever wished to imitate. The day was

clear, and after travelling a short distance, I threw myself down on the sunny side of a stinted pitch-pine, upon a bed of warm sand. I rested as on a bed of down.

Omitting the notice of intervening circumstances and events, in about a week after this I found myself at Sag Harbor, at the east end of Long Island. Nor did the kind providence of God forsake me. Again I found humanity and pity in a public house. I was permitted to lie by a warm fire, (a great luxury, the weather having become cold,) while two others of my companions on board the same engine of perdition to American seamen, having made their escape, were denied this favor, and had to take lodgings in the barn. While lying on my bed of down, (the warm brick hearth,) the door of an adjoining room, where our host and landlady slept, being open, I heard her say, "I could not consent that the other two should lodge in the house, but I pitied this young man." But I could see no cause for this difference of feeling in this woman, but the agency of Him who hath all hearts in his hand. In a few days an opportunity of crossing the sound presented. A whale-boat, with a commission to make reprisals upon the enemy came into the harbor. Her crew, as I supposed, were a set of honest, good farmers, who resided at Norwich, in Connecticut, where I was born, and knew my connections. They agreed to give me a passage to New London. A sloop also came into the harbor with a like commission, which belonged on the island. This boat and sloop made sail together, one bound to New London, the other to Saybrook. But the weather being very boisterous, the boat was in danger; so we all went on board the sloop, and the boat was made fast to her by a tow-line. But at no great distance from Plumb Island, a privateer, which proved to be out of Stonington, pounced upon us; and, under the suspicion of our being illicit traders, carried us all into New London. And here a scene of wickedness was developed, of which I could not have supposed my honest friends had been capable. An agent had been sent to New York with golden armor, and he had obtained a quantity of dry goods, and brought them to Sag Harbor. Here the cruising whale-boat was to receive

and carry them to New London, where they would be libelled; and some of the crew would come into court, and give oath that they were taken from the enemy by virtue of their commission. And thus a trade was carried on with the enemy to an indefinite extent. These goods were put on board the sloop, when the boat was made fast to her. And when the privateer appeared, and we could not escape her, the captain of the sloop agreed to declare the goods were his, and that he had taken them as a lawful prize from the enemy. And the crew of the whale-boat, the purchasers and owners of the goods, were to swear they saw him do it. The goods being condemned the captain of the sloop was then to act like an honest rogue, and to restore them to the crew of the boat. But after the goods were actually condemned, and the crew of the boat, the real owners, had in open court sworn that the goods were his by lawful capture, the captain of the sloop thought he had now a fair opportunity to play on them a profitable trick. Accordingly, he refused to restore them, and went off with the goods, sloop and all, to Connecticut River. But the crew of the boat were not willing thus to quit all claim to the goods, though they had sworn they were not theirs, and contrived to have the sloop with the goods seized. And I, who knew the whole story, was sent for as a witness. And by my testimony, and that of one of the whale-boat's crew, who had not testified before that the goods were captured by the captain of the sloop, the real truth came to light, and both sloop and goods were condemned; so that the crew of the whale-boat ultimately obtained, not only their goods, but the sloop also, as an illicit trader. And thus the treachery of the captain did not prove so gainful as he intended. He was taken in his own craftiness; an event so common, that it is a matter of wonder that all rogues do not grow sick of their villany.

In this business it was hard to tell who were the most unprincipled offenders—who thought least of the guilt of perjury, and trampling under foot the laws of their country. These cruising boats were sometimes guilty of great injustice and barbarity towards the peaceful and friendly inhabitants of the island.

There was no small excitement in Sag Harbor when I first arrived there, by what had just been done by one of them. They entered a house, and, not content with other plunder, they tore from the neck of a woman just confined, her golden necklace. How awfully true are the words of Paul—"For they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. vi.

I had now travelled one hundred and fifty miles, and was safely landed at New London. And to me it was a great mercy that we were captured by the privateer out of Stonington; otherwise I should have been carried into Connecticut River, much further from home. But no sooner did I set my foot down in a land of safety, than I immediately sank under the power of that disease which had preyed upon me ever since I left the prison-ship. It will, perhaps, scarcely be believed that I could have travelled so far, encountered such hardships, braved the chilling storms of autumn, put up in the cold retreat of barns, shivered in wet clothes, drenched in rain, without medicine, nursing, or any diet commonly esteemed proper, and yet all this time have been under the operation of an inveterate and settled fever. I should myself have judged that scarcely any person could, in such a condition, have survived. I should have supposed his fever must have come to a speedy crisis, and he must, most probably, have died. But this was not the case. The fever did not seem to be on the whole much increased, but it stuck fast to me. And what follows will put this matter out of question. After arriving at New London I could travel only about three miles, and all my strength failed, under the reviving power and rage of the fever. But in this, perhaps, the kind hand of woman had some agency. The lady at Sag Harbor, who pressed me in her pity, thought of my welfare after I should leave her house, and, unsolicited, gave me a meat-pie and a bottle of cider. Though I had not much relish for the pie, yet my thirst tempted me to drink the liquid. I had before drank freely at the press without injury. But here is the difference: the cider in the bottle was

fermented. I think it had some hand in producing the relapse.

When I could go no further, I found a man who was kind enough to carry me to Norwich Landing. And I tarried there with a relative, till my friends at Plainfield were informed of my arrival, and my eldest brother came with a carriage to help me home. The first night I lodged with a brother at Canterbury. This night I deemed myself to be dying, and going directly to my long-home. But the next day I so revived as to reach the dwelling of my mother. A most affectionate mother, who always seemed willing to live or die for the good of her children, and who had made up her mind to submit to the will of God, and never more to see her son, and a child broken down with sickness and other calamities, and needing all her soothing attentions, can imagine what a kind of meeting it was! For a day or two it seemed to me I was getting better. I was unwilling to be sick any longer. I now wished to live and enjoy home; and I almost resolved I would no longer complain of pain or weakness. I would get well at all events. But the will of God was not so, and I perceived it was vain to strive with my Maker. My resolution failed, my heart sunk. I took to my bed, and, as almost every one supposed, to rise no more. For about three weeks I was in a state of perfect derangement, and not able to articulate a word so as to be understood.

But, about ten days after this, an unexpected and favorable crisis was formed in my disease, and I awakened as it were out of the grave. I say unexpected, for my death was looked for as certain. A joiner, who lived near at hand, afterward told me, that having seen me the evening before, and my brother calling at his house the next morning, he did not ask how I did, having no doubt but he had come to speak for my coffin. Dr. Parish, who was then fitting for college at the academy at Plainfield, likewise told me that he not only regarded my death as certain, but the suspension of his studies to attend my funeral.

When I found myself recovering, it occasioned a kind of regret, on the ground that I should have the affair of

dying all to go over again. But still I could not but consider myself as a brand plucked from everlasting burnings. But it turned out in the end, that this fearful view of the certain perdition of such as die impenitent, did not convert my soul. I entered into many solemn vows, even after, to live to God; but I proved unfaithful to these vows. For it is not in the nature of an unconverted heart to be steadfast and faithful in a covenant with God.

There were at this time certain evangelical and important truths of which I was not convinced, and without which I perceive there can be no sound conversion. I did not know what it was to be dead in trespasses and sins. Though I found my heart was not right in the sight of God, yet I did not know that I was such a slave to sin, that there was no moral power in me ever to turn from it to the real love of holiness. Hence, to change my heart and lead a holy life, I secretly depended on myself and not on a divine influence. This, I fear, is the great error of thousands. Hence their awakenings and their conversions come to nothing. This entire moral helplessness and dependence on the Spirit of God, to give a new heart and power to live a new life, I trust I was afterward taught by experience to understand.

Another circumstance of spiritual darkness was, I did not possess a clear view of the essential and momentous distinction between false religious affections, and such as were genuine. I was ready to think all sorrow for sin, all kinds of repentance, all kinds of love to God and Christ, were religion. But this I afterward found to be a most dangerous error. Like Peter's love to Christ, when he would not have him go up to Jerusalem and suffer; so a great deal of love to God is nothing but hatred. Some may love him so well that they cannot bear to hear his true character ascribed to him. They think it is heaping dishonor upon him, which they cannot bear. Is this true love? At last I trust I found that no love of God has any religion in it but that which primarily arises in the soul, from a view of the infinite excellence and moral beauty of the divine character, considered just as it is, independent of all selfish considerations.

It is a grand discovery in religion to find that the

greatest and most glorious, and even the very least exercise of it, consists in that charity which seeketh not its own. For the want of this discovery how doth selfishness, illiberality, avarice, indifference to the house of God and the best interests of men, prevail in the character of many professors of godliness!

Some time in the latter end of October, 1781, I arrived at home. And near the close of winter I so far regained my health, through the great kindness of the God of love, as to engage in the instruction of a school in the town where I resided; and since that period almost my whole life has been devoted to the instruction of youth, and preaching the everlasting gospel. And whether my life has been in any degree useful, or whether it would have been, as to the glory of God and the good of mankind, as well that I should have made my grave in the Old Jersey, will doubtless be made manifest in the last day. Of one thing I am certain, that is, it becomes me to say to the God of unchanging love, in review of the whole history of my life—

"Thy thoughts of love to me, surmount
The power of numbers to recount."

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* Both volumes, including the plates, contain 618 pages.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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